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AMERICAN BIOGRAPHICAL PANORAMA,

BY WILLIAM HUNT.



“Hast thou heard the fall of water-drops in deep caves, where heavily, and perpetually, and knowingly they eat into the ground on which they fall? Hast thou heard the murmuring of the brook that flows on sportively between green banks, whilst nodding flowers and beaming lights of heaven mirror themselves in its waters? There is a secret twittering and whispering of joy in it. There hast thou pictures of two kinds of life, which are as different the one from the other as hell and heaven. Both of them are lived on earth.”

“Not a May-game is a good man’s life; not an idle promenade through fragrant orange groves, and green flowery spaces, but a battle and a march, a warfare with principalities and powers.”

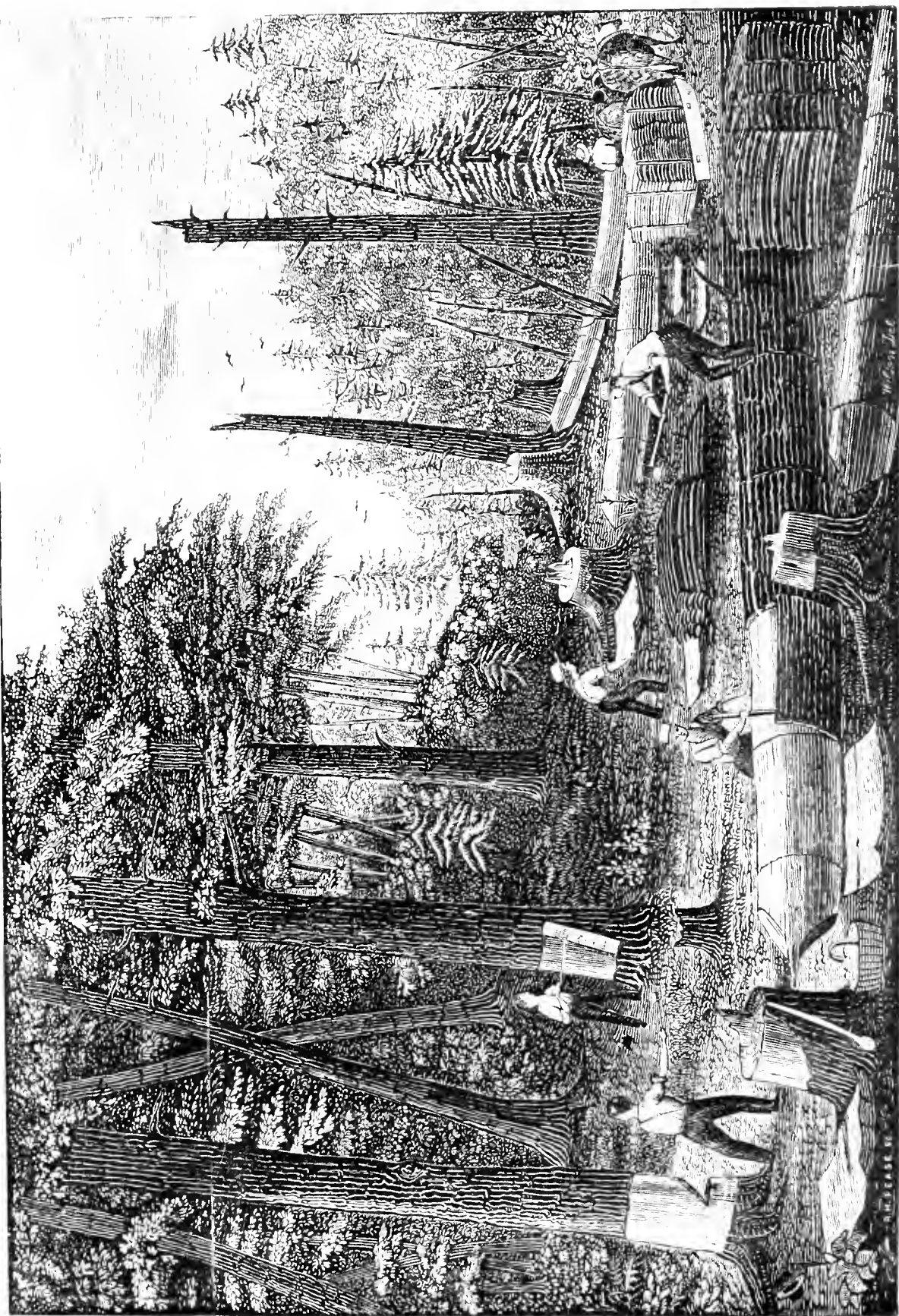


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PREFACE.

“A little babe lay in the cradle, and Hope came and kissed it. The babe grew to a child, and another friend came and kissed it. Her name was Memory. She said, “Look behind thee, and tell me what thou seest.” The child answered, “I see a little book.” Then Memory said, “I will teach thee to get honey from thy book, that will be sweet to thee when thou art old.” The youth became a man, and at length age found him. The old man laid down to die, and when his soul went from his body, Memory walked with it through the open gate of Heaven.”



BIOGRAPHY teaches many useful lessons, but as the eye of the indulgent reader glances over the following imperfect sketches, let it be remembered that the pen of the biographer can narrate only the outward acts of man. These are the sole guides to his conclusions. But there is another biographer, whose fidelity can not be questioned, constantly at work, daguerreotyping upon the *mind* all that is unseen by the world. The name of that historian is Memory, the perusal of whose book in our future existence, will yield honey or wormwood. Whatever may have been the station of the body on earth, Memory will walk with the soul through the open gates of the spirit land; and the portrait which she will there exhibit, will be true to the life. Then, when neither restitution can be offered, nor atonement made, how thrilling will be the comparison which the awakened conscience will draw, between what we *might* have done, and what we have done!

The recalling, by a flash, and involuntarily as it were, the whole of past life, by a drowning man, and the very singular peculiarity, that while consciousness is still active and death imminent, the

past and not the future is alone present to the mind, seem to attest the ineffaceable power of memory, and that nothing once impressed upon this faculty ever perishes, but becomes immortal as the spiritual essence of which memory is a part. The power to recall at will these impressions, may indeed perish, but the impressions themselves never. The memory is for each one the true book of life, where every act done in the body, and every good or evil thought that has passed through the mind, has its undying record, which at the last day shall bear witness of the past life of each.

The following extract from a letter by Admiral Beaufort to Dr. Wollaston, in the *Memoirs of Sir John Barrow*, admirably illustrate the above views, and must awaken suggestions of deep interest to every thinking mind.

Many years ago, when I was a youngster on board one of his majesty's ships in Portsmouth harbor, after sculling about in a very small boat, I was endeavoring to fasten her alongside the ship to one of the scuttle-rings. In foolish eagerness I stepped upon the gunwale, the boat of course upset, and I fell into the water, and not knowing how to swim, all my efforts to lay hold either of the boat or the floating sculls were fruitless. The transaction had not been observed by the sentinel on the gangway, and therefore it was not till the tide had drifted me some distance astern of the ship, that a man in the foretop saw me splashing in the water and gave the alarm. The first lieutenant instantly and gallantly jumped overboard, the carpenter followed his example, and a gunner hastened into a boat and pulled after them.

With the violent but vain attempts to make myself heard, I swallowed much water; I was soon exhausted by my struggles, and before any relief reached I had sunk below the surface—all hope had fled—all exertion ceased—and I *felt* that I was drowning.

So far, these facts were either partially remembered after my recovery, or supplied by those who had latterly witnessed the scene; for during an interval of such agitation a drowning person is too much occupied in catching at every passing straw, or too absorbed by alternate hope and despair, to mark the succession of events very accurately. Not so, however, with the facts which immediately ensued; my mind had then undergone the sudden revolution which appeared to you so remarkable—and all the circumstances of which are now as vividly fresh in my memory as if they had occurred but yesterday.

From the moment that every exertion had ceased—which I imagine was the immediate consequence of complete suffocation—a calm feeling of the most perfect tranquility superseded the tumultuous sensations—it might be called apathy, certainly not resignation, for drowning no longer appeared to be an evil—I no longer thought of being rescued, nor was I in any bodily pain. On the contrary, my sensations were now of rather

a pleasurable cast, partaking of that dull but contented sort of feeling which precedes the sleep produced by fatigue. Though the senses were thus deadened, not so the mind; its activity seemed to be invigorated, in a ratio which defies all description—for thought rose after thought with a rapidity of succession that is not only indescribable but probably inconceivable, by any one who has not himself been in a similar situation. The course of those thoughts I can even now in a great measure retrace—the event which had just taken place—the awkwardness that had produced it—the bustle it must have occasioned (for I had observed two persons jump from the chains)—the effect it would have on a most affectionate father—the manner in which he would disclose it to the rest of the family—and a thousand other circumstances minutely associated with home, were the first series of reflections that occurred. They took then a wider range—our last cruise—a former voyage, and shipwreck—my school—the progress I had made there, and the time I misspent—and even all my boyish pursuits and adventures. Thus traveling backwards, every past incident of my life seemed to glance across my recollection in retrograde succession; not, however, in mere outline, as here stated, but the picture filled up with every minute and collateral feature; in short the whole period of my existence seemed to be placed before me in a kind of panoramic review.

May not all this be some indication of the almost infinite power of memory with which we may awaken in another world, and thus be compelled to contemplate our past lives? Or might it not in some degree warrant the inference, that death is only a change or modification of our existence, in which there is no real pause or interruption? But however, that may be, one circumstance was highly remarkable; that the innumerable ideas which flashed into my mind were all retrospective—yet I had been religiously brought up—my hopes and fears of the next world had lost nothing of their early strength, and at any other period, intense interest and awful anxiety would have been excited by the mere probability that I was floating on the threshold of eternity: yet at that inexplicable moment when I had at full conviction that I had already crossed the threshold, not a single thought wandered into the future—I was wrapt entirely in the past.

In this view then, with what solemnity is every thought and every act invested, not only with reference to ourselves but to others!

At the battle of Wagram, Napoleon found himself where it was impossible to advance or retreat without ruin. Within the range and under the full fire of the Austrian guns, the army of France must wait an expected reinforcement a whole hour's time, each man standing with folded arms and unflinching brow, in all the dangers of the hottest battle, but bereft of the benefit of its excitement. What wonder that the men of Lodi quivered and fell? They could die in battle—that was nothing; but to stand still and be slaughtered—they were not

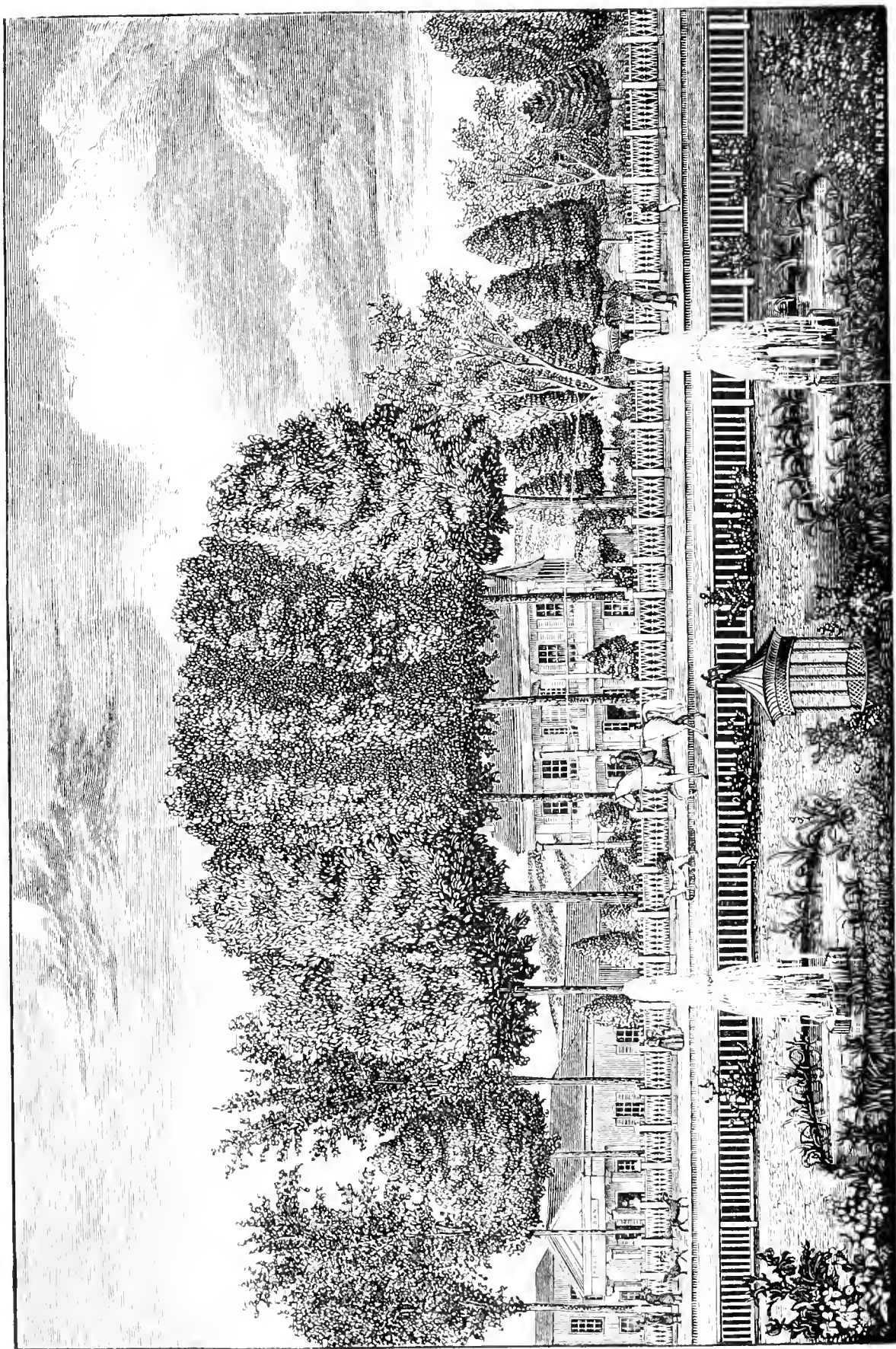
trained for that. It was at this moment, when murmurings and weakness spread through all ranks, and no orders were heeded, that the emperor mounted his favorite Arabian, and rode slowly out in the sight of his vast army, and back and forth before them the entire hour, within the range of the enemy's shortest guns, and with the whole artillery of Austria sweeping his course; thus holding to their places that mighty host of his, with the ease that a giant holds a mill-stone above the deep. He ruled by example.

And who is there, who does not, in a greater or less degree, rule by example! Desponding man of virtue, how do you know how many are kept in their places by your perseverance in the right way! Man of vice, in high station, influenced by your example, but unknown to you, what numbers are turning traitors to themselves!

We see not in life the end of human actions. In every widening circle their influence reaches beyond the grave. Every morning when we go forth, we lay the moulding hand on our destiny and that of others; and every evening when we have done, we have left a deathless impress upon character. We have not a thought but vibrates along the moral telegraphic into eternity, and reports at the throne of God.

It is related of Bishop Latimer, that when called up for private examination before his popish persecutors, he was not at first very particular, as to the expressions he made use of in his replies; "but," added that holy martyr, when narrating the circumstance, "I soon heard the pen going behind the arras, and found that all I said was taken down, and then I was careful enough of what I uttered."

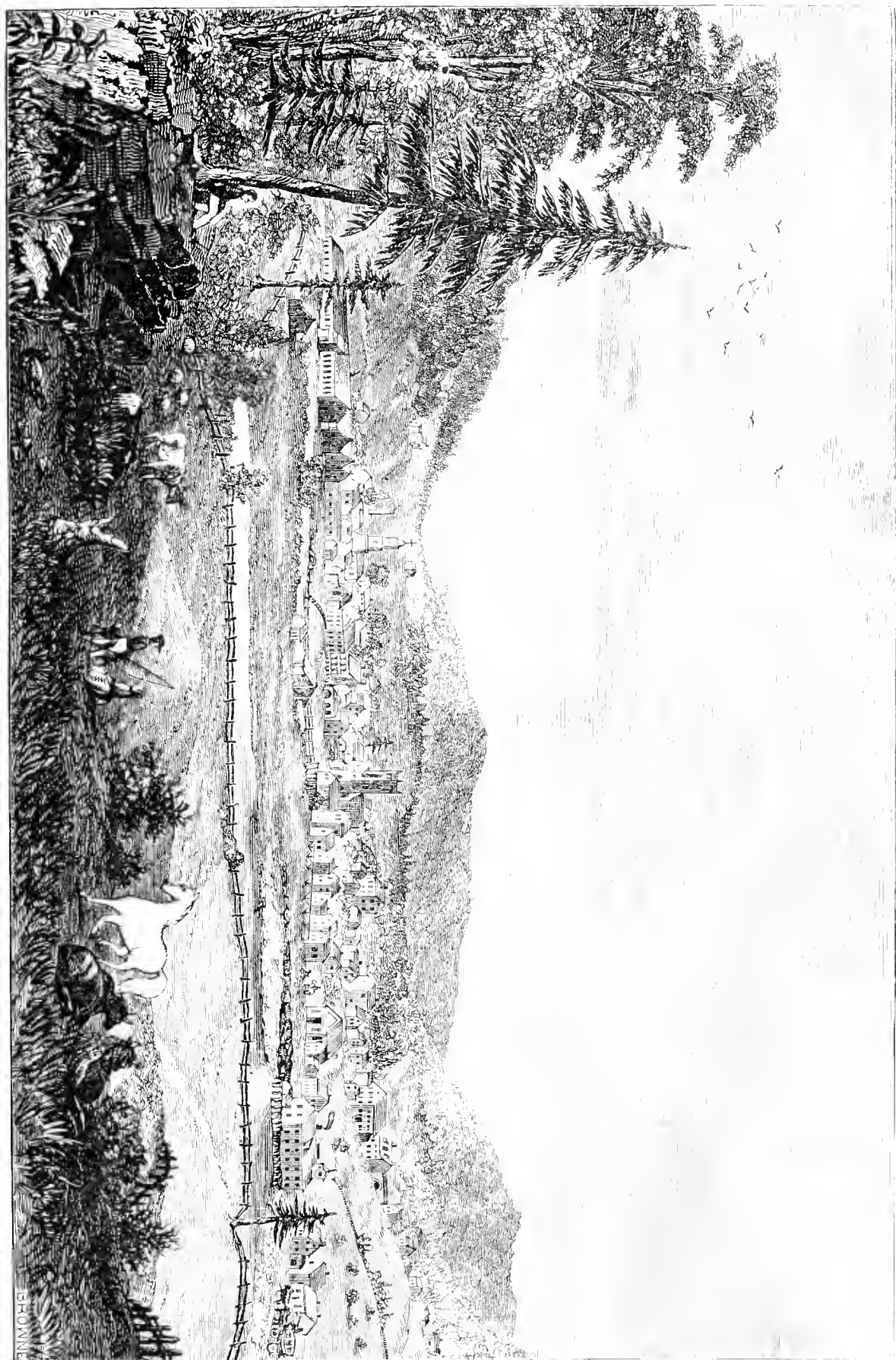
And would that we could always realize the fact, that while we are acting, talking or thinking, every word and thought is recorded above as soon as engendered here!



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AMERICAN BIOGRAPHICAL PANORAMA.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

“Where shall the weary eye repose,
When gazing on the great;
Where neither guilty glory glows
Nor despicable state?
Yes—one—the first—the last—the best—
The Cincinnatus of the West,
Bequeathed the name of WASHINGTON,
To make man blush there was but one.”

“When WASHINGTON was born Freedom wept for joy.”

CALMLY beneath the moon-beams sleeps the Potomac in the hush of the holy night. There is not a sound save the dreamy murmurs of the wind through the tall trees that stretch along the shore, and the low musical chime of the rippling waters, which, reflecting a silvery light on every wavelet, soft as the memory of first love, seem like a sea of gems. The green slopes of Mount Vernon lie peacefully on the river's bosom, as if no sound of war-like preparations had ever echoed through its groves, or the steps of martial feet crushed down its dewy flowers. The stars are glittering without a cloud to obscure their light; and the full moon, sweetly, calmly, like a good man gliding in peace to the land of sleepers, is sinking to her wavy couch. She has risen upon rich and powerful states, and has glittered upon their monuments. Imperial Rome, rich in empire, was beheld by her who now casts her mystic and undimmed light upon its magnificent ruins. Unchanging and unchangeable, she has looked down from her silent

home upon forgotten Thebes, sceptreless Larissa, and unremembered Phillippi, as she did when the world trembled at their frown or perished beneath their tread. Cities have changed and passed away; nations have arisen and decayed; like the dew they have gone, and her course is still onward. But nestled among green bowers, and bathed in her mild beams, is a sacred spot, which contains the ashes of a man, whose name shall shine among the just when her light shall have been extinguished in the ocean of Time. It is the last resting place of "the greatest man who ever lived in this world, uninspired by divine wisdom and unsustained by supernatural virtue." It is the tomb of Washington and of Martha his wife.

The ancestors of Washington may be traced for a considerable distance among the old English gentry in Lancashire. There was a manor of that name in the county of Durham, and about the year 1250, William de Hertburn, the proprietor, assumed the name of his estate. From him the Washington family have descended.

Samuel Fullaway, Esq., gives an interesting account of a monument in England, erected to the memory of some of the ancestors of our beloved patriot.

The monument in question is in Garsdon, Wiltshire. The village of Garsdon is about two miles from Malmsbury, and the church is an ancient Gothic edifice, situated in the bosom of a rich country, and surrounded with venerable trees. The country people have for many years been in the habit of conducting strangers to the church, for the purpose of pointing out the venerable memorial of the Washington Family—in former ages the lords of the manor of Garsdon, and the residents of the Court House, a building of the olden time—gray with the lapse of centuries.

The monument was once a superb specimen of

the mural style—and even now exhibits relics of richness and curious workmanship. It is to be seen in the chancel, on the left side of the altar, and is richly carved out of the stone of that part of the country. It is surmounted with the family coat of arms, which form a rich emblazonment of heraldry; and although two hundred years have rolled away since it was erected, they are still burnished with gilding.

The following are the inscriptions:

TO YE
MEMORY OF
SIR LAWRENCE WASHINGTON, Nite,
Lately Chief Register
OF YE
CHAUNCERYE,
Of Renowne, Pyety, and Charytie,
An Exemplarye and Lovinge Husband, A Tender
Father, A Bountefull Master, A Constante
Reliever of ye Poore; And to Thoas
Of his Parish, A Perpetuall
Benefactor;
Whom it Pleased
GOD TO TAKE INTO IS PEACE,
From the Furye of the Insuing Warrs.
BORN MAY XIV.
He Was Heare Interred,
May XXIV. An. Dni, 1643.
ÆTAT. SUÆ, 64.
Heare Also Lyeth
D A M E A N N E,
IS WIFE, WHO DECEASED
January XIIIth; And Who
WAS BURIED XVIth,
Anno Dni. 1645.
*Hic Patrios cineras, curavit filius urna,
Condere qui Tamulo, nunc jacet ille pius.*
The pyous Son His Parents here interrd,
Who hath his share in time, for them prepared.

The old Manor House of Garsdon is now occupied by a respectable, and, indeed, opulent farmer, named Woody—two of whose sons lately came over to this country in the ship Philadelphia, and are gone back into the state of Ohio. Mr. Woody rents his farm and house of Lord Andover. This ancient seat of the Washington family is handsome, very old-fashioned, and built of stone, with immense solidity and strength. The timber about it is chiefly British oak, and in several of the rooms, particularly in a large one, which was the old hall or banquetting-room—there are rich remains of gilding, carved work in cornices, ceilings and panels, polished floors and wainscoting—with shields containing the same coat of arms as on the mural monument in the church, carved over the high, venerable and architectural mantel-pieces. Beneath the house are extensive cellars, which, with the banquetting-room, would seem to indicate the genuine hospitality and princely style of living peculiar to—

“A fine old English gentleman,
All of the olden time.”

And, indeed, according to the traditions and chronicles of the country, such was the general character of the heads of the Washington family. Soon after the civil war, the family left their ancient seat, and removed to another part of the kingdom—but an old man now living in the village, named Reeves, who is ninety years of age, states that he remembers one of the Washingtons living in that part of the country, when he was a boy; and that his great-grandfather remembered the last Squire Washington living at the Manor House. The walls of the house are five feet thick, and the entire residence is surrounded by a beautiful garden and orchards. In the old parish archives the Washington family are constantly referred to as the benefactors of the parish; and from the very earliest recorded times, they seem to have been the Lords of the soil

at Garsdon, down to the period of their leaving—when the Manor House fell into the hands of a family named Dobbs.

From the Church and Manor or Court House of Garsdon, there are the remains of an ancient paved causeway, extending for about two miles, to the far-famed Abbey and cloisters of Malmesbury, founded and endowed by King Athelstan—not only celebrated for its power and splendor in Catholic days, but also as being the birth place and residence of William of Malmesbury, one of the earliest of British historians.

In the year 1657 John and Lawrence Washington, brothers of Sir William Washington, immigrated to Virginia and settled at Bridge Creek, on the Potomac, in the county of Westmoreland. John died in 1697, leaving two sons, John and Augustine. The latter was twice married, having three sons and a daughter by his first wife, Jane Butler; and four sons and two daughters by the second, Mary Ball, to whom he was united on the 6th of March, 1730. George, the subject of our sketch, was the eldest son by the second marriage. He was born on the 22d February, 1732, and was the sixth in descent from the first Lawrence Washington. The father of the future hero died in 1743, leaving, as the fruit of his own exertions, a large estate in land, out of which he demised a separate plantation to each of his sons. George received the paternal residence and adjacent estate in Stafford county, on the Rapahannoc. This occurred when George was not more than eleven years of age, and the cares of a large family devolved upon his young mother. But gifted with a strong mind, she performed her duty with fidelity and success.

A beautiful eastern allegory, setting forth the power of maternal influence, says, “The rose was of a pure and spotless white, when in Eden it first spread out its leaves to the morning sunlight of creation.

Eve, the mother of mankind, the first time she gazed upon the tintless gem, could not suppress her admiration of its beauty, and stooping down, imprinted a kiss upon its sunny bosom. The rose stole the scarlet tinge from her velvet lips and yet wears it."

So to Mary the mother of Washington are we indebted for the glowing tints of virtue, which she impressed upon the heart of her son, to whose glory royalty could not add a single ray, and of whom one of the mightiest conquerors of modern times exclaimed with a sigh: "His name shall live as the founder of a great republic, when mine shall have been lost in the vortex of revolutions."

George received only a common English education, and never learned any foreign language, either dead or living. During the last year he was at school, he devoted himself to the study of surveying, and the correlative sciences, for which he manifested a strong practical taste. From his earliest years he was studious and thoughtful, and such was his demeanor, that his companions always made him umpire in cases of dispute. Truth and strict integrity were his prominent characteristics, of which, says Lossing, the following will serve as an illustration: "In company with other boys he secured a fiery colt, belonging to his mother, yet unbroken to the bit. The affrighted animal dashed furiously across the fields, and in his violent exertions, burst a blood vessel and died. The colt was a valuable one, and many youths would have sought an evasive excuse. Not so with George. He went immediately to his mother, and stating plainly all the circumstances, asked her forgiveness, which of course was readily granted. Her reply is remarkable: "Young man, I forgive you, because you have the courage to tell the truth at once; had you skulked away, I should have despised you."

When fourteen years of age, he received a mid-

shipman's warrant in the British navy, but relinquished his ardent ambition to accept it, at the solicitations of his widowed mother. In 1748 he was appointed to survey Lord Fairfax's lands, and next year received the appointment of a public surveyor. In 1751 he was commissioned an adjutant-general with the rank of major, by the government of Virginia, with the pay of £150 a year, to drill the militia of a district in anticipation of incursions from Indians and French. In September he sailed with his consumptive brother, Lawrence, to Barbadoes, where he was attacked with the small pox. In 1752 his brother returned from Bermuda to die, and George was the active executor of his will. During this year also, Gov. Dinwiddie assigned the northern division of Virginia to the military command of young Washington. In 1753 he was appointed by Gov. Dinwiddie, commissioner to treat with the French commandant, concerning the invasion of the settlements of the English by the latter. He made an address to some Indian chiefs at Logstown, requesting, according to his instructions, an escort, which they granted. He reached the French post after a journey of forty-one days, having traversed a most dangerous, cheerless, and difficult route of five hundred and sixty miles. His journey back in December, abounded in terrible risks and severe sufferings; but he arrived at Williamsburgh safely, on the 16th of January, 1754. His journal was printed by order of Gov. Dinwiddie, in order to arouse the English to resistance to the designs avowed by the French commandant in his interview with Major Washington, and two hundred men were enlisted, over whom the latter was placed in chief command, on account of his courage and discretion as exhibited in the execution of his commission. In 1754 the Virginia troops were increased to six companies, and Washington was promoted to the second command, the lieutenant-colonelcy, Colonel

•

Joshua Fry being commander-in-chief of the recruits. With three companies he pressed into the wilderness, and on the 25th of May fought the skirmish of the Great Meadows, with a loss of one killed and three wounded. Jumonville, the leader of the French party, and ten of his men, were killed; and twenty-two taken prisoners. It was in this fray that he heard the bullets whistle, and felt—according to the popular but ill-authenticated anecdote—that there was “something charming in the sound.” In June, Col. Fry died, and Washington was appointed to the chief command of the Virginia regiment, with a colonel’s commission. In July, after an advance, he retreated to the Great Meadows, fortified Fort Necessity, a name chosen by himself, and on the third day of the month, fought the battle of the Great Meadows. On the fourth, in consequence of the immense superiority of the French forces, he capitulated after fighting all day. For his gallantry, he received a vote of thanks from the Virginia house of burgesses. An enlargement of the army shortly after, reduced him to the rank of captain, and he resigned his commission.

Gen. Braddock arrived at Virginia with two regiments of British regulars, in March, 1755, and requested Washington to be a member of his military family, and accompany the expedition against the French. Washington joined the army as a volunteer colonel. He gave a plan of march, which prevailed in a council of war; and although detained with the rear division of the army for nearly two weeks, by a raging fever, he overtook Braddock the evening before the battle of the Monongahela, which occurred July 9th, 1755, and is known as the melancholy defeat of Braddock;* memorable for the

* THE LAST OF BRADDOCK’S MEN.—The Lancaster (Ohio,) Gazette announces the death, at that place, on the 4th of January, 1849, of Samuel Jenkins, a colored man, aged *one hundred and fifteen years*. He was born a slave, the property of Capt. Broadwater, in Fairfax county, Virginia, in

loss of nearly half the English army, and for the fact that Washington's fame seemed to take root in the very scenes, which were so shameful and disastrous to all his superior officers. He was now twenty-three years old. He was appointed, August 14th, to the command of the Virginia troops.* In 1758, under the inspiring counsels of Pitt, the campaign began to be prosecuted offensively against the French. Washington commanded the advance party in the march, which resulted in the bloodless capture of Fort Duquesne on the 25th of November, 1758. He resigned his commission soon after, received a flattering address from his brother officers, and retired from the army.

He married Mrs. Martha Custis, widow of John Parke Custis, and daughter of John Dandridge, January 6th, 1759. Mrs. Custis was the mother of two children by her former husband. His marriage added more than one thousand dollars to his fortune. He was elected a member of the Virginia house of burgesses, without his own solicitation, and retained this office until 1764. He then retired, and occupied himself solely as a planter.

1734. He drove his master's provision wagon over the Alleghany Mountains, in the memorable campaign of Gen. Braddock, and remained in service at the Big Meadows until its close. He was held as a slave until about forty years ago, when, upon the death of his master, he was purchased by a gentleman, who brought him to the state of Ohio, and thus released him from bondage. Soon after his liberation he settled in Lancaster, where he continued to reside until his death. Although his bodily frame had given way, he retained his mental faculties to the last. It is thought he was the last man living, either white or colored, who served in Braddock's expedition in 1755, against the French and Indians.

* He went on to Boston to petition Gen. Shirley, commander-in-chief of his majesty's forces in America, to settle a question of rank between himself and a recusant captain. He was received with marks of great curiosity and respect in the cities along his route. While at New York he was the guest of Mr. Beverly Robinson, and there became enamored with Miss Mary Phillips, a sister of Mrs. Robinson, but failed to prosecute his suit as soon as he heard of a rival in the field. He seemed to have an ambition too large to condescend to be the competitor of another in the emulation of love. The lady married Capt. Morris, the rival alluded to.—*Lit. Mag.*

He took early and decided ground against the evident attempts of the British ministry to assert unheard-of rights over the colonies. He was one of the eighty-nine delegates of the Virginia house of burgesses, who after being dismissed by the alarmed governor, on account of their solemn remonstrances against the Boston Port Bill, met in a tavern to reiterate their sentiments, and proposed the first congress. When the convention of Williamsburg met, August 1st, 1774, Washington was present, and was one of the seven delegates appointed to attend the general congress, which was opened September 1st. He was present, and his conduct in this body called out the celebrated eulogy of Patrick Henry, in answer to a question from a friend: "If you speak of eloquence, Mr. Rutledge, of South Carolina, is by far the greatest orator; but if you speak of solid information and sound judgment, Col. Washington is unquestionably the greatest man on that floor." In 1775 he was chosen a delegate to the second continental congress. The sons of New England had already shed their blood at Lexington and Concord, and congress went at once to work to provide for the defence of the country.

He was unanimously chosen commander-in-chief of the continental army, on the first ballot in congress, on the 16th of June, 1775. He accepted the office, declining the pay of \$500 a month offered by congress, and proposing to keep an account of his expenses, which might be liquidated by the continent. On the 3d of July, he took command of the army at Cambridge, Mass. Boston, after being thoroughly invested by the American army under Washington, was evacuated by Gen. Howe and the British troops, March 17th, 1776; for which bloodless achievement the commander-in-chief received a gold medal from congress. He shortly after moved the American army to New York, and took the

command on the 13th of April. On the 9th of July, he received the Declaration of Independence, and ordered it to be read to the army at 6 P. M. At this time, Gen. Howe and the British army were quartered at Staten Island. The battle of Long Island occurred on the 17th of August, between 15,000 British and 5,000 Americans. The latter were beaten, and Washington ordered the memorable retreat to New York on the 29th.

The evacuation of New York, the slight flush of victory on Haerlem Heights, the disaster of Chatterton's Hill, the capture of Fort Washington, the evacuation of Fort Lee, followed rapidly, and under these reverses Washington bore up nobly, inspiring his army and advising congress, and becoming the soul of the war. On December 27th, 1776, he was invested with absolute military control by congress, and thenceforward the American revolution was confided to his single direction. On the 26th, the tide of fortune had begun to turn at the victory of Trenton, won with the loss of only two Americans killed, while the enemy lost about thirty killed and a thousand prisoners. On the 3d of January, Washington gained the victory of Princeton, at which one hundred of the enemy were killed and three hundred captured. The country rang with the praises of its hero. He had now fired the Americans with his own spirit.

On September 11th, 1777, the fierce, unequal and unfortunate battle of Brandywine was fought, but no confidence was lost in Washington, who was immediately endowed with yet higher powers than before. The bloody fight of Germantown, with bright beginning and disastrous ending, occurred October 4th, under Washington's direction, and was considered, on the whole, favorable to the American cause, as showing the valor of raw troops under a brave commander.

About this time Conway's cabal, in which Gene-

als Gates and Mifflin figured largely, was in full progress, but Washington took no pains to defeat it, although it was aimed at his own overthrow. Although it had supporters in congress, the miserable scheme was scorched up in public contempt, and Conway, when once in apprehension of speedy death, made most humble concessions to the lofty mark of his malice. The terrible winter of 1778-9 at Valley Forge called out all the magnificent resources of greatness which Washington possessed, and is one of the brightest passages in his immortal history. April 22d, congress, with the decided approval of the commander-in-chief, unanimously rejected Lord North's conciliatory bills. The victory of Monmouth was won under his personal command on June 28th. He ordered the terrible storming of Stony Point, which was successful, under General Wayne, July 15th, 1779.

Yorktown and Gloucester were surrendered by Lord Cornwallis on the 17th of October, 1781, on terms prescribed by Washington. May 22d, 1782, he wrote his indignant reply to the letter, which proposed the establishment of an American monarchy, with himself for its head. On March 15th he made the celebrated address to his officers, which quieted their discontent and renewed their faith in congress and in their country. His farewell speech to the army was made public on the second of November, 1783. On December 4th, he held his last affecting interview with his officers, and on the 25th of the same month resigned his office, determined to devote himself forever to retirement, refusing to the last the most strenuous offers of pecuniary recompense for any of his eminent services.

On December 4th he was appointed by the Virginia legislature a delegate to a general convention of the states, December 4th, 1786; and on May 14th, 1787, he was elected president of the convention.

The constitution was proposed by this convention and he was unanimously elected First President of the United States in April, 1789. He was inaugurated April 30th, in New York, which was then the seat of the government. In 1793, in answer to the urgent solicitation of distinguished statesmen of both the parties which had begun to divide the country, he accepted a second election to the presidency. He signed his celebrated proclamation of neutrality, with regard to the European war growing out of the French revolution, which called down on his head for the first time, the malignity of mere partisan animosity. Congress sustained the proclamation with apparent unanimity. In October, 1794, he took command of the army raised to put down the Whiskey rebellion in Pennsylvania, but returned in consequence of hearing that hostilities would probably be unnecessary. He signed the treaty with Great Britain on the 18th of August, 1795. His Farewell Address—one of the most extraordinary documents that ever came from the pen of man—was published September 15th, 1796. The insolent demand of money by the executive directory of France, induced congress to authorize the enlistment of ten thousand men, and to appoint Washington to the command of the army, July 2nd, 1798. The difficulty was however settled amicably. He died, painfully but trustfully, on the 14th of December, 1799. We speak the literal truth, when we say that the nation went into mourning over the sad event.

How grateful the relief, says Brougham, which the friend of mankind, the lover of virtue experiences, when his eye rests upon THE GREATEST OF OUR OWN OR OF ANY OTHER AGE.

In Washington we truly behold a marvelous contrast to almost every one of the endowments and vices which we have been contemplating; and which are so well fitted to excite a mingled admiration, and

sorrow, and abhorrence. With none of that brilliant genius which dazzles ordinary minds; with not even any remarkable quickness of apprehension; with knowledge less than almost all persons in the middle ranks, and many well educated of the humbler classes possess; this eminent person is presented to our observation clothed in attributes as modest and unpretending, and as little calculated to strike or to astonish, as if he had passed unknown through some secluded region of private life. But he had a judgment sure and sound; a steadiness of mind which never suffered any passion, or even any feeling to ruffle its calm; a strength of understanding which worked rather than forced its way through all obstacles—removing or avoiding rather than overleaping them. His courage, whether in battle or in council, was as perfect as might be expected from this pure and steady temper of soul. A perfectly just man, with a thoroughly firm resolution never to be misled by others, any more than by others overawed; never to be seduced or betrayed, or hurried away by his own weakness or self-delusions, any more than by any other men's arts; nor even to be disheartened by the most complicated difficulties, any more than to be spoiled on the giddy heights of fortune—such was this great man—whether we regard him sustaining the whole weight of campaigns all but desperate, or gloriously terminating a just warfare by his resources and his courage—presiding over the jarring elements of his political council, alike deaf to the storms of all extremes—or directing the formation of a new government for a great people, the first time that so vast an experiment had ever been tried by man—or finally retiring from the supreme power to which his virtue had raised him over the nation he had created, and whose destinies he had guided as long as his aid was required—retiring with the veneration of all parties, of all nations, of all mankind, in order that

the rights of men might be conserved, and that his example never might be appealed to by vulgar tyrants. This is the consummate glory of the great American; a triumphant warrior where the most sanguine had a right to despair; a successful ruler in all the difficulties of a course wholly untried; but a warrior whose sword only left its sheath when the first law of our nature commanded it to be drawn; and a ruler who, having tasted of supreme power, gently and unostentatiously desired that the cup might pass from him, nor would suffer more to wet wet his lips than the most solemn and sacred duty to his country and his God required!

To his latest breath did this great patriot maintain the noble character of a captain, the patron of peace, and a statesman, the friend of justice. Dying, he bequeathed to his heirs the sword which he had worn in the war for liberty, charging them “never to take it from the scabbard but in self-defence or in defence of their country and her freedom; and commanding them that when it should be thus drawn, they should never sheath it nor ever give it up, but prefer falling with it in their hands to the relinquishment thereof”—words, the majesty and simple eloquence of which are not surpassed in the oratory of Athens or Rome. It will be the duty of the historian and the sage in all ages to omit no occasion of commemorating this illustrious man; and until time shall be no more, will a test of the progress which our race has made in wisdom and in virtue be derived from the veneration paid to the immortal name of Washington.

NOTES.

Weight of officers of the revolutionary army, Aug. 19, 1783—weighed at the scales at West Point:

	lbs.
Gen. Washington,.....	209
“ Lincoln,.....	224
“ Knox,*	280
“ Huntington	182
“ Greaton,.....	166
Col. Swift,.....	219
“ Michael Jackson,.....	252
“ Harry Jackson,.....	238
Lient. Col. Huntington,	212
“ Cobb,.....	182
“ Humphrey,.....	221

Average 214 lbs.—taken from a memorandum found in the late Gen. Swift's pocket book.

The following are the comparative losses of the battles of the revolution, arranged according to priority:

	British loss.	American loss.
Lexington, April 19, 1775,.....	272	84
Bunker Hill, June 17, “	1,054	453
Flatbush, August 27, 1776,.....	400	200
White Plains, “ 29, “	400	400
Trenton, Dec. 26, “	1,000	9
Princeton, Jan. 3, 1777,	400	100
Hubbardstown, August 7, 1777,.....	180	800
Bennington, “ 16, “	800	100
Brandywine, Sept. 11, “	500	1,200
Stillwater, “ 17, “	600	350
Germantown, Oct. 4, “	600	1,200
Saratoga, “ 17, “	5,722 sur.	
Red Hook, “ 22, “	500	32
Monmouth, June 25, 1778,.....	400	139
Rhode Island, Aug. 27, “	260	211
Briar Creek, March 30, 1779,.....	13	400
Stony Point, July 15, “	600	100
Camden, August 16, 1780,.....	375	610
King's Mountain, Oct. 1, “	950	96
Cowpens, January 17, “	800	72
Guilford C. H., March 17, 1781,.....	523	400
Hobkirk's Hill, April 25, “	400	400
Eutaw Springs, September, “	1,000	550
Yorktown, October 19, “	7,072 sur.	
Total,.....	24,853	9,698

* Died in consequence of swallowing a small chicken bone.

The following extract of a letter from a traveller in Germany, to the New York Observer, shows that the errors respecting our great men are often ludicrous:

“The oracle of a coffee house in Bacharach, who had served under Napoleon from Moscow to Madrid, expatiated somewhat in the following style. “The Americans were enslaved; Lafayette, whom I have myself seen, set them free. He was chosen their king, but bade them be a republic.” I enquired if he ever heard of Washington, and was answered in the negative by him and all his table companions. “But,” continued he, “give me an hundred thousand Rhine soldiers, and in six weeks I will subdue all America. Indeed the Germans are already predominant there, since one of the latest presidents, Van Buren, was born in Germany.”

Such views of America, as the foregoing, are all that could be expected by one who considers the sources from which they are derived. Few American travelers, and almost as few American books, have made their way through Germany.”

The following interesting revolutionary relic, being a sermon, preached on the eve of the Battle of Brandywine, Sept. 10, 1777, was furnished by A. H. Schœfnyer, Esq. He says: “Not long ago, searching into the papers of my grandfather, Major John Jacob Schœfnyer, who was out in the days of the revolution, I found the following discourse, delivered on the eve of the Battle of Brandywine, by the Rev. Joab Trout, to a large portion of the American soldiers, in presence of Gen. Washington and Gen. Wayne, and other officers of the army.

REVOLUTIONARY SERMON.

“They that take the sword, shall perish by the sword.”

SOLDIERS AND COUNTRYMEN:

We have met this evening, perhaps for the last time. We have shared the toil of the march, the peril of the fight, and the dismay of the retreat alike; we have endured the cold and hunger, the contumely of the infernal foe, and the courage of the foreign oppressor. We have sat, night after night, beside the camp fire; we have together heard the roll of the reveille, which called us to duty, or the beat of the tatoo, which gave the signal for the hardy sleep of the soldier, with the earth for his bed, and his knapsack for his pillow.

And now, soldiers and brethren, we have met in the peaceful valley on the eve of battle, while the sunlight is dying away beyond yonder heights, the sunlight that, to-morrow morn, will glimmer on scenes of blood. We have met amid the whitening tents of our encampment; in time of terror and of gloom, have we gathered together — God grant it may not be the last time.

It is a solemn moment. Brethren, does not the solemn voice of nature seem to echo the sympathies of the hour? The flag of our country droops heavily from yonder staff, the breeze has died away along the

green plain of Chadd's Ford—the plain that spreads before us, glittering in the sunlight—the heights of the Brandywine arising gloomy and grand beyond the waters of yonder stream—all nature holds a pause of solemn silence, on the eve of the uproar of the bloodshed and strife of to-morrow.

“They that take the sword, shall perish by the sword.”

And have they not taken the sword?

Let the desolated plain, the blood-sodden valley, the burned farmhouse, blackening in the sun, the sacked village, and the ravaged town, answer—let the whitening bones of the butchered farmer, strewn along the fields of his homestead, answer—let the starving mother, with her babe clinging to the withered breast that can afford no sustenance, let her answer, with the death-rattle mingling with the murmuring tones that mark the last struggle of life—let the dying mother and her babe answer.

It was but a day past, and our land slept in the quiet of peace. War was not here—wrong was not here. Fraud and woe, and misery and want, dwelt not among us. From the eternal solitude of the green woods, arose the blue sky of the settler's cabin, and golden fields of corn looked from amid the waste of the wilderness, and the glad music of human voices awoke the silence of the forest.

Now, God of mercy, behold the change. Under the shadow of a pretext, under the sanctity of the name of God, invoking the Redeemer to their aid, does these foreign hirelings slay our people! They destroy our towns, they darken our plains, and now they encompass our posts on the plain of Chadd's Ford.

“They that take the sword, shall perish by the sword.”

Brethren, think me not unworthy of belief when I tell you the doom of the British is near! Think me not vain when I tell you that beyond the cloud that now enshrouds us, I see gathering, thick and fast, the darker storm, and a blacker storm of a Divine indignation!

They may conquer us to-morrow. Might and wrong may prevail, and we may be driven from this field—but the hour of God's own vengeance will come.

Aye, if in the vast solitude of eternal space, if in the heart of the boundless universe, there throbs the being of an awful God, quick to avenge, and sure to punish guilt, then will the man George, of Brunswick, called king, feel in his brain and his heart, the vengeance of the eternal Jehovah! A blight will be upon his life—a withered brain, and accursed intellect; a blight will be upon his children and on his people. Great God how dread the punishment!

A crowded populace peopling the dense towns where the man of money thrives, while the laborer starves; want a striding among the people in all its forms of terror; and ignorant and God-defying priesthood chuckling over the miseries of millions; a proud and merciless nobility, adding wrong to wrong, and heaping insult upon robbery and fraud; royalty corrupt to the very heart, and aristocracy rotten to the very core; crime and want linked hand in hand, and tempting men to deeds of wo and death: these are a part of the doom and the retribution that came upon the English throne and the English people!

Soldiers, I look around upon your familiar faces with a strange interest! To-morrow morning we will all go forth to the battle—for need I tell you, that your unworthy minister will march with you, invoking

God's aid in the fight—we will march forth to the battle! Need I exhort you to fight the good fight, to fight for your homesteads, for your wives and children?

My friends, I might urge you to fight by the galling memories of British wrong. Walton—I might tell you of your butchered father, in the silence of the night on the plains of Trenton; I might ring his death shriek into your ears. Shelmire—I might tell you of a butchered mother, and a sister outraged; the lonely farmhouse, the night assault, the roof in flames, the shout of the troopers as they despatched their victims, the cries for mercy, the pleadings of innocence for pity. I might paint this all again, in vivid colors of the terrible reality if I thought your courage needed such wild excitement.

But I know you are strong in the might of the Lord. You will march forth to battle on the morrow with light hearts and determined spirits, though the solemn duty—the duty of avenging the dead—may rest heavy on your souls.

And in the hour of battle, when all around is darkness lit by the lurid cannon glare, and piercing musket flash, when the wounded strew the ground, and the dead litter your path, then remember soldiers that God is with you. The eternal God fights for you—he rides on the battle cloud, he sweeps onward with the march or the hurricane charge—God, the awful and the infinite, fights for you and will triumph.

“They that take the sword, shall perish by the sword.”

You have taken the sword, but not in the spirit of wrong and ravage. You have taken the sword for your homes, for your wives, for your little ones. You have taken the sword for truth, for justice and right, and to you the promise is—be of good cheer, for your foes have taken the sword in defiance of all that man holds dear, in blasphemy of God—they shall perish by the sword.

And now, brethren and soldiers, I bid you all farewell. Many of us may fall in the battle of to-morrow. God rest the souls of the fallen—many of us may live to tell the story of the fight to-morrow, and in the memory of all who ever rest and linger the quiet scene of the autumnal night.

Solemn twilight advances over the valley; the woods on the opposite heights fling their long shadows over the green of the meadows; around us are the tents of the continental host, the suppressed bustle of the camp, the hurried tramp of the soldiers to and fro among the tents, stillness and awe that marks the eve of battle.

When we meet again, may the shadow of twilight be flung over a peaceful land. God in heaven grant it.

PRAYER FOR THE REVOLUTION.

Great Father, we bow before thee; we invoke thy blessings; we deprecate thy wrath; we return thee thanks for the past; we ask thy aid for the future. For we are in times of trouble, oh Lord, and sore beset by foes, merciless and un pitying. The sword gleams over our land, and the dust of the soil is dampened with the blood of our neighbors and friends.

Oh! God of mercy, we pray thy blessing on the American arms. Make the man of our hearts strong in thy wisdom; bless, we beseech thee, with renewed life and strength, our hope, and thy instrument, even George Washington. Shower thy counsels on the honorable, the continental congress; visit the tents of our host, comfort the soldier in his

wounds and afflictions, nerve him for the fight, prepare him for the hour of death.

And in the hour of defeat, God of Hosts, do thou be our stay, and in the hour of triumph be thou our guide.


Teach us to be merciful. Though the memory of galling wrongs be at our hearts, knocking for admittance, that they may fill us with the desire of revenge, yet let us, oh Lord, spare the vanquished though they never spared us, in the hour of butchery, and bloodshed. And in the hour of death, do thou guide us to the abode prepared for the blest; so shall we return thanks unto thee, through Christ our Redeemer—God prosper the cause. Amen.



MARTHA WASHINGTON.

M. Washington

It is not much the world can give,
With all its subtle art,
And gold and gems are not the things
To satisfy the heart:
But oh, if those who cluster round
The altar and the hearth,
Have gentle words and loving smiles,
How beautiful is earth.

 HE maiden name of the wife of the illustrious Washington was Martha Dandridge. She was born in New Kent Court, state of Virginia, May, 1732. Of her early life, it is recorded that "she excelled in personal charms, with pleasing manners, and a general amiability of demeanor." At the age of seventeen she married Colonel Daniel P. Custis of Arlington, a king's counsellor. The fruits of this marriage were a girl who died in infancy, and David, Martha and John. David was a child of much promise, but died an untimely death, which it is said hastened his father to the grave. Martha arrived at womanhood, and died at Mount Vernon in 1770. John, the father of George W. P. Custis, Esq., of Arling-

ton, near Washington city, and from whose writings this sketch is condensed, died at the siege of Yorktown, in 1781, aged twenty-seven.

On the death of her husband, Mrs. Curtis was left a very young and wealthy widow, having in addition to the large landed estates the colonel had left, three thousand pounds sterling in money, besides fifteen thousand pounds left to Martha, his only daughter.

It was in 1750 that Washington, then a colonel, was introduced to the charming widow; and being of an age when impressions are strongest, tradition says they were mutually pleased with each other. And Washington being first in affairs of the heart, as well as in war, achieved a speedy marriage. The precise date of the marriage has not been ascertained, but it is believed it took place in 1759.

When her husband was commander-in-chief, lady Washington accompanied him to the lines before Boston, and witnessed its siege and evacuation. She then returned to Virginia, the subsequent campaign being of too momentous a character to allow of her accompanying the army. At the close of each campaign an aidecamp repaired to Mount Vernon to escort the lady to the head quarters. The arrival of Lady Washington at camp was an event much anticipated, and was the signal for the ladies of the several officers to repair to the bosoms of their lords. The arrival of the aidecamp, escorting the plain chariot, with the neat postillions in their scarlet and white liveries, was deemed an epoch in the army, and served to diffuse a cheering influence amid the gloom which hung over our destinies at Valley Forge, Morristown and West Point. She always remained at head quarters till the opening of the campaign, and it was her fortune to hear the first and last cannon of all the campaigns of the revolutionary war.

Mrs. Washington was an uncommonly early

riser, leaving her pillow at day dawn, at all seasons of the year. After breakfast she would daily retire to her chamber, where she spent an hour in prayer and reading the holy scriptures, a practice that she never omitted during the half century of her varied life.


A little more than two years from the death of him who was called to his great reward in higher and better worlds, Mrs. Washington became alarmingly ill from an attack of bilious fever. Perfectly aware that her end was fast approaching, she assembled her grandchildren at her bedside, and discoursed to them on their respective duties through life. She spoke of the happy influences of religion on the affairs of this world, of the consolations they had afforded her in many and trying afflictions, and of the hopes they held out of a blessed immortality. Then, surrounded by her weeping relatives, friends and domestics, in the seventy-first year of her age, she resigned her life into the hands of Him who gave it. "She descended to the grave cheered by the prospect of a blessed immortality, and mourned by the millions of a mighty empire."

Golden hang the branches above that sacred tomb,
O'er the marble glances the rose's tint of bloom,
Round the silent sepulchre the scarlet tendrils twine,
Through the rainbow vistas the glassy waters shine.

In person Mrs. Washington was well-formed, and somewhat below the medium size, and when in the bloom of life was eminently handsome. In her dress, though plain, she was so scrupulously neat, that the ladies often wondered how she could wear a gown for a week, go through the kitchen and larder, and all the routine of domestic management, and yet the gown retain its snow-like whiteness, unsullied by even a speck.

MARY WASHINGTON.

When those whom we prized have departed forever,
Yet perfume is shed o'er the cypress we twine;
Yet fond Recollection refuses to sever,
And turns to the past like a saint to the shrine.
Praise carved on the marble is often deceiving,
The gaze of the stranger is all it may claim;
But the strongest of love and the purest of grieving,
And heard when lips dwell on the missing one's name,
Saying, "Don't you remember?"

N the velvet bank of a rivulet sat a rosy child. Her lap was filled with flowers, and a garland of rose-buds was twined around her neck. Her face was as radiant as the sunshine that fell upon it; and her voice was as clear as that of the bird which warbled at her side. The little stream went singing on, and with every gush of its music the child lifted the flowers in its dimpled hand, and, with a merry laugh, threw them upon its surface. In her glee she forgot that her treasures were growing less; and with the swift motion of childhood, she flung them upon the sparkling tide, until every bud and blossom had disappeared. Then, seeing her loss, she sprang upon her feet, and bursting into tears, called aloud to the stream, "Bring back my flowers!" But the stream danced along regardless of her tears: and as it bore the blooming burden away, her words came back in a taunting echo along its reedy margin. And, long after, amid the wailing of the breeze, and the fitful bursts of childish grief, was heard the fruitless cry, "Bring back my flowers!" Merry maiden! who art idly wasting the precious moments so bountifully bestowed upon thee, see in the thoughtless, impulsive child, an emblem of thyself. With the mother of the immortal Washington look back upon each moment as a perfumed flower. Let its fragrance be dispensed in blessings on all around

thee and ascend as sweet incense to its beneficent giver. Else, when thou hast carelessly flung them from thee, and seest them receding on the swift waters of time, thou wilt cry, in tones more sorrowful than those of the child, "Bring back my flowers!" And the only answer will be an echo from the shadowy past, "*Bring back my flowers.*"*

It has been beautifully observed that HOME is the true theatre of woman. This is her kingdom; and here she may erect her throne, and sway her sceptre. For such a dominion Providence designed her, and for this the Creator has richly qualified her. And what a sphere of action is this! How grand in itself, and how imposing in view of its tendencies and results! Home! What associations gather around that word! With what a power it thrills the soul! What an impress it stamps on the intellectual and moral man! It is unbounded in its influence on the social and civil institutions of mankind. It takes hold of the deepest consequences, and leads to the sublimest results. Who rules here, presides over the fountains of thought and intelligence, and touches the springs which give motion to the world. Who controls the homes of mankind, fixes their destiny. Here woman wields a sway mightier than the sceptre of earth's lordliest despot. She implants the germ of those principles which are to give character to society, and to fix its institutions. For the influences which are to perpetuate or to destroy our national blessings, we should look, not to virtue or corruption in high places, but to the elements which are developed in our homes. Our security is not to be found in the efficiency of our navies, nor in the impregnableness of our fortresses, nor in the valor and discipline of our armies: the salvation of this land is to be the result of the principles inculcated and fixed in its homes. Every home is a fortress; and until these are subjected to ignorance,

* Lowell Offering.

and lawlessness, and passion, there is safety; but when these seeds of anarchy and ruin are allowed to grow here, all is lost. Of all these interests—the interests which cluster around the home—woman is the appropriate guardian, and the only efficient conservator.

Mary, the mother of the patriot, soldier and statesman, George Washington, was descended from the family of Ball, English colonists, who settled on the banks of the Potomac.

Bred up in the domestic and independent habits which graced the Virginia ladies in those days, she became well fitted to perform the duties which were destined to devolve upon her. By the death of her husband, the cares of a young family became hers, at a period when the aid and control of the stronger sex are most needed. Thus was it left for this eminent woman, by an education and discipline the most peculiar and imposing, to instil into the mind of her son, those great and essential qualities, which formed a hero destined to be the ornament of the age in which he flourished, and the admiration of ages yet to come.

At the time of his father's death, George Washington was but twelve years of age. Of him he has been heard to say that he knew but little; it was to his mother's fostering care, that he ascribed the origin of his fortune and his fame.*

In the home of Mrs. Washington the levity and indulgence common to youth were tempered by a well-regulated restraint, which, while it neither suppressed nor condemned any rational enjoyment usual in the spring-time of life, prescribed those enjoyments within the bounds of moderation and propriety. Thus was her son taught the duty of obedience, which prepared him to command. Nor did he ever fail in that duty; but to the latest mo-

* Ladies Garland.

ments of his venerable parent, yielded to her with the most dutiful and implicit obedience, and felt for her person and character the highest respect and most enthusiastic attachment.

The late Lawrence Washington, Esq., of Chotank, one of the associates of the juvenile years of the chief, and remembered by him in his will, thus describes the home of his mother: "I was often there with George, his playmate, schoolmate and young man's companion. Of the mother I was ten times more afraid than I ever was of my own parents; she awed me in the midst of her kindness, for she was indeed truly kind. And even now, when time has whitened my locks, and I am the grand-parent of a second generation, I could not behold that majestic woman without feelings which it is impossible to describe."

Upon Washington's appointment to the command of the American armies, he removed his mother from her country residence to the village of Fredericksburg, a situation more remote from danger and nearer to her friends and relatives. There she remained during the period of the revolution, directly in the way of the news as it proceeded from north to south. Often would one courier bring intelligence of success to our armies,—another, "swiftly coursing at his heels," the saddening reverse of disaster and defeat.

During the war, and indeed during the whole period of her useful life up to the advanced age of eighty-two, Mrs. Washington set a most valuable example in the management of her domestic concerns. In her household arrangements she was never actuated by that ambition for show which pervades weaker minds; and the peculiar plainness and dignity of her manners became in no wise altered, when the sun of glory arose upon her house. Her industry and the well-regulated economy of all her concerns, enabled her to dispense

considerable charities to the poor, although her own circumstances were far from being affluent. There, in a humble dwelling, lived this mother of the first of men, preserving unchanged her peculiar nobleness and independence of character.

She was continually visited and solaced by her children, and numerous grand-children, particularly by her daughter Mrs. Lewis. To the repeated and earnest solicitations of this lady, that she would remove to her home, and pass the remainder of her days; to the pressing entreaties of her son that she would make Mount Vernon the home of her age, the matron replied, "I thank you for your affectionate and dutiful offers, but my wants are few in this world, and I feel perfectly competent to take care of myself."

One weakness alone attached to this lofty-minded and intrepid woman, and that proceeded from a very affecting cause. She was afraid of lightning. In early life she had a female friend killed by her side, while sitting at table; the knife and fork, in the hands of the unfortunate girl, were melted by the electric fluid. The matron never recovered from the fright and shock occasioned by this distressing accident. On the approach of a thunder cloud she would retire to her chamber, and not leave it again till the storm had passed away.

She was always pious, but in her latter days her devotions were performed in private. She was in the habit of repairing every day to a secluded spot, formed by rocks and trees near her dwelling, where, abstracted from the world and worldly things, she communed with her Creator in humiliation and prayer.

At length, after an absence of nearly seven years, on the return of the combined armies from Yorktown, it was permitted to the mother again to see and embrace her illustrious son. And now mark the force of early education and habits. No pa-

geantry of war proclaimed his coming, no trumpets sounded, no banners waved. Alone and on foot, the marshal of France, the general in chief of the combined armies of France and America, the deliverer of his country, the hero of the age, repaired to pay his humble duty to her whom he venerated as the author of his being, the founder of his fortune and his fame.

The lady was alone, her aged hands employed in the work of domestic industry, when the good news was announced, and it was further told that the victor chief was in waiting at the threshold. She welcomed him with a warm embrace, and by the well-remembered and endearing name of his childhood; inquiring as to his health, she remarked the lines, which mighty cares and many trials had made on his manly countenance; spoke much of old times and old friends, but of his glory—*not one word!*

Meantime, in the village of Fredericksburg, all was joy and revelry; the town was crowded with the officers of the French and American armies, and with gentlemen from all the country around, who hastened to welcome the conquerors of Cornwallis. The citizens made arrangements for a splendid ball, to which the mother of Washington was specially invited.

The foreign officers were anxious to see the mother of their hero. They had heard indistinct rumors respecting her remarkable life and character; but forming their judgments from European examples, they prepared to expect in the mother that glare and show, which would have been attached to the parents of the great in the old world. How were they surprised when the matron, leaning on the arm of her son, entered the room! She was arrayed in the very plain, but becoming garb worn by the Virginia lady of the olden time. Her address, always dignified and imposing, was courteous though reserved. She received the complimentary

attentions which were profusely paid her without evincing the slightest elevation, and at an early hour, wishing the company much enjoyment of their pleasure, retired.

The foreign officers were amazed to behold one whom so many causes contributed to elevate, preserving the even tenor of her life, while such a blaze of glory shone upon her name and offspring. The European world furnished no examples of such magnanimity. Names of ancient lore were heard to escape from their lips, and they observed, that if such were the matrons of America, it was not wonderful that the sons were illustrious.

The Marquis de Lafayette, previous to his departure for Europe, repaired to Fredericksburg to pay her his parting respects, and to ask her blessing. As he approached the house, he beheld her working in the garden, clad in domestic-made clothes, and her gray head covered with a plain straw hat! She saluted him kindly, observing—"Oh, Marquis! you see an old woman—but come, I can make you welcome to my poor dwelling without the parade of changing my dress."

In her person, Mrs. Washington was of the middle size; her features pleasing, yet strongly marked. In her latter days she spoke often of her own *good boy*, of the merits of his early life, of his love and dutifulness to herself, but of the deliverer of his country, of the chief magistrate of the great republic, she never spoke! Call you this insensibility? or want of ambition? Oh, no! her ambition had been gratified to overflowing. She taught him to be *good*; that he became *great* when the opportunity presented, was a consequence, not a cause.

Thus lived and died that distinguished woman. Had she been a Roman dame, statues would have been erected to her memory in the capital, and we should have read in classic pages the story of her virtues.


A splendid monument has recently been erected to her memory, at Fredericksburg, where her ashes repose. The ceremony of laying the corner stone was solemn and affecting. It was a late, but just tribute to her, who gave to our country its noblest son. For taste and effect this monument is the finest specimen of art in the United States. It is forty-five feet from the base to the summit, mounted by a colossal bust of George Washington, and surmounted by the American Eagle, in the attitude of dropping a civic wreath upon the head of the hero. The inscription is simple and affecting:

MARY,
THE MOTHER OF
WASHINGTON.

When that sacred column shall, in after ages, be visited by the American pilgrim, let him recall the virtues of her who sleeps beneath.



WILLIAM AUGUSTINE WASHINGTON.

E was a distinguished officer of the revolution, a relative of George Washington, and a native of Virginia. He was one of the earliest to engage in the struggle for emancipation from British tyranny. He served as a captain under Mercer, and afterwards fought at the battle of Long Island. He also distinguished himself at that of Trenton, when he was severely wounded. His bravery was rewarded by his promotion to the rank of major and lieutenant-colonel. At the battle of Cowpens he commanded the cavalry, and contributed much to the victory. As a token of their appreciation of his services, congress presented him with a sword.

At the battle of Eutaw Springs he was again wounded, and also taken prisoner. This terminated his military career. He was confined at Charleston, S. C., until the cessation of hostilities.

While in captivity, and suffering from his wound, he became enamored, it is said, at the *first interview*, with a beautiful Carolinian maiden, who inflicted a deeper wound upon his heart, and whom, on his liberation, he married.

It has been eloquently said, "that there is no love but love at first sight. This is the transcendent and surpassing offspring of sheer and unpolluted sympathy. All other is the illegitimate result of observation, of reflection, of compromise, of comparison, of expediency. The passions that *endure* flash like the lightning; they scorch the soul, but it is warmed for ever. Miserable man, whose love rises by degrees upon the frigid morning of his mind! And certain as the gradual rise of such affection is its gradual decline and melancholy set. Then, in the chill dim twilight of his soul, he execrates custom, because he has madly expected that feelings could be habitual that were not homogeneous, and because he has been guided by the observation of sense, and not by the inspiration of sympathy."

"Amid the gloom and travail of existence suddenly to behold a beautiful being, and as instantaneously, to feel an overwhelming conviction that with that fair form forever our destiny must be entwined; that there is no more joy but in her joy, no sorrow but when she grieves; that in her sight of love, in her smile of fondness, hereafter is all bliss; to feel our ambition fade away like a shriveled gourd before her visions; to feel fame a juggle, and posterity a lie; and to be prepared at once for this great object, to forfeit and fling away all former hopes, ties, schemes, and views. This is a lover, and this is love."

"A wif! ah Saint Mary, benedicté,
 How might a man have any adversitie,
 That hath a wif! certes I cannot say;
 The blisse the which that is betwix them twey,
 There may no tongue tell, or harte think.

"O blissful ordre, O wedloek precious,
 Thou art so merry, and eke so virtuous,
 And so commended and approved eke,
 That every man that holds him worth a leke,
 Upon his bare knees ought all his lif
 Thanken his God that hath sent him a wif
 Or elles pray to God him for to send
 A wif, to last until his lives end."

Having settled in South Carolina, Col. Washington served in the legislature of that state. The great talents he displayed in that body, induced his friends to solicit him to become a candidate for the office of governor; but his modesty would not permit him.

Honored by all who knew him, he entered upon his immortal stage of existence in 1810.

BUSHROD WASHINGTON,

AN eminent judge, the favorite nephew of General Washington, was born in Westmoreland county, in the state of Virginia. Having graduated with honor at William and Mary College, he studied law in the office of Mr. Williams, of Philadelphia. He then commenced practice with great success, in his native place.

In 1781 he was elected a member of the Virginia house of delegates. He subsequently removed to Alexandria, D. C., and thence to Richmond, where he published his two volumes of the Decisions of the Supreme Court of Virginia. In 1798 he was appointed an associate justice of the supreme court of the United States, which situation he held until his decease in 1829.

Judge Washington was a man of "sound judgment, rigid integrity, and unpretending manners." He possessed, in an eminent degree, that charity towards erring humanity, so happily set forth in the language of a modern writer: "When I take the history of one poor heart that has sinned and suffered, and represent to myself the struggles and temptations it passed through; the brief pulsations of joy; the tears of regret; the feebleness of purpose; the pressure of want; the desertion of friends; the scorn of the world that has little charity; the desolation of the soul's sanctuary, and threatening voices within; health gone; I would fain leave the erring soul of my fellow man with him from whose hands he came." Hospitable in the extreme, he was a fine specimen of a Virginia gentleman.*

* Macauley in his History of England, gives a vivid description of the fine old English gentleman; and it is copied for the purpose of contrasting it with the "fine old Virginia gentleman."

The country 'squire is sketched a beer-drinking, beef-eating sensualist; coarse, vulgar, uneducated, and full of self-conceit; while his wife and daughters were little, if any, above the grade of cooks and chambermaids of the present day. In fact, those useful members of society, cooks and chambermaids, might blush at the comparison here made. The treatment that ecclesiastics received from these "fine old English gentlemen," is a fair test of their character. Macauley says:

"The coarse and ignorant 'squire, who thought that it belonged to his dignity to have grace said every day at his table, by an ecclesiastic in full canonicals, found means to reconcile dignity with economy. A young Levite—such was the phrase then in use—might be had for his board, a small garret, and ten pounds a year, and might not only perform his own professional functions, might not only be the most patient of butts and listeners, might not only be always ready in fine weather for bowls, and in rainy weather for shovelboard, but might also save the expense of a gardener, or a groom. Sometimes the reverend man nailed up the apricots, and sometimes he curried the coach-horses. He cast up the farrier's bills. He walked ten miles with a message or a parcel. If he was permitted to dine with the family, he was expected to content himself with the plainest fare. He might fill himself with the corned beef and carrots; but, as soon as the tarts and cheesecakes made their appearance, he arose and stepped aside until wanted, to return thanks for a meal of which he had enjoyed only a small portion!"

This is only one phase of the degradation of ecclesiastics in those good old times. If a country clergyman was so weak as to think of marriage, he never aspired above a cook, unless he were willing to accept the hand of some lady's maid, who, from improprieties of life, was not considered a proper match for the butler!

SIGNERS OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

And the tyrant laughed, ha! ha!
 As he sat on his blood-red throne;
 And the wail of a million souls in pain,
 From the sting of the gyve and the rusting chain,
 Rolled up in a thunder-tone.

And the tyrant laughed, ha! ha!
 At that echo of thunder-tone;
 But his soul was in terror, for well he knew
 In spite of the cries of his hell-hound crew,
 There was fire underneath his throne.

And the tyrant laughed, ha! ha!
 And his red-iron heel went down;
 But the million souls which it trampled upon,
 Like a million fen-fires united in one,
 Flamed up to that tyrant's crown.

And the tyrant laughed, ha! ha!
 'Twas a terrible laugh laughed he;
 'Twas a mad laugh that rose, as he writhed in pain,
 O'er the wreck of his throne, and the gyve, and the chain,
 For the millions he trampled were free!

Stuart.

IN Mr. Webster's great Bunker Hill oration, the following pregnant passage is worthy to be written in the records of every American family:

"It has been said with very much veracity, that the felicity of the American colonists consisted in their escape from the past. This is true, so far as respects political embellishments, but no further. They brought with them a full portion of all the riches of the past, in science, in art, in morals, religion and literature. THE BIBLE CAME WITH THEM. AND IT IS NOT TO BE DOUBTED, THAT TO THE FREE AND UNIVERSAL READING OF THE BIBLE, IS TO BE ASCRIBED IN THAT AGE, THAT MEN WERE MUCH INDEBTED FOR RIGHT VIEWS OF CIVIL LIBERTY. THE BIBLE IS A BOOK OF FAITH, AND BOOK OF DOCTRINE; BUT IT TEACHES MAN

HIS OWN INDIVIDUAL RESPONSIBILITY, HIS OWN DIGNITY AND HIS EQUALITY WITH HIS FELLOW MEN.

Congress was assembled at Independence Hall, at Philadelphia, on the fourth of July, 1776, when the declaration was adopted.

Connected with that event, the following touching incident is related:

“On the morning of the day of its adoption, the venerable bell-man ascended to the steeple, and a little boy was placed at the door of the Hall to give him notice when the vote should be concluded. The old man waited long at his post, saying, “They will never do it, they will never do it.” Suddenly a loud shout came up from below, and there stood the blue-eyed boy, clapping his hands, and shouting, “Ring! Ring!!” Grasping the iron tongue of the bell, backward and forward he hurled it a hundred times, proclaiming—

“LIBERTY TO THE LAND AND TO THE INHABITANTS
THEREOF!”

The document was signed on the same day by John Hancock, the president of congress, and with his name alone went forth to the world. After its engrossment upon parchment, fifty-four delegates signed it on the second of August following, and two absentees signed it subsequently, making the whole number of signers fifty-six.

The declaration was received by the people with the most extravagant enthusiasm. Processions were formed, bells were rung, and the booming of artillery echoed along the rivers, and from lake to lake, until it was lost in the eternal thunders of Niagara!

Hills flung the cry to hills around,
And ocean mart replied to mart,
And streams, whose springs were yet unfound,
Pealed far away the startling sound
Into the forest's heart.

Then marched the brave from rocky steep,
 From mountain rivers swift and cold;
 The borders of the stormy deep,
 The vales where gathered waters sleep,
 Sent up the strong and bold,

As if the very earth again
 Grew quick with God's creating breath,
 And from the sods of grove and glen,
 Rose ranks of lion-hearted men
 To battle to the death.

Bryant.

North Carolina has long claimed the honor of having issued the first declaration of independence, more than a year previous to the appearance of the famous instrument drawn up by Jefferson, and adopted July 4th, 1776. It was claimed that this first declaration was issued by a meeting held in Charlotte town, Mecklenburg county, N. C., in May, 1775. It first became notorious in 1819, through a copy published in the Raleigh Register. This copy, however, Mr. Jefferson declared spurious, and never until lately has it been proved authentic.

But a few months since, a letter from Mr. Bancroft, our minister to England, was read in the North Carolina legislature, which clears up all doubt. Mr. Bancroft has discovered in the British State Paper Office, a copy of the resolves of the committee of Mecklenburg, which was sent over to England, in June, 1775, by Sir James Wright, then governor of Georgia. The accompanying letter of governor Wright, closes as follows:

“By the enclosed paper, your lordship will see the extraordinary resolves of the people of Charlotte town, in Mecklenburg county, and I should not be surprised if the same should be done everywhere else.”

Mr. Bancroft says that the copy of the declaration is identically the same with that published in the North Carolina paper.

The clause of the declaration of 1776, charging the king with having “urged a cruel war against human nature itself,” was not, as has been alledged, stricken

out from a regard to the feelings of slave holders, but from a sense of justice, as the slave trade was begun and carried on long before George the Third.

“By the treaty of Utrecht, in 1711, the British government secured the right to bring into the West Indies, belonging to his Catholic majesty, in the space of thirty years, one hundred and forty-four thousand negroes, at the rate of four thousand eight hundred in each of the said thirty years.” And the queen, in her speech before parliament, on the 6th of June, 1712, in terms of satisfaction, states that “the part which we have borne in the prosecution of the war, entitling us to some distinction in the terms of peace, I have insisted and obtained that the *assiento* or contract for furnishing the Spanish West Indies with negroes, shall be made with us for the term of thirty years.” And in this new article of commerce, all persons of other nations were strictly forbidden to engage. It was reserved for the exclusive benefit of England, and so profitable was the trade deemed, that the sovereign of Great Britain condescended to become, in her own person, the chief slave trader of the world. Of a company formed to supply the colonies of America with slaves, Queen Anne subscribed for one-quarter of the stock, as well to reap the profits from the adventure, as to encourage her subjects to embark in the enterprise.

Nor was her example without its desired effect upon the loyal hearts of her subjects. They eagerly embarked in a traffic which promised, under the kind influence of royalty, to produce enormous gains. The plantations of America, from the St. Lawrence to Georgia, became stocked with negroes, in spite of remonstrances from the colonists. Maryland, Virginia, and Carolina, in vain endeavored by laws, by remonstrances and protests, to stop the horrible traffic in human flesh. It was too profitable for the British cupidity to forego. “English ships, fitted out in English cities, under the special favor of the royal family, of the ministry, and of parliament, stole from Africa in the years from 1700 to 1750, probably a million and a half of souls,” and it is estimated that the returns to English merchants for their trade in human blood, was not far from four hundred millions of dollars.

To enlarge this enormous trade, the ingenuity of parliament was constantly taxed by the British people. They might differ fiercely on the various questions of the day, for it was a time of great political excitement—more than a moiety were touched in their consciences lest they excluded the rightful possessor of the throne—it was the boasted Augustan Age of Britain, and the pages of her poets and moralists were filled with exquisite delineations of virtue and goodness—her Christian philanthropy was marked by the establishment of missions for the promulgation of the gospel—her venerable bishops were sedulously and anxiously engaged in assuring the colonists that negroes had souls, and ought to be baptized, yet all, with one consent, were clamorous for the further extension of the slave trade.

The trade had been restricted by royal grants to favored corporations. The sagacity of the English merchants taught them that monopolies were prejudicial to commerce, and they maintained that if the trade were thrown open, a healthful competition would reduce the price of negroes, and ensure an abundant supply. The justice of these representations, seconded by the voice of the people, could not be resisted by an impartial legislature, ever mindful of the interests of those it represented. Ac-

cordingly, in 1750, parliament passed a law, laying the slave trade free and open to all her majesty's subjects. Under this act, the first essay of the British government in free trade, removing all impediments and restrictions, vessels were fitted out at every port to embark in the gainful traffic. Thus the parliament of England, by the enactment of laws, her ministers of state, by instructions and by treaties, her judges, by their expositions from the bench, and the sovereign, by commendation from the throne, swelled the horrid trade in human flesh, until it became the chief item in our foreign commerce. An obscure hamlet on the banks of the Mersey, the abode of a few fishermen, was made the depot of the trade. It has risen from the gains of slave-stealing to the rank of the first cities of Europe, and now stands in all its pride and wealth a monument of prosperous crime.

At the declaration of independence, slavery, through the agency of Great Britain, prevailed in all the colonies. There was a sentiment of deep regret among the inhabitants of the northern and some of the southern provinces, that it existed, and efforts were made in the convention of 1787, to provide for its extinction. But it was maintained by the delegates from the south, that the municipal regulations of the states in regard to slavery were not proper subjects for the legislative action of the general government. The northern members reluctantly consented to the adoption of these views, and only from the conviction that no union among the states could be formed without this compromise of opinion. —*Bowen's report to the N. Y. Assembly, February 20, 1849.*

The following is an extract of a letter from John Adams, alluding to the first prayer in congress:

Here was a scene worthy of a painter's art. It was in Carpenters' Hall, in Philadelphia, a building which still survives, that the devoted individuals met to whom this service was read.

Washington was kneeling there, and Henry, and Randolph, and Rutledge, and Lee, and Jay, and by their side there stood, bowed in reverence, the puritan patriots of New England, who at that moment had reason to believe that an armed soldiery were wasting their humble households. It was believed that Boston had been bombarded and destroyed. They prayed fervently for "America, for the congress, for the province of Massachusetts Bay, and especially for the town of Boston; and who can realize the emotions with which they turned imploringly to heaven for divine interposition and aid? "It was enough" to melt a heart of stone. I saw the tears gush into the eyes of the old, grave, pacific Quakers of Philadelphia."

*John Adams*

Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime;
And departing leave behind us,
Footsteps on the sands of Time.

SOME one has truly observed that we are far more sensitive to the influences of each other, than the most delicate plant or flower is to the influences of the soil and climate. The very presence of an evil spirit among us deeply affects us. Such a person may neither say or do any evil thing, and yet he will insensibly lower the tone of our spirits, just as a snowbank or iceberg affects all the atmosphere about it. We are sometimes introduced to persons, perfect strangers, who immediately make us feel that good is passing out of us to restore a kind of spiritual equilibrium which their presence has disturbed. We can not account for it; but we know it to be so. It is a fact of our consciousness.

On the other hand, there are persons who always seem to create or carry about with them, a heavenly or spiritual atmosphere. As soon as we come within

the circle of their influence, though they say not a word to us, and we know nothing of their history, we feel stronger and better; we feel a self-devotion, a spiritual aspiration, that is not familiar to us. Their very presence is a benediction. Heaven seems nearer and more attainable to us than ever before.

Of the latter class was the illustrious patriot John Adams. He was a direct lineal descendant in the fourth generation from Henry Adams, who fled from the persecution in England, during the reign of Charles the First. He was born at Braintree, now Quincy, Massachusetts, October 30th, 1735. His paternal ancestor was a passenger in the *Mayflower*. He graduated at Harvard University in his twentieth year; after which, choosing the law as a profession, he entered the office of an eminent advocate in Worcester, named Putnam. He was called to the bar in 1758, and admitted as a barrister in 1761. In 1765, during the excitement relative to the stamp act, he wrote and published his *Essay on the Canon and Feudal Law*. This production at once elevated him in the popular esteem. The same year he was associated with James Otis and others, to demand, in the presence of the royal governor, that the courts should dispense with the stamped paper in the administration of justice.

In 1766, having married Abigail Smith, the daughter of a pious clergyman of Braintree, Mr. Adams removed to Boston. There he zealously united with Hancock, Otis, and others, in various measures for the advancement of the liberty of the people. He was also very energetic in his endeavors to have the military removed from the town. The governor, Bernard, misjudging the noble soul of the patriot, endeavored to bribe him to silence, but his offers were rejected with disdain.

In 1770, he was chosen a representative in the provincial assembly. He was subsequently elected to a seat in the executive council, but having become

obnoxious to both governors, Bernard and Hutchinson, the latter erased his name. Being again elected when Governor Gage was in power, he too erased his name. But these acts only served to increase the popularity of Mr. Adams. The assembly at Salem having adopted a resolution for a general congress, notwithstanding the efforts of Gage to prevent it, Mr. Adams was appointed one of the five delegates, and took his seat in the first continental congress, convened in Philadelphia, September 5, 1774. The following year he was reëlected, and it was through his influence that George Washington was elected commander-in-chief of the colonial forces.

It was on the 6th of May, 1776, that Mr. Adams introduced a motion in congress, "that the colonies should form governments independent of the crown." This was equivalent to a declaration of independence; and when a few weeks afterward Richard Henry Lee introduced a more explicit motion, Mr. Adams was one of its warmest supporters. He was appointed one of a committee, consisting of himself, Franklin, Jefferson, Sherman and Livingston, to draft the Declaration of Independence, and his signature was placed to that document in August, 1776.

After the battle of Long Island, in conjunction with Dr. Franklin and Edward Rutledge, he was appointed by congress to meet Lord Howe in conference upon Staten Island concerning the pacification of the colonies. But, as he had predicted, the mission failed. The next year Mr. Adams was appointed a special commissioner to the court of France, whither Dr. Franklin had previously gone. Returning in 1779, he was called to the duty of forming a constitution for his native state; but congress appointing him a minister to Great Britain to negotiate a treaty of peace and commerce with that government, he left Boston in October, 1779, and arrived at Paris, by the way of Spain, in Feb-

ruary, 1780. Having found England indisposed for peace, if independence was to be the indispensable condition, he was about to return, when he received the appointment by congress of commissioner to Holland, to negotiate a treaty of amity and commerce with the states general.

In 1781 he was associated with Franklin, Jay and Laurens, to conclude treaties of peace with the European powers. The following year, he assisted in negotiating a commercial treaty with Great Britain. In 1784, Mr. Adams returned to Paris, and in January, 1785, he was appointed minister for the United States at the court of Great Britain.

The following is an extract of a letter to Mr. Jay, in which Mr. Adams describes his first interview with the king. Having been introduced to his majesty by the marquis of Carmarthen, he says:

“I went with his lordship through the levee-room into the king’s closet; the door was shut, and I was left with his majesty and the secretary of state alone. I made the three reverences—one at the door, another about half way, and the third before the presence—according to the usage established at this and all the northern courts of Europe, and then addressed myself to his majesty in the following words:

“‘Sir, the United States have appointed me their minister plenipotentiary to your majesty, and have directed me to deliver to your majesty this letter, which contains the evidence of it. It is in obedience to their express commands, that I have the honor to assure your majesty of their unanimous disposition and desire to cultivate the most friendly and liberal intercourse between your majesty’s subjects and their citizens, and of their best wishes for your majesty’s health and happiness, and for that of your royal family. The appointment of a minister from the United States to your majesty’s court will form an epoch in the history of England and America. I think myself more fortunate than all my fellow-citizens, in having the distinguished honor to be the first to stand in your majesty’s royal presence in a diplomatic character; and I shall esteem myself the happiest of men, if I can be instrumental in recommending my country more and more to your majesty’s royal benevolence, and of restoring an entire esteem, confidence, and affection, or, in better words, “the old good-nature, and the old good-humor,” between people who, though separated by an ocean, and under different governments, have the same language, a similar religion, and kindred blood. I beg your majesty’s permission to add, that although I have sometimes before been intrusted by my country, it was never, in my whole life, in a manner so agreeable to myself.’

The king listened to every word I said, with dignity, it is true, but with an apparent emotion. Whether it was the nature of the interview, or whether it was my visible agitation, for I felt more than I could ex-

press, that touched him, I can not say, but he was much affected, and answered me with more tremor than I had spoken with, and said:

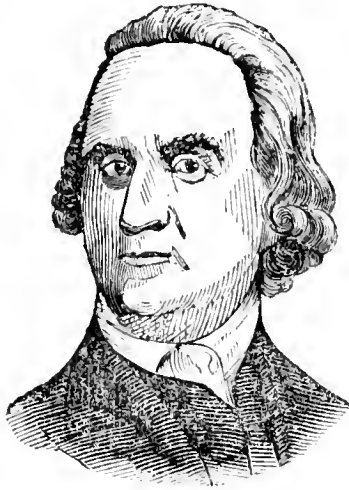
“‘Sir, the circumstances of this audience are so extraordinary, the language you have now held is so extremely proper, and the feelings you have discovered so justly adapted to the occasion, that I must say that I not only receive with pleasure the assurances of the friendly disposition of the people of the United States, but that I am very glad the choice has fallen upon you to be their minister. I wish you, sir, to believe, and that it may be understood in America, that I have done nothing in the late contest but what I thought myself indispensably bound to do, by the duty which I owed to my people. I will be very frank with you. I was the last to conform to the separation; but the separation having been made, and having become inevitable, I have always said, as I say now, that I would be the first to meet the friendship of the United States as an independent power. The moment I see such sentiments and language as yours prevail, and a disposition to give this country the preference, that moment I shall say, Let the circumstances of language, religion, and blood, have their natural and full effect.’”

Having occupied this honorable post until 1788, at his own solicitation he was recalled.

The federal constitution having been adopted during his absence, it received his most cordial approval. Having for two successive terms been elected vice-president, in 1796 he was chosen to succeed Washington in the presidential chair. On the 4th of March, 1801, his administration closed, when he retired from public life.

In 1818 he lost his estimable wife, with whom he had lived for more than half a century in uninterrupted conjugal felicity. In 1825, the aged patriarch had the pleasure of seeing his son an occupant of the presidential chair. In the spring of the following year, his strength rapidly failed; and on the morning of the 4th of July, it became evident that he could not survive many hours. On being asked for a toast for the day, the last words he ever uttered were, “Independence forever!” He then expired, in the 92d year of his age.

On the very same day, and at nearly the same hour, his fellow committeeman in drawing up the Declaration of Independence, Thomas Jefferson, also expired. It was the fiftieth anniversary of the glorious act, and the wonderful coincidence made a deep impression upon the public mind.

*Sam Adams*

WAS a native of Boston, Massachusetts. He was born September 22, 1722. Of pilgrim ancestry, he was early inspired with the principles of freedom. His father, who was very wealthy, and who for many years was a member of the Massachusetts assembly, gave him a liberal education. He graduated at Harvard College, Cambridge, in 1740, at the age of 18. After serving an apprenticeship to Thomas Cushing, a distinguished merchant of Boston, he was furnished with means by his father to commence business himself. But having a strong dislike to the profession, the bias of his mind being inclined towards politics, he soon became almost insolvent.

At the age of twenty-five he lost his father, when as the eldest son, the cares of the family and estate devolved upon him. He spent notwithstanding much time in writing against the oppression of the mother country. In 1773 he boldly denied the supremacy of parliament and suggested a union of

all the colonies for self-defence. In 1765 he was elected to the general assembly, where he became a leader of the opposition to the royal governor. He was the originator of the Massachusetts Calendar, which proposed a colonial congress to be held in New York, and which was held there in 1766.

Mr. Adams was among those who secretly matured the plan of proposing a general congress. He was one of the five delegates appointed, and took his seat September 5th, 1774. He continued an active member of congress until 1781, and when his name was affixed to the Declaration of Independence.

Returning from congress, after holding other offices, he was elected governor of his state. To that honorable post he was reëlected for many successive years. He died October 3, 1803, aged eighty-two.

It is said of Mr. Adams that he read the Bible more than any other book in his library. "How comes it that that little volume, composed by humble men in a rude age when art and science were but in their childhood, has exerted more influence on the human mind and on the social system, than all other books put together? Whence comes it that this book has achieved such marvelous changes in the opinions of mankind—has banished idol worship—has abolished infanticide—has put down polygamy and divorce—exalted the condition of woman—raised the standard of public morality—created for families that blessed thing, a Christian home—and causes its other triumphs by causing benevolent institutions, open and expansive, to spring up with the wand of enchantment? What sort of a book is this, that even the wind and waves of human passions obey it? What other engine of social improvement has operated so long, and yet lost none of its virtue? Since it appeared, many boasted plans of amelioration have been tried and failed, many codes of jurisprudence have arisen, run their course, and expired. Empire after empire has been launched on the tide of time, and gone down, leaving no trace on the waters. But this book is still going about doing good—leading society with its holy principles—cheering the sorrowful with its consolation—strengthening the tempted—encouraging the penitent—calming the troubled spirit—and smoothing the pillow of death. Can such a book be the offspring of human genius? Does not the vastness of its effects demonstrate the excellence of the power to be of God?"



Josiah Bartlett

DESCENDED of Norman ancestry, was born at Amesbury, Massachusetts, in November, 1729. About the year 1697, a branch of the family, which was then resident in England, emigrated to America, and settled in Amesbury. The maiden name of his mother was Webster. After acquiring some knowledge of Greek and Latin, at the age of sixteen he commenced the study of medicine. He afterwards commenced practice at Kingston, New Hampshire, where he amassed a competency. In 1776, after holding other offices, he was appointed a member of the committee of safety of his state. The appointment of this committee alarmed Wentworth, the governor, who immediately dissolved the assembly. With Dr. Bartlett at their head, however, they reassembled in spite of the governor. Being soon afterwards elected a member of the continental congress, the governor struck his name from the magistracy list, and deprived him of the command of a regiment

which he had previously held. The governor, alarmed for his own safety, left the province, when the provincial congress reappointed Dr. Bartlett colonel of militia. Having been twice reëlected to the continental congress, he warmly supported the proposition for independence, and was the first who signed the declaration. In 1779 he was appointed chief justice of the court of common pleas of New Hampshire, and subsequently to the bench of the supreme court. After serving as president of New Hampshire, in 1793, he was elected the first governor of that state, under the federal constitution. He died on the 19th of May, 1795, in the 66th year of his age.

Doctor Bartlett was eminently blessed in his domestic relations, and in an affectionate wife and children found a happy relief from harrassing public duties. How often in the mad pursuit of ambition are “these flowers by the way side” trampled upon and unheeded? How beautifully has Jean Paul said:

Some there are who pass all these things, seeking their joy in cells of sordid care; and yet it should seem as if the presence of the latter alone should fill the soul with music. Bright eyes, red cheeks, and sweet young countenances, appealing in love, in merriment, in confidence—it is not in nature to resist the charm. Were I only for a time almighty and powerful I would create a little world especially for myself, and suspend it under the mildest sun—a world where I would have nothing but lovely little children; and these little things I would never suffer to grow up, but only to play eternally. If a seraph were weary of heaven, or his golden pinions drooped, I would send him to dwell for a while in my happy infant world, and no angel, so long as he saw their innocence, could lose his own.

Come foiled Ambition! what hast thou desired?
 Empire and power? O! wanderer, tempest-tossed,
 These once *were* thine, when life's gay spring inspired
 Thy soul with glories lost!

From these thy clasp falls palsied! It was *then*
 That thou wert rich; thy coffers are a lie!
 Alas, poor fool! joy is the wealth of men,
 And care their poverty!



Carter Braxton ~

CARTER Braxton was born at Newington, Virginia, Sept. 10, 1736. After graduating at William and Mary College, the subject of this memoir, at the age of sixteen, married Miss Judith Robinson, of Middlesex county. His fortune was thereby greatly augmented. His wife died, however, at the birth of his second child, after which Mr. Braxton married the daughter of Mr. Corbin; the royal receiver-general of the customs in Virginia. By his second wife he had sixteen children. In 1765 he was elected to the house of burgesses. He was also a member of the Virginia convention in 1769. In December, 1775, he was elected a delegate to the continental congress to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Peyton Randolph. He took an active part in favor of independence, and voted for and signed the declaration. The following year he returned from congress, and resumed his seat in the Virginia legislature. He was afterwards appointed a member of the council of the state. He died of paralysis on the 10th of October, 1797, in the sixty-fourth year of his age. His death was widely lamented.



Charles - Carroll of Carrollton

MR. CARROLL was of Irish extraction. His grandfather, Daniel Carroll, emigrated to Maryland about 1699, and under the patronage of Lord Baltimore, became the possessor of a large plantation. His son Charles, the father of the subject of our sketch, was born in 1702, and died at the age of eighty-eight, when he left his large estate to his eldest son, Charles, then twenty-four years of age. The latter was born on the 20th September, 1737. Having received a thorough education abroad, he returned to Maryland in 1765, a finished scholar and a well-bred gentleman. Espousing the cause of the patriots, he very soon became distinguished as a political writer. He was appointed a member of the first committee of safety of Maryland, and in 1775 was elected to the provincial assembly. In 1776 he was elected to the continental congress. He arrived too late to

vote for the Declaration of Independence, but in ample time to append his name to that document. He continued a member of congress until 1788, when he devoted himself exclusively to the interests of his native state. Honored and revered by all, he died at Baltimore, November 14th, 1832, in the ninety-sixth year of his age. He was the last survivor of the fifty-six signers of the Declaration of Independence.

For a long term of years, says Lossing, Mr. Carroll was regarded by the people of this country with the greatest veneration; for when Adams and Jefferson died, he was the last vestige that remained on earth of the holy brotherhood who stood sponsor at the baptism in blood of an infant republic.

The inquiry no doubt frequently recurs, why Mr. Carroll appended to his signature the place of his residence, Carrollton. It is said that when he wrote his name, a delegate near him suggested, that as he had a cousin of the name of Charles Carroll, in Maryland, the latter might be taken for him, and he, the signer, escape attainder, or any other punishment that might fall upon the heads of the patriots. Mr. Carroll immediately seized the pen, and wrote, *of Carrollton*, at the end of his name, remarking, "They can not mistake me now!"



Samuel Chase

PRACTISED law at Annapolis. He was born April, 1741, in Somerset county, Maryland. His father was a clergyman. At the age of twenty-two, Samuel, having studied law, was admitted to the bar at Annapolis, where he fixed his residence. The following year he was chosen a member of the provincial assembly. He was one of the five delegates sent from Maryland to the continental congress in 1774, and was also one of the committee of correspondence for that colony. He was also elected to congress in 1775 and 1776, when he signed the Declaration of Independence with a willing hand. In 1778 he withdrew from congress, after which, in 1796, on the nomination of president Washington, he was confirmed by the senate as a judge of the supreme court of the U. S. The duties of this office he performed with honesty and integrity for fifteen years. His useful life closed on the 19th of June, 1811. He was in the 70th year of his age. He was a man of great benevolence and an exemplary Christian.



Abra Clark

REARED upon his father's farm, in Elizabethtown, state of New Jersey, was an only child. He was born February 15, 1726. He became a practical surveyor and also studied law, leaving the enviable title of "the poor man's counsellor." Although he held several offices under the royal government, when the right moment arrived, he did not hesitate to espouse the republican cause. In 1776 he was elected to the continental congress, where he voted for and signed the Declaration of Independence. He remained an active member of Congress, with the exception of one term, until the proclamation of peace in 1783. In 1788 he was again elected to the general congress, and was a member of the convention that formed the present constitution of the U. S. He was subsequently elected to the first congress under the present federal government, in which post he continued until the close of his life. He died in the fall of 1794, in the sixty-ninth year of his age.



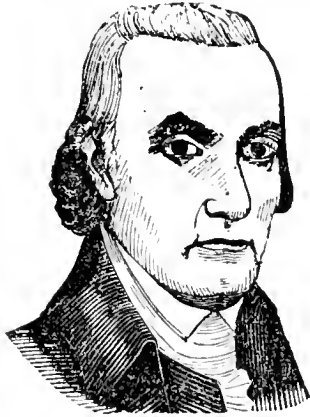
Geofflymer

EARLY left an orphan, was born at Philadelphia in 1739. A maternal uncle, a worthy man, took George with his family and educated him as his own son. He left school for the counting room and prepared for commercial life. At the age of twenty-seven he married a Miss Meredith, when he entered into the mercantile business with his father-in-law. About this time his uncle died, leaving him a large fortune. Having early espoused republican principles, Mr. Clymer was placed by the people in several responsible situations. In 1776, when the Pennsylvania delegates in the general congress had declined signing the Declaration of Independence, he with Dr. Rush were appointed to succeed them, and both joyfully affixed their signatures. He was reëlected to congress in 1779, when he enjoyed the confidence of Washington. He continued in congress until 1782. He was a member of the convention that framed the federal constitution, and was elected to the first congress under its provisions. The remainder of his life was spent in other acts of public and private usefulness. He died on the 24th of February, 1813.



William Ellery

BORN at Newport, Rhode Island, December 22, 1727; graduated at Harvard College in 1747, at the age of twenty; and afterwards commenced the practice of the law at Newport, where he acquired a fortune. Enjoying the entire confidence of his fellow citizens, he was soon called into active service in the cause of patriotism. In 1776 he was sent with Stephen Hopkins as a delegate to the general congress, where he voted for and signed the Declaration of Independence. After holding many honorable offices in his state, he was appointed judge of the supreme court of Rhode Island, where, in connection with Rufus King of New York, he made strenuous efforts for the abolition of slavery in the United States. After the adoption of the constitution in 1788, he was appointed collector of the port of Newport, which office he held until his death. He died on the 15th of February, 1820. He was a true patriot and a sincere Christian.



A stylized, cursive signature of the name "W. Floyd" in black ink.

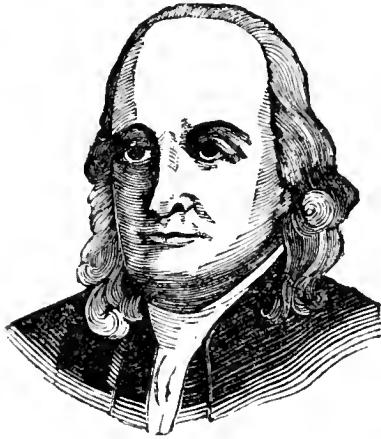
K NOWN as an active and eminent American statesman, was of Welsh descent. His grandfather emigrated from that country, in 1680, and settled at Setauket, Long Island. William was born December 17th, 1734. His father dying soon after William had closed his studies, the supervision of a large estate devolved upon him. Having early espoused the republican cause, he was soon called into active life. He was a prominent member of the continental congress in 1774, and was military commander of the militia in Suffolk county. He was reëlected to congress in 1775, when he warmly supported the resolutions of Mr. Lee, and signed the Declaration of Independence. He was afterwards elected a senator in the first legislative body that convened in New York. Being again elected to congress in 1780, he remained in that body until the declaration of peace, in 1783. In 1788, after the newly adopted constitution was ratified, he became a member of the first congress

which convened under that charter in the city of New York in 1789. Declining a reëlection, he retired from public life. In 1800 he was chosen a presidential elector, and subsequently held other honorable offices. He died August 4th, 1821, in his eighty-seventh year. His long and active life proved of invaluable service to his country; and his numerous excellencies of character made him universally beloved.

When a good man dies, "his works follow him." Many rise to call him blessed. His memory does not perish even from the earth. Even here he is immortal. His flesh moulders in the grave to be sure, and his spirit ascends to God, but his holy acts of devotion to God while he yet dwelt among us, still live, and like seed planted in his life-time spring forth after his death, grow up, flourish and bear fruit to the honor of his memory and the glory of his God. He who would live long should fill up his days with labors of love, then shall he abide in sacred recollection, even after the spirit has entered its rest. Who does not feel and know this to be true? Who but loves and fondly cherishes the memory of the just!

Professsor Hufeland in his work on Death, has the following interesting passage:

"People form the most singular conception of the last struggle, the separation of the soul from the body, and the like. But this is all void of foundation. No man certainly ever felt what death is; and as insensibly as we enter into life, equally insensible do we leave it. The beginning and the end are here united. My proofs are as follows: First, man can have no sensation of dying; for, to die, means nothing more than to lose the vital power, and it is the vital power which is the medium of communication between the soul and body. In proportion as the vital power decreases, we lose the power of sensation and of consciousness; and we can not lose life without at the same time, or rather before, losing our vital sensation, which requires the assistance of the tenderest organs. We are taught also by experience, that all those who ever passed through the first stage of death, and were again brought to life, unanimously asserted that they felt nothing of dying, but sunk at once into a state of insensibility."



Benj. Franklin

The thunders of a mighty age,
May drown the voices of the past,
But thou, the printer and the sage,
Shall speak thy wisdom to the last.

FEW men furnish a happier subject for the biographer, than this great philosopher and statesman. It is not merely that the history of Franklin is intimately interwoven with that of one of the mightiest political movements which the world has ever witnessed, and that it was in great part by his hands that the foundations were laid of a powerful and flourishing republic; if this were all, his life, to the generality of readers, would be rather a tale of wonder than a lesson. But the achiever of such high political results, was not more remarkable or interesting as a public character than as a private individual; and in the latter capacity the record of his progress from boyhood to old age, is full of instruction for all.

Benjamin Franklin was born in Boston, Mass., on the 17th day of January, 1706. His father was a true Puritan, and emigrated hither from England, in 1682. He soon afterward married Miss Folger, a native of Boston. Being neither a mechanic nor farmer, he turned his attention to the business of a soap boiler and tallow chandler, which was his occupation for life.*

The parents of Benjamin wished him to be a minister of the gospel, and they began to educate him with that end in view, but their slender means were not adequate for the object, and the intention was abandoned. He was kept at a common school for a few years, and then taken into the service of his father. The business did not please the boy, and he was entered on probation, with a cutler. The fee for his admission to apprenticeship was too high, and he abandoned that pursuit also, and was put under the instruction of an elder brother, who was a printer. There he continued until he became quite proficient, and all the while he was remarkable for his studiousness, seldom spending an hour from his books, in idle amusement. At length the harmony between himself and brother was interrupted, and he left his service and went on board of a vessel in the harbor, bound for New York. In that city he could not obtain employment, and he proceeded on foot to Philadelphia, where he arrived on a sabbath morning. He was then but seventeen years old, friendless and alone, with but a single dollar in his pocket. He soon found employment as compositor, in one of the two printing establishments then in Philadelphia, and was at once noticed and esteemed by his employers, for his industry and studious habits.

Having written a letter to a friend at New Castle, in Delaware, in which he gave a graphic account of his journey from Boston to Philadelphia, which

* Lossing.

letter was shown to Gov. Keith, of that province, that functionary became much interested in the young journeyman printer, and invited him to his mansion. Friendship succeeded the first interview, and the governor advised him to set up business for himself, and offered his patronage. The plan of operation was rather an extensive one, and involved the necessity of making a voyage to England for materials. Franklin went to London, but found Sir William Keith's patronage of so little avail, that he was obliged to seek employment for his daily bread. He obtained a situation as journeyman printer in one of the principal offices there, and by the same line of industry, studiousness, punctuality and frugality, he soon won to himself numerous friends. Unfortunately he was thrown in the way of some distinguished infidels while he was in London, (among whom was Lord Mandeville,) and received flattering attentions from them. His mind became tinctured with their views, and he was induced to write a pamphlet upon deistical metaphysics, a performance which he afterward regretted, and candidly condemned.

With the fruits of his earnings Franklin resolved to take a trip to the continent, but just as he was on the point of departure, he received an offer from a mercantile friend, about to sail for America, to accompany him as a clerk. He accepted it, and embarked for home in July, 1726.

With his new employer, at Philadelphia, Franklin had before him a prospect of prosperity and wealth, but soon a heavy cloud obscured the bright vision. His friend died, and once more Franklin became a journeyman printer with his old employer. In a short time he formed a partnership with another printer, and commenced business in Philadelphia, where his character, habits, and talents, soon gained him warm friends, public confidence, and a success-

ful business.* So multifarious were the public and private labors of usefulness of this great man, from this period until his death, that our circumscribed limits will permit us to notice them only in brief chronological order.

In 1732 Franklin began his useful annual, called *Poor Richard's Almanac*. It was widely circulated in the colonies and in England, and was translated into several continental languages of Europe. It continued until 1757. About the same time he commenced a newspaper, which soon became the most popular one in the colonies. By constant, persevering study, he acquired a knowledge of the Latin, French, Spanish and Italian languages. He projected a literary club, called the *Junto*, and the books which they collected for their use, formed the nucleus of the present extensive Philadelphia Library. He wrote many pamphlets containing essays upon popular subjects, which were read with avidity, and made him very popular. With his popularity, his business increased, and his pecuniary circumstances became easy in a few years.

In 1734, he was appointed government printer for Pennsylvania, and in 1736 he received the appointment of clerk of the general assembly. The next year he was made postmaster of Philadelphia. The income arising from these offices and from his business, relieved him from constant drudgery, and left him leisure for philosophical pursuits, and the advancement of schemes for the public good.

In 1741 he commenced the publication of the *General Magazine and Historical Chronicle for the British Plantations*, which had a wide circulation. In 1744 he was elected a member of the general assembly, and was annually reëlected, for ten con-

* In 1730 he married a young widow lady, whose maiden name was Read. He had sought her hand before going to England, but she gave it to another. Her husband died while Franklin was absent, and their intimacy was renewed soon after his return.

secutive years. It was about this time that he made some of his philosophical discoveries, upon the mysterious wings of which his fame spread world-wide.

In 1753 he was appointed a commissioner to treat with the Indians at Carlisle. In 1754 he was a delegate from Pennsylvania to a convention of representatives of the colonies that met at Albany to consult upon the general defence and security against the French. He there proposed an admirable plan of union. About this time he was appointed deputy postmaster-general. He was also active in improving the military affairs of the colony, and rendered Gen. Braddock distinguished service in providing material for his expedition against Fort Du Quesne. In 1757 Franklin was sent by the general assembly of the province to London, as its counsel in a dispute with the governor; and he so managed the case as to obtain a verdict for the assembly. He remained a resident agent for the colony in England, for five years, and formed many valuable acquaintances while there. On his return he was publicly thanked by the general assembly, and the sum of twenty thousand dollars presented to him as compensation for his important services.

In 1764, he was again sent to England as agent for the colony, upon business similar to that for which he was first sent, and he was there when the stamp act was passed, loudly and boldly protesting against it. His opinions had great weight there; and having been appointed agent for several of the colonies, the eyes of statesmen at home and abroad were turned anxiously to him, as the storm of the revolution rapidly gathered in dark and threatening clouds. He labored assiduously to effect conciliation, and he did much to arrest for a long time the blow that finally severed the colonies from the mother country. Satisfied at length that war was

inevitable, he returned home in 1775, and was at once elected a delegate to the general congress. He was again elected in 1776, and was one of the committee appointed to draft a declaration of independence, voted for its adoption, and signed it on the second of August.

In September, 1776, Franklin was appointed one of three commissioners to meet Lord Howe in conference on Staten Island, and hear his propositions for peace. The attempt at conciliation proved abortive, and hostilities commenced. About this time a convention was called in Pennsylvania, for the purpose of organizing a state government, according to the recommendation of the general congress. Franklin was chosen its president, and his wisdom was manifested in the constitution which followed. He was appointed by congress a commissioner to the court of France, to negotiate a treaty of alliance. Although then over seventy years of age, he accepted the appointment, and sailed in October, 1776. He was received with distinguished honors, and strong expressions of sympathy in behalf of his country were made; yet the French ministry were so cautious, that it was not until after the news of the capture of Burgoyne (Oct. 1777,) reached them, and American affairs looked brighter, that they would enter into a formal negotiation. A treaty was finally concluded, and was signed by Franklin and the French minister, in February, 1778. America was acknowledged independent, and the French government openly espoused her cause. Franklin was invested by congress with almost unlimited discretionary powers, and his duties were very arduous and complex; yet he discharged them with a fidelity and skill which excited the admiration of Europe. Great Britain at length yielded, and consented to negotiate a treaty of peace upon the basis of American inde-

pendence; and on the third day of September, 1783, Doctor Franklin had the pleasure of signing a definitive treaty to that effect.

Franklin now asked leave of congress to return home to his family, but he was detained there until the arrival of Mr. Jefferson, his successor, in 1785. His return to the United States was received with every demonstration of joy and respect from all classes. Notwithstanding he was upwards of eighty years of age, the public claimed his services, and he was appointed governor of Pennsylvania, which office he held three years. In 1787 he was a member of the convention which framed the present constitution of the United States, and this was the last public duty he performed. The gout and stone, from which he had suffered for many years, terminated his life on the 17th of April, 1790, in the 84th year of his age.

A vast concourse of people followed his body to the grave, and not only this country, but the whole civilized world, mourned his loss.

The following is a list of the moral virtues drawn up by Dr. Franklin for the regulation of his life:

1. TEMPERANCE.—Eat not to dulness; drink not to elevation.

2. SILENCE.—Speak not but what may benefit others or yourself; avoid trifling conversation.

3. ORDER.—Let all your things have their places; let each part of your business have its time.

4. RESOLUTION.—Resolve to perform what you ought; perform without fail what you resolve.

5. FRUGALITY.—Make no expense but to do good to others or yourself; that is, waste nothing.

6. INDUSTRY.—Lose no time; be always employed in something useful; cut off all unnecessary actions.

7. SINCERITY.—Use no hurtful deceit; think innocently and justly; and, if you speak, speak accordingly.

8. JUSTICE.—Wrong none by doing injuries, or omitting the benefits that are your duty.

9. MODERATION.—Avoid extremes; forbear resenting injuries so much as you think they deserve.

10. CLEANLINESS.—Tolerate no uncleanness in body, clothes, or habitation.

11. TRANQUILITY.—Be not disturbed at trifles, or at accidents common or unavoidable.

12. CHASTITY.

13. HUMILITY.—Imitate Jesus and Socrates.

William, the son of Dr. Franklin, was born in 1731. He was a captain in the French war, and served at Ticonderoga. In 1763 he was appointed governor of New Jersey. In this office he continued, firm in his loyalty until the breaking out of the revolution, when the whigs sent him to Connecticut. On his release he went to England, where a pension was conferred upon him for his losses. He died in 1813, aged eighty-two. He was, we believe, the last of the line.

“We are going to speculate about the causes of the fact—but a fact it is—that men distinguished for extraordinary intellectual power, of any sort, rarely leave more than a very brief line of progeny behind them. Men of genius have scarcely ever done so—men of imaginative genius, we might say, almost never. With the one exception of the noble Surrey, we can not, at this moment, point out a representative in the male line, even so far down as in the third generation, of any English poet, and we believe the same is the case in France. The blood of beings of that order can seldom be traced far down, even in the female line. With the exception of Surrey and Spencer, we are not aware of any English author of at all remote day, from whose body any living person claims to be descended. There is no other real English poet prior to the middle of the eighteenth century, and we believe no great author of any sort, except Clarendon and Shaftsbury, of whose blood we have any inheritance amongst us. Chaucer’s only son died childless. Shakspeare’s line expired in his daughter’s only daughter. None of the other dramatists of that age have left any progeny—nor Raleigh, nor Bacon, nor Cowley, nor Butler. The grand-daughter of Milton was the last of his blood. Neither Bolingbroke, Addison, Warburton, Johnson, nor Burke, transmitted their blood.

“When a human race has produced its ‘bright consummate flower,’ in this kind, it ‘seems commonly to be near its end.’

“The theory is illustrated in our own day. The two greatest names in science and literature of our time, were Davy and Sir Walter Scott. The first died childless. Sir Walter Scott left four children, of whom three are dead, only one of them, (Mrs. Lockhart,) leaving issue, and the fourth, his eldest son, though living, and long married, has no issue.”—*Democratic Review*.

When Franklin was a journeyman printer in London, among his fellow workmen was a James Huddleston Wynne, related to a very respectable family in South Wales. But Wynne becoming disgusted with the business, obtained a lieutenancy in a regiment about to set out for India. Quarreling however with his brother officers, he was left behind when the ship arrived at the Cape. He then returned to England, where he married. It was about this time that Mr. Wynne thought of commencing author, and his first application in that way was to Mr. George Kearsley, bookseller, Fleet street, whose liberality enabled him to support his family. He had two other employers: one in Paternoster row, the other in May fair. For the first he was doomed periodically to write rebuses and enigmas; for the other, petty fables, children's lessons in verse, or to devise new fangled modes of playing the game of goose. As these two *pillars of literature* lived at so great distance apart, our poor poet, who had suffered a total derangement of the muscles of his right leg, was almost reduced to a skeleton by his attendance on them. When he had written a dozen lines for a child's play-card, or half a page of a monthly magazine, our poet was obliged to go with his stock of commodity from Bloomsbury, where he occupied an attic, first to May fair, and then to Paternoster row; and the remuneration he received for the effusions of his brain was frequently insufficient to procure him the means of existence.

Mr. Wynne's figure was below the middle stature; his face thin and pale; his head scantily covered with black hair, collected in a tail about the thickness of a tobacco-pipe; his emaciated right leg was sustained by an unpolished iron—he wore his gloves without fingers, and his clothes in tatters. In such a trim he one day entered the shop of Mr. Kearsley, the bookseller, who possessed a heart susceptible of every good, and a heart ever ready to relieve distress. Mr. K.'s shop was the lounge for gentlemen of literary attachment, who stopped to inquire the occurrences of the day; and several persons of fashion were present when Wynne entered, and began to talk in a way that showed want of good breeding. His shabby appearance, together with his unbridled loquacity, threw Kearsley into a fever until he got rid of him; after which, moved at the indelicacy of his appearance, Mr. K., from the purest motives, took a suit of his clothes, almost new, and with other appendages, bundled them together in a handkerchief, and with a polite note, sent them after Mr. W. to his lodgings. As this was done without the knowledge of a third person, and in so polite a way, it would be reasonable to suppose that Mr. Wynne received the gift with thankfulness, at least with good manners; but the result proved otherwise. He stormed like a madman, and in a rage returned the bundle, though he was covered with rags like a pauper; writing by the porter, that “the pity he had experienced was brutality; the officiousness to serve him insolence; and if ever Mr. K. did the like again till he was requested, he would chastise him in another way.” This would have been a wren pouncing upon an eagle; for Mr. Kearsley was a tall, stout man—a Colossus to Wynne.

Notwithstanding the preceding, Mr. Wynne was not without his attachment to dress and fashion. A short time previous to his publishing his *History of Ireland*, he expressed a desire to dedicate it to the Duke of Northumberland, who was just returned from being lord-lieutenant of that country. For that purpose he waited on Dr. Percy, and met with a very polite reception. The duke was made acquainted with his wishes, and Dr. Percy went as the messenger of good tidings to the author. But there was more to be done than a formal introduction; the poor writer intimated this to the good doctor; who in the most

delicate terms begged his acceptance of an almost new suit of black, which, with a very little alteration, might be made to fit. This the doctor urged would be the best, as there was not time to provide a new suit and other things necessary for his *debut*, as the duke had appointed Monday in the next week to give the historian an audience. Mr. Wynne approved of the plan in all respects and in the mean time had prepared himself with a set speech and a manuscript of the dedication. But to digress a little, it must be understood that Dr. Percy was considerably in stature above Mr. W., and his coat sufficiently large to wrap around the latter, and conceal him. The morning came for the author's public entry at Northumberland house; but alas! one grand mistake had been made: in the hurry of business no application had been made to the tailor for the necessary alterations of his clothes; however, great minds are not cast down with ordinary occurrences; Mr. Wynne dressed himself in Dr. Percy's friendly suit, together with a borrowed sword, and a hat under his arm of great antiquity; then taking leave of his trembling wife, he set out for the great house. True to the moment, he arrived—Dr. Percy attended—and the duke was ready to receive our poet, whose figure at this time presented the appearance of a suit of sables hung on a hedge stake, or one of those bodiless forms we see swinging on a dyer's pole. On his introduction, Mr. Wynne began his formal address; and the noble duke was so tickled at the singularity of the poet's appearance, that, in spite of his gravity, he burst the bonds of good manners; and at length, agitated by an endeavor to restrain risibility, he leaped from his chair, forced a purse of thirty guineas into Mr. Wynne's hand, and hurrying out of the room, told the poet he was welcome to make what use he pleased of his name and patronage.

The following is the order of longevity that is exhibited in the various lists, and the average duration of life of the most eminent men, in each pursuit..

	<i>Aggregate years.</i>	<i>Average years.</i>
Natural Philosophers,.....	1504	75
Moral philosophers,.....	1417	70
Sculptors and Painters,	1412	70
Authors on Law and Jurisprudence,	1394	69
Medical authors,	1368	68
Authors on Revealed Religion,.....	1350	67
Philologists,	1323	66
Musical Composers,.....	1284	64
Novelists and Miscellaneous Authors,	1257	62½
Dramatists,.....	1249	62
Authors on Natural Religion,.....	1245	62
Poets,.....	1144	57



Elbridge Gerry

UNFADING are the laurels of such men as Elbridge Gerry. He was born at Marblehead, Massachusetts, July 17, 1744. From his father, a wealthy merchant, he received a liberal education, after which he amassed a considerable fortune by commercial pursuits. Fearless in the expression of his sentiments against the oppression of the mother country, he was elected a member of the general court of the province in 1773. He soon became a bold and energetic leader, and was active in all the leading political movements, until the war broke out. At the time of the battle of Bunker Hill, he was a member of the provincial congress, and the night previous to the battle he and General Warren slept together in the same bed. In the morning they bade each other an affectionate farewell. They parted to meet no more on earth, for Warren was slain on the battle field.

In January, 1776, Mr. Gerry was elected a member of the continental congress, when he signed his name to the Declaration of Independence. After

serving in many important capacities, among which was that of governor of his native state, in 1811 he was elected vice-president of the United States. But before the expiration of his term, while at the seat of government, he died suddenly, Nov. 23, 1814, aged seventy years.

Mrs. ANN GERRY.—Died at New Haven, on the 17th of March, 1849, Mrs. Ann Gerry, aged 86, relict of vice-president Elbridge Gerry, and daughter of the venerable Charles Thompson, the secretary of the revolutionary congress. She was one of the most elegant and accomplished ladies of her day. Trained up amidst the scenes of the revolution, she possessed all the energy and firmness of those times. During her husband's absence as ambassador to France, her house was entered by a burglar, when, animated with a true courage, she seized a pistol and encountered him; he fled before her, jumped from a window, broke his leg, and was taken. Her husband died poor; and to provide for this relict of a signer of the Declaration of Independence, and vice-president, her son was appointed surveyor of the port of Boston. A brother, in the service of the East India Company, left her a handsome fortune. Colonel J. T. Austin, the late accomplished attorney-general, of Massachusetts married her eldest daughter.—*Salem Register*.

The origin of the names of Whig and Tory is obscure. It was in 1774 that the American loyalists were designated as Tories, while the name of Whig was assumed by the patriots. According to Bishop Burnett, the term Whig has the following derivation:

“The people of the southwestern parts of Scotland, not raising sufficient grain to last them through the winter, generally went to Leith to purchase the superabundance of the North. From the word *Whiggam*, which they used in driving their horses, they were called *Whigamores*, and, abbreviated, *Whigs*. On one of these occasions, news having reached Leith of the defeat of Duke Hamilton, the ministers invited the Whigamores to march against Edinburgh, and they went at their head, preaching, and praying all the way. The Marquis of Argyle, with a force, opposed and dispersed them. This was called the *Whigamore inroad*, and ever after that, *all that opposed the court*, came in contempt to be called *Whigs*. The English adopted the name. The origin of the word Tory is not clear. It was first used in Ireland in the time of Charles II. Sir Richard Phillips defines the two parties thus: “Those are *Whigs* who would curb the power of the crown; those are *Tories* who would curb the power of the people.”



Button Gwinnett

CLOUDED as is the memory of this man by his untimely end, his name as a true patriot deserves to be handed down to posterity.

Button Gwinnett was a native of England. He was born in 1732, and emigrated to America in 1770. After spending two years in Charleston, in the mercantile business, he sold out his stock and removed to Georgia, where he purchased a large estate on St. Catharine's Island. In 1775 he espoused the cause of the patriots, and was elected to the continental congress. Reëlected in the following year, he signed the Declaration of Independence. Leaving congress in 1777, he was elected a member of the convention of South Carolina to form a constitution. After the adjournment of the convention, Mr. Gwinnett was elected president of the council, and many other civil honors were bestowed upon him.

While in congress he had offered himself as a

candidate for the office of brigadier-general. His competitor was Colonel McIntosh. The latter receiving the appointment, Mr. Gwinnett looked upon his rival as a personal enemy. This resulted in a challenge to Col. McIntosh, which was accepted. Their weapons were pistols, and at the first fire both were wounded; that of Mr. Gwinnett was mortal, and he died, aged forty-five. He left a wife and several children, but they soon followed him to the grave.

“Nothing, says a late writer, is more deeply rooted in modern manners, than the practice of dueling. In vain Christianity, which requires us to love our neighbor as ourself, lifts her voice against the barbarous custom of shedding man’s blood, for the slightest offence; in vain legislators have enacted the severest laws against dueling. Hitherto, neither religion nor law have been able to root it up. It exists among us as in the dark ages, with only this difference—very considerable it is true—that these combats are not prescribed by law, to end judicial controversies.

How, then, came the custom of dueling in Europe, and to be so deeply rooted? We do not read in history that Themistocles, Aristides, Epaninondas, or Phocion, went into the field sword in hand, to adjust their private quarrels. When Marius insulted Sylla, or when Pompey offended Cæsar, they did not challenge one another, like gladiators, to decide which would be the most adroit in giving a blow with the sword to his adversary. These great men, though they were raised in the darkness of paganism, would have regarded such private combats as a sin and a shame. It would even seem, in spite of the common opinion, that the ancient nations of Germany did not practice dueling—at least, not frequently;—for Tacitus, who is so exact, makes no mention of it in his book *On the Manners of the Germans*. The first positive traces of this custom are found among the *Burgundians*, after they had invaded the Gauls. Regarding military courage as the first of all virtues, these barbarians believe that the bravest man had necessarily right on his side. It must also be confessed, that the church itself, unfaithful to the first principles of the gospel, consecrated for a long time this sad custom, and contributed to introduce it into the courts, under the name of the *judgment of God*.

The priests and the doctors of this period reasoned very singularly. ‘God governs the world,’ said they; ‘but he must protect the innocent against the guilty; therefore, in a duel, he will certainly give the victory to him who is unjustly accused.’ The premises of this argument are just; but the conclusion is false. Undoubtedly, God governs the world, and is the protector of innocence; but does it follow that he must interpose directly in every matter, in every dispute, to show on which side are right, truth and equity? This would be, to suppose that God would work a miracle, every time man should be pleased to ask it; it would be to fall into the sin which the Scripture denominates *tempting God*. So, when Pope Gregory VII., in his great contest with the Emperor of

Germany, said: 'To prove that right is on my side, I take this consecrated wafer, and I ask God to strike me dead the moment I open my mouth to eat it, if I am in the wrong.' Gregory VII. uttered an absurdity and a blasphemy, analagous to him who introduced the custom of dueling, to decide quarrels; he falsely supposed that the Lord would be obliged to work a miracle, when it suited a poor human being to ask it; this pope *tempted God*.

The custom of dueling was preserved for several ages, in the courts to the disgrace of the human mind; the priests themselves fought, or appointed champions to fight for them. Among many curious facts, the following rest upon the most solid testimony. At the end of the eleventh century, a dispute having arisen in Spain, to know if the *Gothic liturgy* should continue to be used, or if the *Roman liturgy* should be substituted for it, the priests appointed two knights to decide the question by the sword, and the champion of the Roman breviary was vanquished. So then, by skill in fencing, and by blood, it must be decided in which of two ways to serve the *God of peace*. Could there be greater extravagance and sacrilege?"

The first duel in New England was fought on the 18th of June, 1621, on a challenge at single combat, with sword and dagger, between two servants; both of whom were wounded. For this outrage they were sentenced by the whole company to the ignominious punishment of having the head and feet tied together, and of lying thus twenty-four hours without meat or drink. After suffering however, in that painful posture one, at their master's interference, and their own humble request, with the promise of amendment, they were released by the governor.

A clergyman in a letter to the New York Observer says:

"A few years ago a duel was fought near the city of Washington, under circumstances of peculiar atrocity. A distinguished individual challenged his relative, once his friend. The challenged party having the choice of weapons, named muskets, to be loaded with buck shot and slugs, and the distance ten paces; avowing at the same time his intention and desire that both parties should be destroyed. The challenger was killed on the spot, the murderer escaped unhurt! Years afterwards, an acquaintance of mine was spending the winter in Charleston, S. C., and lodged at the same house with this unhappy man. He was requested by the duelist one evening, to sleep in the same room with him, but he declined as he was very well accommodated in his own. On his persisting in declining the duelist confessed to him that HE WAS AFRAID TO SLEEP ALONE, and as a friend who usually occupied the room was absent, he would esteem it a great favor if the gentleman would pass the night with him. His kindness being thus demanded, he consented, and retired to rest in the room with this man of fashion and honor, who some years before had stained his hands with the blood of a kinsman. After long tossing on his unquiet pillow, and repeated deep, half-stifled groans that revealed the inward pangs of the murderer, he sank into slumber, and as he rolled from side to side the name of his victim was often uttered, with broken words that discovered the keen remorse that preyed like fire on his conscience. Suddenly he would start up in his bed with the terrible impression that the avenger of blood was pursuing him; or

hide himself under the covering as if he would escape the burning eye of an angry God, that gleamed in the darkness over him, like lightning from the thunder cloud! For him there was "no rest, day nor night." Conscience, armed with terrors, lashed him unceasingly, and who could sleep? And this was not the restlessness of disease; the raving of a disordered intellect, nor the anguish of a maniac struggling in his chains! It was a man of intelligence, education, health and affluence, given up to himself—not delivered over to the avenger of blood to be tormented before his time—but left to the power of his own CONSCIENCE—suffering only, what every one may suffer who is abandoned of God!

I have this narrative from the lips of the man who saw and heard what is here related, and therefore I repeat it with entire confidence in its truth. These details of mental and moral suffering are recited, not to enlist the sympathy and harrow the tender sensibilities of the human heart, but to illustrate this simple thought; if here, in this imperfect state of being, with limited capacities for misery, with half-developed sensibilities, poor human nature may thus suffer, what may not the immortal mind endure when the clay casement shall fall off, and the naked spirit lies under the wrath of Omnipotence; every faculty of that spirit a living nerve, and every breath a flame of fire!

How often in human life is it to be wished that we could recall the past. "What deeds, done amiss, would then be rectified! What mistakes in thought, in conduct, in language, would then be corrected! What evils for the future avoided! What false steps would be turned back! What moral bonds, shackling our whole being, would not then be broken! If any man would take any hour out of any period of his life, and look at it with a calm, impartial, unprejudiced eye, he would feel a longing to turn back and change something therein; he would wish to say more than he had said—or less—to say it in a different tone—with a different look—or he would have acted differently—he would have yielded—or resisted—or listened—or refused to listen—he would wish to have exerted himself energetically—or to have remained passive—or to have meditated ere he acted—or considered something he had forgotten—or attended to the small, still voice in his heart, when he had shut his ears. Something, something, he would have altered in the past! But, alas! the past is the only reality of life, unchangeable, irretrievable, indestructible; we can neither mold it, nor recall it, nor wipe it out. There it stands forever; the rock of adamant, up whose steep side we can hew no backward path."

He is unwise and unhappy who never forgets the injuries he may have received. They come across the heart like dark shadows, when the sunshine of happiness would bless him, and throw him into a tumult that does not easily subside. The demon of hate reigns in his bosom and makes him, of all accountable creatures the most miserable.

Have you been injured in purse or character? Let the smiling angel of forgiveness find repose in your bosom. Study not how you may revenge but return good for evil.

The sandal-tree perfumes, when riven,
 The axe that laid it low;
 Let man who hopes to be forgiven,
 Forgive and bless his foe.



Lyman Hall

YALE College, has perhaps sent forth more truly great men than any similar institution in the world. Born in Connecticut in 1721, Mr. Hall graduated at that college, and afterwards studied medicine. In 1752 he married and commenced practice in Dorchester, South Carolina. He afterwards moved to Medway, in Georgia. In 1775, he was elected a delegate to the general congress. He was also one of the five delegates from Georgia, in 1776, and with them signed the Declaration of Independence. He served in congress for several years afterwards. In 1780, the invasion of Georgia by the British, called him home. He arrived in time to preserve his family, but his property was left a sacrifice. In 1782 he returned, and on the following year was elected governor of the state. He died universally beloved, in 1784, in the sixty-third year of his age.



John Hancock

IN the constellation of military heroes he was a star of the first magnitude. A native of Quincy, in Massachusetts, he was born in 1737. His father and grandfather were both faithful ministers of the gospel, friends of the poor and patrons of learning. Deprived by death of an inestimable mother, when quite an infant, he was left to the care of a paternal uncle, a rich merchant of Boston, who had accumulated a large fortune. By this relative John was treated with great kindness. Having graduated at Harvard College, at the age of seventeen he was taken by his uncle into his counting room as clerk. So satisfied was the latter of the abilities of his nephew, that he sent him on business matters to England, where he witnessed the funeral obsequies of George the Second, and the coronation of George the Third. Shortly after his return, his uncle died, leaving him at the age of twenty-six, one of the largest fortunes

in Massachusetts. Relinquishing commercial pursuits, and becoming an active politician on the democratic side, he was soon appreciated by the people. Having held other offices, in 1776 he was elected a member of the general provincial assembly. Here he became a popular leader, and as such drew upon himself the direst wrath of royalty.

At the time of the Boston massacre, and during the tea riot, he was very active; and on the anniversary of the massacre in 1774, he delivered an oration, in which he boldly denounced the acts of the royal government. After serving in the executive council, in 1774, Mr. Hancock was unanimously elected president of the provincial congress. During the same year he was elected to the continental congress, to which station he was reëlected in 1775. On the retirement of Peyton Randolph from the presidential chair of that body, John Hancock was elevated to that station. He filled the chair on the ever memorable 4th of July, 1776, and as president, he first signed the Declaration of Independence.

Owing to ill-health, in 1777, he resigned the presidency of congress. He was subsequently elected governor of Massachusetts, which office, by annual election, he held for five successive years. The two following years he declined the honor, but again accepting it, he held the office until his death.

In 1773, he married Miss Quincy, by whom he had one son, who died young.

Mr. Hancock was a man of great natural talent, and peculiarly fitted for the extraordinary times in which he lived. His memory as a benefactor to his country will be ever green. He died October 8th, 1793, aged fifty-five.



Benj Harrison

As the hoary hills eternal,
As the rock of ages strong,
Noiseless through Time's ceaseless changes,
Beating back the waves of wrong—
Though the elements conspire,
Wage a wild and fearful strife
From the mighty shock recoiling,
With renewed and stronger life.
Thus with Freedom—standing ever
By the wayside of the truth,
With the birth of time coeval,
Yet in all the bloom of youth—
Mocking every feint to crush it,
Of the puny arm of man,
With the myrmidons of power
Clustered in the tyrants span.

LONDON is said to have been the native place of the ancestors of this patriot. They emigrated to America in 1640, and settled at Berkley, Virginia, where the subject of this sketch was born.

Benjamin, at a very early age, became a member of the Virginia house of burgesses, where he was soon elected speaker. He was one of the first seven

delegates from Virginia to the continental congress in 1774. He was reëlected in 1775, and took an active part in many important measures. He was warmly in favor of independence, and when that great question was discussed in convention of the whole, he was in the chair. On the 4th of July he voted for the Declaration, and signed the document on the second of August following. He afterwards held the office of speaker in the house of burgesses until 1782, without interruption. He was then elected governor of Virginia, in which office he served during two successive terms. In 1791, after the election, he invited a party of his friends to dine with him. That night, however, he experienced a relapse of his complaint, the gout in the stomach, and the next day he expired.

He was married in early life to Miss Elizabeth Bassett. They had a numerous family of children, but only seven lived to a mature age. One of these was William Henry Harrison, late president of the United States.

When Benjamin was quite young, his venerable father and two of his daughters were instantly struck dead by lightning in their mansion house at Berkley.

Pending the political agitation relative to the stamp act, the royal governor wished to conciliate Mr. Harrison by the offer of a seat in the council. This was, however, promptly rejected.

Mr. Wirt, referring to the introduction of Patrick Henry's resolution respecting the stamp act, says:

"It was in the midst of the magnificent debate on those resolutions, while he was descanting on the tyranny of the obnoxious act, that he exclaimed, in a voice of thunder, and with the look of a god: 'Cæsar had his Brutus, Charles the First his Cromwell, and George the Third'—'Treason!' cried the speaker—'treason, treason,' echoed from every part of the house. It was one of those trying moments which are decisive of character. Henry faltered not for an instant; but rising to a loftier attitude, and fixing on the speaker an eye of the most determined fire, he finished the sentence with the firmest emphasis—'and George the Third—may profit by their example. If that be treason, make the most of it.'"



John Hart

NEVER lived a more sterling patriot than John Hart, formerly called the New Jersey Farmer. Edward Hart, his father, was also a farmer, and had distinguished himself under Wolfe at Quebec. It is supposed that John was born about the year 1714.

During the stamp act excitement, John, although living in a remote agricultural district, united with others in electing delegates to the colonial congress that convened in New York city in 1765. In 1774, he was elected to the first continental congress. On the following year he was reëlected, but owing to the pressure of his private affairs, he resigned. In 1776, he was again elected to the general congress, when he added his name to the Declaration of Independence. As he clearly foresaw, nothing could have been more inimical to his private interest than this act. His estate was exposed to the fury of the enemy, and he himself was hunted from place to place like a wild beast. This appalling state of things to himself and family, was not ended until the success of Washington at the battle of Trenton. Mr. Hart died in 1780, a martyr to his patriotism.



Thos Hayward Jun

SON of Colonel James Hayward, one of the wealthiest planters in the province, was born in St. Luke's parish, South Carolina. After the preparatory studies, Thomas was sent to England to complete his legal education. On his return, he commenced the practice of his profession, and married a Miss Matthews. Among the earliest of those in South Carolina, who resisted the oppression of the home government, in 1775, he was elected to the general congress. Reëlected the next year, he warmly supported Mr. Lee's motion for emancipation from British rule, and voted for and signed the Declaration. He remained in congress until 1778, when he was appointed judge of the criminal and civil court of South Carolina. He also held a military commission, and was in active service in the skirmish with the enemy at Beaufort, in 1780. He there received a gun-shot wound, the mark of which he bore for life. After the capture of Charleston by Sir Henry Clinton, Mr. Hayward was taken prisoner, and sent to Augustine, Florida,

where he remained a year. While there, in addition to the loss of his large property, he sustained a more afflicting loss by the death of his amiable wife.

After his return to South Carolina, he was elected to the convention which framed the constitution of his state. Having married a second wife, named Savage, in 1799, he withdrew from public life. He died March, 1809, in the 63d year of his age.

During his travels in Europe, Mr. Hayward saw all the trappings of royalty and its minions, but instead of being dazzled by them, he viewed them as the blood-stained fruits of wrong and oppression.

Could he have looked at futurity and seen the mighty European revolutions of the present day, of which that in his own time was the sure precursor, how cheering would have been the view.

*Joseph Hewes*

EVER green will be the memory of such sterling patriots as Mr. Hewes. He was born at Kingston, New Jersey, in 1730. He was educated at Princeton, and then apprenticed to a merchant in Philadelphia. Commencing business on his own account, he soon amassed a large fortune. In 1760, he returned to North Carolina, and settled at Edenton. In 1763, and for several successive years, he was elected to the legislature of that state. In 1774, he was a delegate to the continental congress, and was placed upon the committee appointed to draw up the Declaration of Rights. He was reëlected to congress in 1775 and 1776, when he signed the Declaration of Independence. He died at Philadelphia, October 29th, 1779. He was the only one of all the signers who died at the seat of government, and his remains were followed to the grave by a large concourse of citizens.



Wm Hooper

WAS born in Boston, Massachusetts, June 17th, 1742. In 1760 he graduated at Harvard University with distinguished honors. After studying law, he commenced practice in North Carolina, where he soon rose rapidly in his profession. In 1773, he was elected to the provincial assembly of North Carolina. Sympathizing with the oppressed, he soon became obnoxious to the royalists. In 1774 he was a delegate to the first continental congress. He was again elected in 1775, and also in 1776, when he voted for and signed the Declaration of Independence. After holding other offices, he died at Hillsborough, October, 1790, aged forty-eight years.

The winds breathe low—the withering leaf
Scarce whispers from the tree!
So gently flows the parting breath
When good men cease to be.

How beautiful on all the hills
The crimson light is shed!
'Tis like the peace the Christian gives
To mourners round his bed.



Step. Hopkins

VERY few men ever possessed a more vigorous intellect than this patriot. He was born at Providence, Rhode Island, on the 7th March, 1707, and his mother was the daughter of one of the first Baptist ministers of that place. Having but few advantages of education, he became self-taught in the truest sense of the word. Being engaged as a farmer until 1731, he removed to Providence, where he engaged in the mercantile business. In 1732 he was elected to the general assembly, and was annually reëlected until 1738. Being again elected in 1741, he was chosen speaker of the house of representatives. During the following ten years he was almost every year a member and speaker of the assembly. In 1751 he was chosen chief-justice of the colony. In 1754 he was a delegate to the colonial convention, held at Albany, for the purpose of concerting effectual measures to oppose the encroachment of French settlers. In 1756 he was elected governor of the

colony, in which office he continued almost the whole time until 1767.

An early opposer of the oppressive acts of Great Britain, the patriots conferred upon him several offices of great responsibility, among which was that of delegate to the continental congress. While a member of the assembly of Rhode Island, he introduced a bill to prohibit the importation of slaves, and to prove his sincerity he gave freedom to all those which belonged to himself. On his reëlection to the general congress, in 1776, he had the privilege of signing the glorious Declaration of Independence. In 1778 he was reëlected to the general congress for the last time, and was one of the committee who drafted the articles of confederation for the government of the states. He died on the 19th of July, 1785, aged seventy-eight years. The life of Mr. Hopkins, says Lossing, exhibits a fine example of the rewards of honest, persevering industry. Although his early education was limited, yet he became a distinguished mathematician, and filled almost every public station in the gift of the people, with singular ability. He was a sincere and consistent Christian, and the impress of his profession was upon all his deeds.

The signature of Mr. Hopkins is remarkable, and appears as if written by one greatly agitated by fear. But fear was no part of Mr. Hopkins' character. The cause of the tremulous appearance of his signature, was a bodily infirmity, called shaking palsy, with which he had been afflicted many years, and which obliged him to employ an amanuensis to do his writing.

He was twice married; the first time to Sarah Scott, a member of the society of Friends, (whose meetings Mr. Hopkins was a regular attendant upon through life,) in 1726; she died in 1753. In 1755 he married a widow, named Anna Smith.

He rendered great assistance to other scientific men, in observing the transit of Venus which occurred in June, 1769. He was one of the prime movers in forming a public library in Providence, in 1750. He was a member of the American philosophical society, and was the projector and patron of the free schools in Providence.



Francis Hopkinson

HE was born at Philadelphia, 1737. His parents were English. His mother was the daughter of the Bishop of Worcester, and she and her husband moved in the highest circles in their native country, as did they also in Philadelphia.

At the age of fourteen, Francis lost his father. After graduating at the college of Philadelphia, he studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1765. After a visit to his relatives in England, in 1768, he married Miss Ann Borden of Bordentown, New Jersey. Soon after his marriage, he was appointed to a lucrative office in New Jersey, which he held until his republican principles caused the anger of the minions of British power. In 1776, being elected a delegate to the general congress, he joyfully affixed his signature to the Declaration of Independence. He subsequently held the offices of loan commissioner, and admiralty and district judgeship of Pennsylvania. A fit of apoplexy terminated his life in May, 1791, in the fifty-third year of his age. He was a poet and an ardent patriot.



Sam^l Huntington

A MOST remarkable man, was born at Windham, Connecticut, July 2d, 1732. His father, an industrious farmer, was not able to give his son more than a common education. But Samuel being very studious, surmounted every obstacle, and acquired a tolerable knowledge of Latin. At the age of thirty-two, with borrowed books, and without any instruction, he commenced the study of law. He was admitted to the bar, and before he was thirty years of age, had secured a good practice in his native town. In 1760 he removed to Norwich. After serving in the general assembly, and as a member of the council, in 1774 he was appointed associate judge of the supreme court. In 1775 he was appointed a delegate to the general congress, when on the following year, he voted for and signed the Declaration of Independence. In 1786 he was elected governor of his native state, which office he held until his death, which took place at Norwich, January 5, 1796, in the sixty-fourth year of his age. He was a sincere Christian, a man of untiring industry, and

was remarkable for decision of character. This was the grand secret of his success.

“Who are the great men? Who have been the leaders, the reformers, the thinkers, the heroes of mankind? By what process was their being built up—the Platos, the Ciceros, the Pauls, the Burkes, giants of their kind? Was it by dreams and visions, by sloth and self-indulgence? Grew up Luther’s noble heart in ease? Was Wesley’s iron fibre the product of repose? We have communed with great men to little purpose if we have not learned that, however else they may have differed, in one respect they were all alike. Their sinews grew by labor. The record of their lives is but a register of their deeds. Endowed, by nature, it may have been, with high powers, they did not suffer them to lie rotting in indolence; but with manful heart and strong hand, fulfilled their mission of labor by day and by night. Their works do follow them.”

“As a house without inhabitants will soon run to waste, and the richest soil without cultivation will be covered with loathsome weeds; so will the mind that is unoccupied with that which is useful, edifying, and innocent, become deteriorated and corrupted. There is a *rust* of mind as well as of metal, by which its *brightness* and *edge* are dimmed and destroyed; and as use by its *friction* is necessary to the polish and keenness of the one, so is exercise to that of the other. And as water when it remains stagnated will become impure and generate miasmata, so the faculties of the mind, by the stagnation of the intellect, will become corrupted and perverted. Active exercise is as necessary to health of mind as to health of body.”



Th. Jefferson

THOMAS Jefferson, was the third president of the United States of America, under the constitution of 1789. He passed two years at the college of William and Mary, but his education was principally conducted by private tutors. He adopted the law as his profession. He was a member of the legislature of Virginia from 1769, to the commencement of the American revolution. In 1775, he was a delegate in congress from Virginia. May 15, 1776, the convention of Virginia instructed their delegates to propose to congress a declaration of independence. In June Mr. Lee made the motion for such a declaration in congress, and it was voted that a committee be appointed to prepare one. The committee was elected by ballot, and consisted of Thomas Jefferson, John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, Roger Sherman, and Robert R. Livingston. The declaration was exclusively the work of Mr. Jefferson, to whom the right of drafting it belonged as chairman of the

committee, though amendments and alterations were made in it, by Adams, Franklin, and other members of the committee. and afterwards by congress. Mr. Jefferson retired from congress in Sept. 1776, and took a seat in the legislature of Virginia in October. In 1779, he was chosen governor of Virginia, and held the office two years. He declined a foreign appointment in 1776, and again in 1781. He accepted the appointment of one of the commissioners for negotiating peace, but before he sailed, news was received of the signing the provisional treaty, and he was excused from proceeding on the mission. He returned to congress. In 1784, he wrote notes on the establishment of a money-unit, and of a coinage for the United States. He proposed the money-system now in use. In May, 1784, he was appointed, with Adams and Franklin, a minister plenipotentiary to negotiate treaties of commerce with foreign nations. In 1785, he was appointed minister to the French court. In 1789, he returned to America, and received from Washington the appointment of secretary of state, which he held till Dec. 1793, and then resigned. On some appointment being offered him by Washington in Sept. 1794, he replied to the secretary, "no circumstances will ever more tempt me to engage in anything public." Notwithstanding this determination, he suffered himself to be a candidate for president, and was chosen vice-president in 1796. At the election in 1801, he and Aaron Burr having an equal number of the electoral votes, the house of representatives, after a severe struggle, finally decided in his favor. He was re-elected in 1805. At the end of his second term, he retired from office. He died July 4, 1826, at one o'clock in the afternoon, just fifty years from the date of the declaration of independence, aged 83. Preparations had been made throughout the United States to celebrate this day, as a jubilee, and it is a

most remarkable fact, that on the same day, John Adams, a signer with Jefferson of the Declaration, and the second on the committee for drafting it, and his immediate predecessor in the office of president, also died.

The following were Jefferson's ten rules to be observed in practical life.

1. Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to day.
 2. Never trouble others for what you can do yourself.
 3. Never spend your money before you have it.
 4. Never buy what you do not want because it is cheap.
 5. Pride costs us more than hunger, thirst, and cold.
 6. We never repent of having eaten too little.
 7. Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.
 8. How much pains have those evils cost us which never happened.
 9. Take things always by their smooth handle.
 10. When angry count ten before you speak, if very angry a hundred.
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"Mr. Dix, in searching amongst the government archives recently, found the original draft of the ordinance of 1784, presented to congress, and acted upon in the month of April in that year. The committee reporting the ordinance consisted of Messrs. Jefferson, Howell, of R. I., and Chase, of Md. The ordinance is *in the handwriting of Mr. Jefferson*, including the famous clause against slavery or involuntary servitude, which was struck out by that congress, and afterwards incorporated by Mr. Dane, in his draft of the ordinance of 1787, and adopted by congress. The paper is deposited in the state department, along with other records of the proceedings of the old congress."—*Albany Atlas*.



Richard Henry Lee

ONE of the most distinguished patriots, was born in the county of Westmoreland, Virginia, on the 20th of January, 1732. Having received his education in England, he returned to Virginia at the age of nineteen and applied himself zealously to literary pursuits. His first appearance in public life was in 1755, on the arrival of Braddock from England, who summoned the colonial government to meet him in council previous to his expedition against the French and Indians, upon the Ohio. Lee having formed a military corps, presented himself and tendered the services of himself and volunteers. But the haughty Braddock proudly refused to accept the offer. Lee, deeply mortified and disgusted, returned home with his troops. At the age of twenty-five he was elected a member of the house of burgesses of Virginia. During the stamp act excitement, he was the first man in Virginia who stood publicly forth in oppo-

sition to the execution of that measure. In 1774 Mr. Lee was elected to the general congress, where he spoke out boldly for the rights of the colonists. In 1775 he was again elected to the general congress. He was reëlected in 1776, and on the 7th of June of that year, he introduced the celebrated resolution for a total separation from the mother country. This resolution being made the order of the day for the first Monday in July, a committee, of which Thomas Jefferson was chairman, was appointed to draw up a Declaration of Independence. This document was adopted on the 4th of July, by the unanimous vote of the thirteen united colonies.

Mr. Lee continued in congress until 1779, when as lieutenant of the county of Westmoreland, he took the command of the militia in defence of his state against the "red coats."* In 1783, being again elected to congress, he was by a unanimous vote elected president of that body. On the adoption of the Federal Constitution he was chosen the first senator from Virginia under it. Honored and revered by a grateful people, he died on the 19th day of June, 1794, in the sixty-fourth year of his age. He was a practical Christian, and in all the relations of life, above reproach.

* WHY THE BRITISH SOLDIER IS CLOTHED IN RED.—Red was always the national color of the Northmen, and continues still in Denmark and England, the distinctive color of their military dress. It was so of the head men and people of distinction in Norway in the eleventh century.



Francis Lightfoot Lee

BROTHER of Richard Henry Lee, was born in Westmoreland county, Virginia, October 14th, 1734. In 1765 he served in the Virginia house of burgesses, in which body he continued until 1772, when marrying the daughter of Col. John Taylor, of Richmond, he removed to that city. He was elected at once a member from Richmond to the house, where he served until 1775, when he was sent a delegate to the continental congress. He sympathized with his noble brother in his yearning for independence, and with great joy voted for and signed the document which declared his country free.

He died suddenly in April, 1797, from an attack of the pleurisy, in the sixty-third year of his age. His wife died a few days afterwards with the same disease.



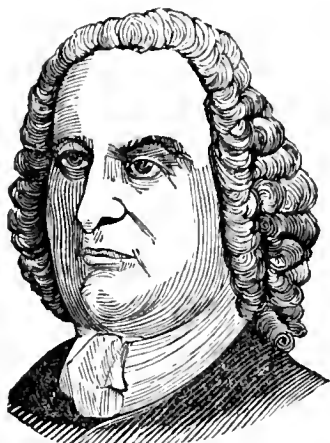
Francis Lewis

MR. LEWIS was born at Landaff in Wales, and at the age of twenty-one arrived at New York city, where he formed a business partnership in the mercantile business. He afterwards married the sister of Mr. Annesley, his partner, by whom he had seven children.

At the capture of the fort at Oswego, in 1757, Mr. Lewis was aid to Col. Mercer. The latter was killed, and Lewis was taken with other prisoners to Canada. From there he was sent to France, where he was finally exchanged. At the close of the war, the British government gave him five thousand acres of land for his services. In 1765, he was elected from New York to the colonial congress. In 1775 he was elected to the general congress. On the following year he was reëlected and became one of the signers of the Declaration. He remained actively employed in congress until 1778. So prominent a character could not fail of being an object

of the bitter resentment of the Tories, who not only destroyed his property at Long Island, but *brutally confined his wife in a close prison for several months without a bed or change of raiment*. Owing to this her health was ruined and she died in less than two years afterwards.

Honored and revered by all, Mr. Lewis died December 30, 1803, aged ninety years. He was a real Christian. With what truth has it been said, that political eminence and professional fame fade away and die with all things earthly. Nothing of character is really permanent but virtue and personal worth. They remain. Whatever of excellence is wrought into the soul itself, belongs to both worlds. Real goodness does not attach itself merely to this life, it points to another world. Political or professional fame can not last forever, but a conscience void of offence before God and man, is an inheritance for eternity. Religion, therefore, is a necessary, an indispensable element in any great human character. There is no living without it. Religion is the tie that connects man with his Creator, and holds him to his throne. If that tie be all sundered, all broken, he floats away a worthless atom in the universe, its proper attractions all gone, its destiny thwarted, and its whole future nothing but darkness, desolation and death. A man with no sense of religious duty is he whom the scriptures describe as "living without God in the world." Such a man is out of his proper being, out of the circle of all his duties, out of the circle of all his happiness, and away, far, far away, from the purpose of his Creator.



Phil. Livingston

FOREMOST among the worthies of the revolution, stands the name of this excellent man. He was descended from a Scotch minister of the gospel, who in 1663 emigrated to Rotterdam. His son Robert, the father of Philip, came to America, and under the patroon privileges, obtained a grant of the large tract of land in Columbia county on the Hudson, ever since known as Livingston's Manor.

Philip was born at Albany, January 15, 1716. Having graduated with honor at Yale College in 1737, he engaged in an extensive mercantile business in the city of New York, where he won the profound respect of the whole community. From 1754 to 1763, he held the office of alderman in that city. Being elected to the general assembly, his superior wisdom and sagacity soon made him a leader in that body. In 1774 Mr. Livingston was elected to the first continental congress, and was one of the committee that prepared the address to the British people. In 1775, owing to the demeanor

of the tories in the assembly, it was found impossible to elect delegates to the second congress. Accordingly eight counties of New York sent delegates to a provincial convention, which body elected delegates to the general congress. Among them were Philip Livingston. He warmly supported the proposition for independence, and voted for and signed the Declaration thereof. He subsequently served in the New York state senate which met September 10, 1777.

In 1778, although suffering much from dropsy in the chest, he obeyed the calls of duty, and again took his seat in congress to which he had been elected. Having a strong presentiment that he should never return to his family, on his departure in May, 1778, he bade them and his friends a final adieu. This presentiment became a reality, for on the 12th June following, his disease proved fatal. He was aged sixty-two years.

•
The strange inborn sense of coming death,
That sometimes whispers to the haunted breast
In a low sighing tone which naught can still,
'Mid feasts and melodies a secret guest;
Whence doth that murmur come, that shadow fall?
Why shakes the spirit thus? 'Tis mystery all!

Darkly we move—we press upon the brink
Haply of unseen worlds, and know it not!
Yes! it may be, that nearer than we think
Are those whom death hath parted from our lot.
Fearfully, wondrously, our souls are made:
Let us walk humbly on, yet undismayed.

Among other laudable acts, Mr. Livingston was one of the founders of the New York society library, and of the chamber of commerce. He also aided materially in the establishment of Columbia college. A more useful man never lived.



Robt R Livingston

CHANCELLOR Livingston, says Lossing, was of noble lineage—noble not only by royal patent, but in high and virtuous deeds.

He was born in the city of New York, in the year 1747. At the age of seventeen he graduated at Columbia college, and then studied law. He was soon after appointed recorder of the city of New York, at which time he warmly espoused the patriot cause.

In 1775, he was elected a member of the continental congress, assembled in Philadelphia, where his activity and zeal were such that he was reëlected for 1776.* He took part in the debates which occurred on the motion of Richard Henry Lee, of Virginia, declaring the united colonies free and inde-

* Robert R. Livingston was not one of those who signed the Declaration of Independence, yet his name should ever be inseparably connected with theirs, for he was one of the committee of the immortal congress of 1776, to whom was intrusted the momentous task of framing that revered document.

pendent; and he was placed upon the committee, which congress appointed to draw up a Declaration of Independence, in conformity with the spirit of the revolution, and was present when it was adopted.

His name was not affixed to the declaration, but in regard to the reasons why his signature was withheld, his biographers are silent. We venture the opinion that he regarded as correct the doctrine, that the representative is bound to act in accordance with the expressed will of his constituents.

When after the adoption of the Declaration, congress recommended the several states to form constitutions for their governments respectively, Mr. Livingston was elected a member of the convention of New York, assembled for that purpose. He served alternately in congress and in the legislature of his native state from 1775 till 1781, when under the articles of confederation, he was appointed secretary for foreign affairs, which station he filled, with great industry and fidelity, until 1783. On retiring from the office he received the thanks of congress. He was that year appointed chancellor of the state of New York, and was the first who held the office under the new constitution of the state.

Mr. Livingston was a member of the convention of New York which assembled at Poughkeepsie, in 1788, to take into consideration the newly formed federal constitution, and he was then one of its warmest advocates in procuring its ratification by that body.

In April, 1789, Washington, the first president of the United States, was inaugurated in the city of New York. It was one of the most august occasions the world has ever witnessed, and Chancellor Livingston had the exalted honor of administering the oath of office to that great leader, and of witnessing before high Heaven his solemn pledge to support the constitution.

In 1801, Chancellor Livingston was appointed by

president Jefferson, minister to the court of France, at the head of which was then the young conqueror of Italy, Napoleon Bonaparte, first consul of the French Republic. He at once won the esteem and confidence of that great captain, and successfully negotiated with his ministers for the purchase of Louisiana, then in possession of France.

The treaty was signed in April, 1802, by Mr. Livingston and Mr. Monroe, on the part of the United States, and by the Count de Marbois in behalf of France. While in Europe, Chancellor Livingston indulged and cultivated his taste for literature and the fine arts. Science too claimed his attention, and the aid and encouragement which he rendered to Robert Fulton, form an imperishable monument of honor to his memory.

Agriculture was his study and delight, and to him the farmers of this country are indebted for the introduction of gypsum, or plaster, for manure, and the clover grass.

“Chancellor Livingston continued actively engaged in public life until a year or so before his death, which occurred at his country seat at Clermont, on the twenty-sixth day of February, 1813, when he was in the sixty-sixth year of his age. He was a prominent actor in scenes which present features of the most remarkable kind, as influencing the destinies of the world. His pen, like his oratory, was chaste and classical; and the latter, because of its purity and ease, obtained for him from the lips of Dr. Franklin, the title of the Cicero of America. And to all of his eminent virtues and attainments he added that of a sincere and devoted Christian, the crowning attribute in the character of a good and great man.”

The following interesting account of one of the ancestors of the Livingston family, says Grant Thorburn, is a historical fact. It occurred within six miles of my birth-place. I have heard my

grandfather, who died at the age of ninety-six, and my father, who died in his ninety-third year, each relate it as an undisputed fact:

LADY JANE.

The Earl of Wigton, whose name figures in the Scottish annals during the reign of Charles II., had three daughters, named Lady Frances, Lady Grizel, and Lady Jane; the latter being the youngest by several years, and by many degrees the most beautiful. All the three usually resided with their mother, at the family-seat in Sterlingshire; but the two eldest were occasionally permitted to attend their father in Edinburgh, in order that they might have a chance of obtaining lovers at the court held there by the Duke of Lauderdale; while Lady Jane was kept constantly at home, and debarred from the society of the capital, lest her superior beauty might interfere with and foil the attractions of her sisters, who, according to the notions of that age, had a sort of right of primogeniture in matrimony, as well as in what was called heirship. It may easily be imagined that Lady Jane spent no very pleasant life, shut up, as it were, in a splendid palace, to be sure, but having no company except her old cross mother and the servants, the palace being in a remote part of the country. Besides, she was so very beautiful her parents were afraid that any gentlemen should see her, and so take the *shine* off her two eldest sisters, who were rather homely-looking articles, and older by eight or ten years. Jane was now in her seventeenth year.

At the period when our history opens, Lady Jane's charms, although never seen in Edinburgh, had begun to make some noise there. A young gentleman, one day passing the garden, espied what he termed an angel picking strawberries. After gazing till he saw her retreat under the guns of her father's castle, he inquired among the cottagers, and learned it was Jane, the youngest daughter of Lord Wigton. He rode on and reported the matter in the capital. The young gallants about the court were taken by surprise. Lord Wigton and his two daughters made quite a swell in Edinburgh at this time; but no one ever heard of Lord Wigton having a third daughter. These reports induced Lord Wigton to confine her ladyship even more strictly than heretofore, lest perchance some gallant might make a pilgrimage to his country-seat, in order to steal a glimpse of his beautiful daughter; he even sent an express to his wife, directing her to have Jane confined to the precincts of the house and garden, and also to be attended by a trusty female servant. The consequence was, that the young lady complained most piteously to her mother of the tedium and listlessness of her life, and wished with all her heart that she was as ugly, as old, and happy as her sisters.

Lord Wigton was not insensible to the cruelty of his policy, however well he might be convinced of its necessity. He loved this beautiful daughter more than either of the others, and it was only in obedience to what he conceived to be the commands of duty that he subjected her to this restraint; his lordship therefore felt anxious to alleviate, in some measure, the disagreement of her solitary confinement, and knowing her to be fond of music, he sent her by a messenger a theorbo, with which he thought she would be able to amuse herself in a way very much to her mind; not considering that, as she could not play upon the instrument, it would be little better to her than an unmeaning toy. By the return of the messenger she sent a very affectionate letter to her father,

thanking him for the instrument, but reminding him of the oversight, and begged him to send some person who could teach her to play upon it.

The gentry of Scotland at that period were in the habit of engaging private teachers in their families. They were generally young men of tolerable education, who had visited the continent. A few days after the receipt of his daughter's letter, it so happened that he was applied to by one of those useful personages, wishing employment. He was a tall, handsome youth, apparently about twenty-five years of age. After several questions, his lordship was satisfied that he was just the person he was in quest of; as, in addition to many other accomplishments, he was particularly well qualified to teach the theorbo, and had no objection to enter the service, with the proviso that he was to be spared the disgrace of wearing the family livery. The next day saw Richard (his name was Richard Livingston) on the road to Wigton palace, bearing a letter from Lord Wigton to his daughter Jane, setting forth the qualities of the young man, and hoping she would now be better contented with her present residence.

It was Lady Jane's practice every day to take a walk, prescribed by her father, in the garden, on which occasions the countess conceived herself acting up to the letter of her husband's commands when she ordered Richard to attend his pupil. This arrangement was exceedingly agreeable to Lady Jane, as they sometimes took out the theorbo and added music to the other pleasures of the walk.

However, to make a long story short, it would have been a new problem in nature could these young people have escaped from falling in love. They were constantly together; no company frequented the house; the mother was old and infirm, and perfectly satisfied when she knew Lady Jane was within the limits prescribed by her father. Lady Jane was now in her eighteenth year, and probably never had seen, and certainly never conversed with any man having the education and polish of a gentleman. Although Richard had not yet told his tale of love, his genteel deportment, handsome person, and certain sorts of attention which love only can dictate, had won her heart before she knew it; her only fear now was that she might betray herself; and the more she admired, the more reserved she became towards him. As for Richard, it was no wonder that he should be deeply smitten with the charms of his mistress; for ever, as he stole a long furtive glance at her graceful form, he thought he had never seen, in Spain or Italy, any such specimens of female loveliness; and the admiration with which she knew he beheld her, his musical accomplishments which had given her so much pleasure, all conspired to render him precious in her sight. The habit of contemplating her lover every day, and that in the dignified character of an instructor, gradually blinded her to his humble quality, and to the probable sentiments of her father and the world upon the subject of her passion; besides, she often thought that Richard was not what he seemed to be! She had heard of Lord Bellhaven, who, in the period immediately preceding, had taken refuge from the fury of Cromwell in the service of the English nobleman whose daughter's heart he had won under the humble disguise of a gardener, and whom, on the recurrence of better times, he carried home to Scotland as his lady.

Things continued in this way during the greater part of the summer without the lovers coming to an *eclaircissement*, when the Earl of Home, a gay young nobleman, hearing of the beauty of Lady Jane, left Edinburgh and took the way to Lord Wigton's palace, resolving first to see, then to love, and finally to run away with the young lady. He skulked

about for several days, and at last got a sight of the hidden beauty over the garden wall, as she was talking with Richard. He thought he had never seen a lady so beautiful before, and, as a matter of course, resolved to make her his own. He watched next day, and meeting Richard on the outside of the premises, proposed by a bribe to secure his services in procuring him an interview with Lady Jane. Richard promptly rejected the offer, but upon a second thought saw fit to accept it. On the afternoon of the second day he was to meet Lord Home, and report progress. With this they parted—Richard to muse on this unexpected circumstance, which he saw would blast all his hopes unless he should resolve upon prompt measures; and the Earl to the humble village inn, where he had for the last few days acted the character of "*the daft lad frae Edinburgh, wha seemed to hae mair siller than sense.*"

What passed between Jane and Richard that afternoon and evening my informant does not say; early the next morning, however, Richard might have been seen jogging swiftly along the road to Edinburgh, mounted on a stout nag, with the fair Lady Jane comfortably seated on a pillion behind him. It was market day in Edinburgh, and the lanes and streets, on entering the city, were crowded with carts, &c., so that they were compelled to slacken their pace, and were thus exposed to the scrutinizing gaze of the inhabitants.

Both had endeavored to disguise every thing remarkable in their appearance, so far as dress and demeanor could be disguised; yet, as Lady Jane could not conceal her extraordinary beauty, and Richard had not found it possible to part with a sly and dearly beloved mustache, it naturally followed that they were honored with a great deal of staring, and many an urchin upon the street threw up his arms as they passed along, exclaiming, "Oh! the black bearded man!" or "Oh the bonnie ladie!" The men all admired Lady Jane, the women Richard. The lovers had thus to run a sort of gauntlet of admiration till they reached the house of a friend, when the minister being sent for, in a few minutes Richard and Lady Jane were united in the holy bands of matrimony.

In Scotland, the promise of the man and woman before witnesses constitutes a lawful marriage.

When the ceremony was concluded, and the clergyman and witnesses satisfied and dismissed, the lovers left the house, with the design of walking in to the city. Lady Jane had heard much from her sisters in praise of Edinburgh, but had never seen that *gude toon* until that day. In conformity with a previous arrangement, Lady Jane walked first, like a lady of honor, and Richard followed close behind, with the dress and deportment of a servant; her ladyship was dressed in her finest suit, and adorned with her finest jewels, all which she had brought with her on purpose in a small bundle, which she bore on her lap as she rode behind Richard. Her step was light and her bearing gay. As she moved along the crowd in the streets gave way on both sides, and wherever she went she left behind her a wake, as it were, of admiration and confusion.

It so happened that on this day the parliament of Scotland was going to adjourn, a day on which there was always a general turn out among the gentry, and a grand procession. Richard and his lady now directed their steps to the parliament square. Here all was bustle and magnificence; dukes and lords, ladies and gentlemen, all in the most splendid attire, threading their way among the motley crowd. Some smart, well-dressed gentlemen were arranging their cloaks and swords by the passage-way which had given entry to Richard and Jane, most of whom, at the sight of our heroine, stood still in admiration; one of them, however, with the trained assurance of a rake, observing her to be very beautiful,

and a stranger, with only one attendant, accosted her in language which made her blush and tremble. Richard's brow reddened with anger as he commanded the offender to leave the lady alone.

"And who are you, my brave fellow?" said the youth, with bold assurance.

"Sirrah!" exclaimed Richard, forgetting his livery, "I am that lady's husband—her servant, I mean—" and here he stopped short in confusion.

"Admirable!" exclaimed the intruder. "Ha, ha, ha! Here, sirs, is a lady's lackey who does not know whether he is his mistress's servant or husband. Let us give him up to the town guard."

So saying he attempted to push Richard aside and take hold of the lady; but he had not time to touch her garments with even a finger before her protector had a rapier gleaming before his eyes, and threatening him with instant death if he laid a hand upon his mistress. At sight of the steel, the bold youth stepped back, drew his sword, and was preparing to fight when a crowd collected. His majesty's representative was at this moment stepping out of the Parliament House, who ordered the officer of his guard to bring the parties before him. This order obeyed, he inquired the reason of this disgraceful occurrence.

"Why, here is a fellow, my lord," answered the youth who had insulted the lady, "who says he is the husband of a lady whom he attends as a liveryman, and a lady too, the bonniest, I dare say, that has been seen in Scotland since the days of Queen Magdaline."

"And what matters it to you," said the officer, "in what relation this man stands to his lady? Let the parties come forward and tell their own story."

The lords in attendance were now gathering around, all eager to see the bonnie lady. Lord Wigton was in the number. When he saw his daughter in this unexpected place, he was so astounded that he came near to fainting and falling from his horse. It was some minutes before he could speak, and his first ejaculation was—

"O Jane! Jane! what's this *ye've been aboot?* and what's *brocht ye* here?"

"Oh Heaven *ha'e* a care o' us!" exclaimed another venerable peer at this juncture, who had just come up, "and what's *brocht* my *sonsie* son Richard Livingston to Edinburgh, when he should have been *fechten* the Dutch in Pennsylvania?"

And here suffer me to remark, that this same Richard Livingston (a progenitor of the respectable families who bear his name in this state) was the second son of Robert, Earl of Linlithgow. Of course, having nothing to depend on but his head and his sword, he had joined a regiment under orders for America; but hearing the fame of Jane's beauty, by bribing a servant who concealed him in the garden, got sight of her as she was watering her pots of primrose and polyanthus. He immediately left the army and assumed the disguise by which he insinuated himself into the good graces of her father.

The two lovers being thus recognized by both their parents, stood, with downcast eyes, perfectly silent, while all was buzz and confusion around them; for those concerned were not more surprised at the aspect of their affairs than were all the rest at the beauty of the far-famed but hitherto unseen Lady Jane Fleming. The Earl of Linlithgow, Richard's father, was the first to speak aloud; and this he did in a laconic though important query, which he couched in the simple words—

"Are you married, *bairns?*"

"Yes, dearest father," said his son, gathering courage and going up

close to his saddle-bow, "and I beseech you to extricate us from this crowd, and I will tell you all when we are alone."

"A pretty man ye are, truly," said his father, "to be staying at home and getting married, when you should have been abroad winning honors and wealth, as your gallant grand-uncle did with Gustavus, king of Sweden. However, since better *may na'* be, I *maun* try and console my Lord Wigton, who I *doot* not has the *warst* o' the bargain, *ye ne'er-do-weel!*"

He then went up to Lady Jane's father and shaking him by the hand, said:

"Though we have been made relatives against our will, yet I hope we may continue good friends. The young folks," he continued, "are not ill-matched either. At any rate, my lord, let us put a good face on the matter before these gentle folks. I'll get horses for the two, and they'll join the procession; and the *de'il ha'e* me if Lady Jane *dis na outshine the hale o' them*."

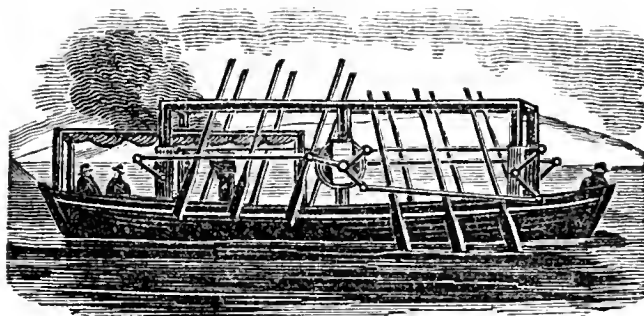
"My Lord Linlithgow," responded the graver and more implacable Earl Wigton, "it may suit you to take this matter blithely, but let me tell you it's a much more serious affair for me. What think ye am I to do with Kate and Grizzly now?"

"Hoot toot, my lord," said Linlithgow, with a smile, "their chances are as *gude* as ever, I assure you, and *sae* will everybody think who *kens* them."

The cavalcade soon reached the court-yard of Holyrood House, where the duke and duchess invited the company to a ball, which they designed to give that evening in the hall of the palace. When the company dispersed, Lords Linlithgow and Wigton took their young friends under their own protection, and after a little explanation, both parties were reconciled.

The report of Lady Jane's singular marriage having now spread abroad, the walk from the gate to the palace was lined with noblemen an hour before the time for assembling, all anxious to see Lady Jane. At length the object of all their anxiety and attention came tripping along, hand in hand with her father-in-law. A buzz of admiration was heard around; and when they entered the ball-room, the duke and duchess arose and gave them a welcome, hoping they would often adorn the circle at Holyrood palace. In a short time the dancing commenced, and amid all the ladies who exhibited their charms and magnificent attire in that captivating exercise, none was, either in person or dress, half so brilliant as Lady Jane.

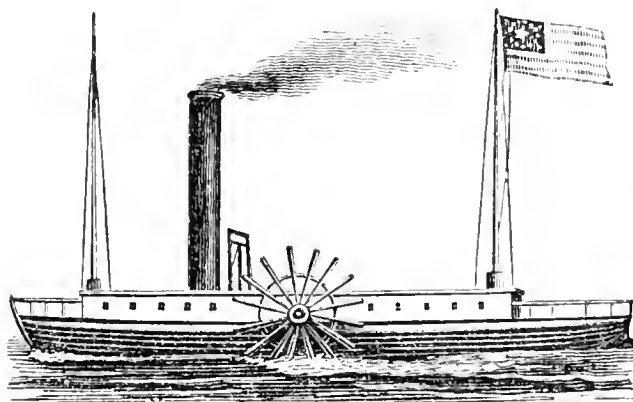
The posterity of Jane and Richard occupy the same lands and palaces at the present day. It is a name revered and held in high estimation all over Scotland, and I might add, wherever the name is known. Witness the venerable Chancellor Livingston, who administered the oath of office to Washington, the first and best of presidents, and who cheered the heart and strengthened the hands of Fulton by his counsel and money, till through their united exertions the first steam boat furrowed the waters of the Hudson.



FITCH'S STEAM BOAT, 1788.

The voyage from New York to Albany, of the first steam boat, opened the door to a progress for the human race, equivalent, at one bound, to the march of ages. As early as 1787, the New York Legislature granted to John Fitch, the sole right of making and employing the steam boat by him invented.

The annexed cut is a representation of Fulton's steam boat, finished in 1807.



When it was announced in the New York papers that the boat would start from the foot of Courtland street at 6½ o'clock on Friday morning, there was a broad smile on every face, as the inquiry was made, if any body would be foolish enough to go. There were twelve berths, all of which were taken, at seven dollars each, to Albany. A friend of Judge Wilson, one of the passengers, accosted him thus in the street, "John, will thee risk thy life in such a concern? I tell thee, she is the most *fearful wild fowl* living, and thy father ought to restrain thee." The boat ran up to Albany in thirty-two hours, and down again in thirty hours.



Thomas Lynch Junr.

THOMAS Lynch was born in the parish of Prince George, South Carolina, August 5, 1749, and was of Austrian descent. His father was a man of great wealth and influence; and having early espoused the cause of the colonists, was a member of the first continental congress in 1774. He was a member of the body at the time of his death. Thomas, the son, at the age of thirteen was sent to England to complete his education. He graduated at Cambridge university, and subsequently studied law in one of the inns of the Temple and became a finished lawyer. He returned to South Carolina in 1772. He soon afterward married a lady named Shubrick. After serving in many civil offices of trust, in 1775 Mr. Lynch accepted a captain's commission. In 1776 he was elected to congress, when he appended his signature to the Declaration of Independence. Towards the close of 1799, by the advice of his physicians, he sailed in an American vessel for the West Indies, in the hope of finding a neutral vessel there, in

which to embark for Europe. He was accompanied by his lovely wife, but they never reached their destination. The vessel was supposed to have foundered at sea, and the ocean was the tomb of all on board.

“The noblest of cemeteries is the ocean. Its poetry is, and in human language ever shall be, unwritten. Its elements of sublimity are subjects of feeling, not description. Its records, like a reflection mirrored on its waveless bosom, can not be transferred to paper. Its vastness, its eternal heavings, its majestic music in a storm, and its perils, are things which are hard to conceive. But there is one element of moral sublimity which expresses the mind; and that is, that the sea is the largest of cemeteries, and all its slumberers sleep without a monument.”

“It is a solemn thought, and a not less interesting one, that no one knoweth where his grave may be! It is a thought calculated to awe into humility the pride of the human heart, that where our forms, now so full of life and vigor, shall in a few years be laid, probably there to remain until the final resurrection, sage nor philosopher can tell. In our humble grave-yard tours, we may oft have viewed it; and the flowers that shall bloom upon our graves may be planted by the hand of Friendship, and watered by the tear of Affection. It is an occurrence of no unusual character, when one stands amid the seclusion of the burying-yard, and knows not the fact that he moralizes on his own grave. Or it may be in the wilderness, yet untrodden by the foot of civilization, where the barbarian and the beast still preserve their sway. It may be beneath the restless bosom of old Ocean, far away from the surface-foam, among the dark and quiet waters that course below. Again, it may be upon the battle-field, where “men in rude onset meet.” Yes, reader, thou who this moment, perhaps, sittest

at thy own fireside, mayest fall upon the blood-stained field where men have met in "the pride and pomp and circumstance of *glorious* war;" the waving flag, the nodding plume, the scarlet sash, the glittering uniform, and bristling bayonet and flashing sword gleaming amid the smoky cloud, fading—forever fading, upon your sight. The loud command, the iron tread of feet, the thunder of artillery, the groans of the dying friends and foes by whom you are surrounded, the half-breathed sigh of defeat, the loud huzzas of victory, receding, all receding from your ear—these may be your funeral anthem.

"A feeling of solemnity and awe comes o'er the spirit, when we reflect that the spot to which we shall one day be so long consigned, is as uncertain as any other feature of man's destiny. Mystery here rules supreme; none dare dispute her reign. Upon this subject, speculation is *indeed* a dream."



Tho M. Kean

DESCENDED of Irish ancestry, was born in 1734, at New London, Chester county, Pa. Being admitted to the bar at the age of twenty-one, he rapidly rose to eminence in his profession. After previously serving his state in many important capacities, he was elected to the continental congress in 1774, in which body he continued until the ratification of peace in 1783. He was a zealous advocate of the measure for independence, and signed the Declaration with a joyful heart. From the period of the conclusion of the war until his death, Judge M'Kean was actively engaged in Pennsylvania and Delaware in various public services. Having been chief justice of Pennsylvania for twenty years, in 1799 he was elected governor of that state, which office he held for nine years. He died on the 24th of June, 1817, in the eighty-fourth year of his age.



Arthur Middleton

GLORY will long encircle the names of such men as Middleton. He was born at Middleton Place, in South Carolina, in 1743. At the age of twelve, he was sent by his father to England, where he graduated at Cambridge university with distinguished honors. After traveling on the continent, he returned to South Carolina in 1768. A year afterward, he married, and with his wife made a second tour on the continent. Returning in 1773, he took up his residence at the family seat. In 1775 he was a member of one of the committees of safety of South Carolina. In 1776 he was elected to the general congress at Philadelphia, where he voted for and signed the Declaration of Independence. He retired from congress in 1777, and in 1778 was elected governor of his native state, but declined accepting the appointment. In 1779, on the invasion of South Carolina by the British, he joined Governor Rutledge in defending the state. In this invasion he lost a large portion of his immense estate. After the surrender of Charleston,

he was taken prisoner, and as such remained at St. Augustine, Florida, one year, when he was exchanged. Being again elected to congress, he remained in that body until 1782. After serving in his state legislature, he died on the 1st of January, 1788, leaving a widow and eight children.

Mrs. Middleton lived until 1814, and her old age was gladdened by seeing her children among the most honored of the land. She was a woman of strong mind and indomitable energy.

How truly has it been said that there is an admirable partition of qualities between the sexes, which the Author of our being has distributed to each with a wisdom that challenges our unbounded admiration.

Man is strong; woman is beautiful.

Man is daring and confident; woman diffident and unassuming.

Man is great in action; woman in suffering.

Man shines abroad; woman at home.

Man talks to convince; woman to persuade and please.

Man has a rugged heart; woman a soft and tender one.

Man prevents misery; woman relieves it.

Man has science; woman taste.

Man has judgment; woman sensibility.

Man is a being of justice; woman an angel of mercy.



Robert Morris

SON of a Liverpool merchant, was born in Lancashire, England, January, 1734. His father engaging in the American trade, left Robert to the care of a relative, and settled at Oxford, on Chesapeake bay. When Robert was thirteen, he also arrived, and was placed at a school in Philadelphia. At the age of fifteen, becoming an orphan, he was placed in the counting room of Charles Willing, of Philadelphia, by whose care he became a finished merchant. On the death of his patron Mr. Morris in 1754 formed a mercantile partnership with Mr. Thomas Willing. When the tragedy of Lexington had aroused the fiercest indignation of the people, Mr. Morris took an active part in public affairs, and in November of that year he was elected to the general congress, where his financial talents rendered his services invaluable.

On the 18th July, 1776, he was again elected to congress. This was fourteen days after the adoption of the Declaration of Independence, but he signed it on the second of August following. As an in-

stance of his patriotism, it may be mentioned that at the gloomiest period of the revolution, he loaned upon his own responsibility ten thousand dollars. This money materially assisted Washington in collecting together and paying the gallant band, with which he crossed the Delaware, and won the glorious victory at Trenton. Had Morris withheld that ten thousand dollars, how different might have been the destiny of our country!

In 1781, Mr. Morris, in connection with others, established a bank at Philadelphia, for the purpose of issuing bills entitled to public confidence. The government bills having become worthless, the aid this scheme rendered to the cause was incalculable. During the same year Mr. Morris was appointed general financial agent of the United States, or secretary of the treasury, a service which no other man could have so well performed. The Bank of North America was put by him into successful operation, and it has been justly said that the campaign of 1781, which closed the revolutionary war, was sustained wholly by the credit of this individual merchant.

Having served in the convention that framed the Federal Constitution, and as a member of the first congress under its provisions, he was solicited by President Washington to become secretary of the treasury, but he declined. After serving a regular term in the United States senate, Mr. Morris retired from public life. He died on the 8th of May, 1806, in the 73d year of his age. He left a widow, with whom he had lived in conjugal happiness for nearly forty years. His wife was Miss Mary White, a sister of Bishop White, of Pennsylvania.



Lewis Morris

LEWIS Morris was born at Morrisania, Westchester county, New York, in 1726. Under the law of primogeniture which then prevailed, as the eldest son, he inherited his father's manorial estate. At the age of twenty he graduated with honor at Yale college, after which he returned to his estate. His strong intellect, prepossessing personal appearance, and great wealth, soon made him popular throughout the colony. Although at the commencement of the oppression of the mother country, he was not affected by it, yet sympathy for others induced him to risk all by uniting with the patriots of Massachusetts and Virginia.

In April, 1775, he was elected to the second general congress, and took his seat in the May following. During the summer of 1775, he was sent on a mission of pacification to the Indians on the western frontier. In 1776, being again elected to congress, he boldly advocated the proposition for

independence, and without faltering a moment signed the Declaration, for which he afterwards received the thanks of his state. Three of his sons served with distinction in the army, and received the thanks of congress.

Mr. Morris in 1777 retired from congress; but he was constantly employed in public services in his native state until the adoption of the constitution. On the restoration of peace he returned to his almost ruined estate. His house was almost destroyed, his farm wasted, his large forest despoiled, his cattle carried off, and his family driven into exile by the invading foe. Verily those were times to *try* the patriotism of men.

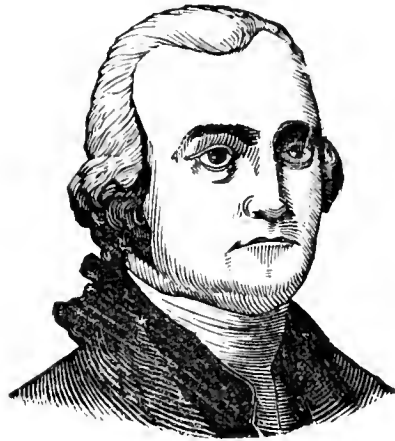
Honored by all who knew him, he died in January, 1798, in the seventy-second year of his age.

Mr. Morris was a man of great decision of character. How true it is, that vigor, energy, resolution, and firmness of purpose carry the day. All men who have done things well in life, have been remarkable for decision; and it will be acknowledged that in the race of life, more fail for want of vigor than from lack of talent. "Is there one whom difficulties dishearten, who bends to the storm? he will do little. Is there one who *will* conquer? that kind of man never fails.

*John Morton*

HE was born near Philadelphia in 1724, a short time after the death of his father. His mother, who was quite young, took a second husband, who became greatly attached to John, to whom he gave a good education.

Mr. Morton in 1764 was appointed justice of the peace. Soon afterwards he was elected to the general assembly of Pennsylvania, and for a number of years he was speaker of the house. In 1765 he was a delegate to the "stamp act congress," and on the following year was made sheriff of his county. He was afterwards elevated to the bench of the supreme court of the province. In 1774 he was appointed a delegate to the general congress, and reëlected during the two following years. His last election did not take place until some days after the adoption of the Declaration of Independence, but he had the privilege of signing it in August. He died in April, 1777, in the fifty-fourth year of his age.

*Th^o Nelson jr.*

YORKTOWN, Virginia, has the honor of being the birth-place of Mr. Nelson, who was born on the 26th of December, 1738. He was the eldest son, and in conformity with the fashion of those times, he received his education in England, from whence he returned in 1761. In 1774 he was elected to the house of burgesses of Virginia, where he took sides with the patriots. He was also a member of the first general convention of Virginia, in 1774, which elected delegates to the continental congress. In 1774 he was elected to the general congress, to which body he was reëlected in 1776, where he was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. On the appearance of a British fleet off the coast of Virginia, he was placed at the head of the militia of his state. He afterwards raised a volunteer corps and joined Washington at Philadelphia. In 1779 Mr. Nelson was again elected to congress. In May he once more resumed his services in the field, and collecting a large force proceeded to Yorktown, but

the fleet of the enemy returning to New York, he did not come in contact with the invaders. In 1781, General Nelson was elected governor of Virginia, when as both governor and commander-in-chief of the state militia, he placed himself at the head of a large force, and formed a junction with Lafayette, in order to check the progress of Cornwallis. Mainly with his own funds he kept his force together until the capture of Cornwallis at Yorktown. He was present at the siege of that place, and although he owned a fine mansion in the town, he did not hesitate to bombard it. After the battle of Yorktown he retired from public life. He died on the 4th of January, 1789, in the fifty-third year of his age.

What a moment must be that when the last flutter expires on our lips! What a change! Tell me, ye who are deepest read in nature and in God, to what new world are we born? What new being do we receive? Whither has that spark, that unseen, that incomprehensible intelligence fled? Look upon the cold, livid, ghastly corpse that lies before you! That was but a shell, a gross and earthly covering, which held the immortal essence that has now left us; left to range, perhaps through illimitable space; to receive new capacities of delight; new powers of conception; new glories of beatitude! Ten thousand fancies rush upon the mind as it contemplates the awful moment between life and death! It is a moment big with imaginations, hopes and fears; it is the consummation, that clears up all mystery—solves all doubts—which removes contradiction and destroys errors. Great God! what a flood of rapture may at once burst upon the departed soul. The unclouded brightness of the celestial region—the solemn secrets of nature may then be divulged; the immediate unity of the past, the present, and the future; strains of imaginable harmony, forms of imperishable beauty, may then suddenly disclose themselves, bursting upon the delighted senses, and bathing them in immeasurable bliss! The mind is lost in this excess of wondrous delight, and dares not turn from the heavenly vision to one so gloomy, so tremendous is the departure of the wicked! Human fancy shrinks back appalled!

*Wm Paca*

PROMINENT as a statesman and a jurist, Mr. Paca took his place among the worthies of the day, by the suffrages of his countrymen. He was the son of a wealthy planter of Virginia, and was born at Wye Hall, on the eastern shore of the state, in 1740. Having graduated at Philadelphia college, he studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1761. In 1762 he was elected to the provincial assembly of Maryland. He was a delegate from Maryland to the continental congress. Being reëlected in 1775, he continued a member of that body until 1778, when he was appointed chief-justice of the supreme court of his own state. He affixed his name to the Declaration of Independence in August, 1776. In 1782 he was elected governor of Maryland. After holding that office one year, he retired to private life. He died in 1799, in the sixtieth year of his age.



Robt Treat Paine

KNOWN universally by a long life actively devoted to the good of his fellow men, was born in Boston, Massachusetts, in 1731. His maternal grandfather was Governor Treat, of Connecticut. His father was a clergyman, and his mother a daughter of the Rev. Mr. Treat, of Barnstable county. In addition to this advantageous moral position, Robert had instruction in letters from the worthy Mr. Lowell, the tutor of John Adams and John Hancock. Having graduated at Harvard college, for some time he was engaged as a teacher. After a voyage to Europe he studied for the ministry, and in that calling he attended as chaplain the military expedition to the north in 1755. Subsequently he relinquished theology, and studying law with Chief-Justice Pratt, was admitted to the bar.

Removing to Taunton, he early espoused the popular cause. After serving in the provincial assembly, Mr. Paine was elected in 1774 to the provincial congress of Massachusetts. He, with two

others, was deputed by the general congress to visit the army of General Schuyler in the north, for the purpose of observation, which delicate commission was performed with entire satisfaction. Being returned a second time to the general congress, he voted for the Declaration of Independence, and was one of its signers. He died in 1814, aged eighty-four years.

Mr. Paine was a very abstemious man, requiring no stimulant but that of a warm heart. "It is interesting to notice the different articles which have been taken by eminent men as stimulants to the mental faculties. It is interesting as showing how diametrically opposite means may produce the same effect in various systems; and it is interesting as showing how much the mind sympathizes with the body. HALLER drank plenty of cold water when he wished for great activity of the brain; Fox, for the same purpose, used brandy. The stimulants of NEWTON and HOBBS were the fumes of tobacco; those of POPE and FONTENELLE strong coffee. Dr. JOHNSON, at one period of his life, was a great wine drinker; but in the latter part of it found tea a good substitute. Don Juan is said to have been written under the influence of gin and water; and it is reported that Lord BROUGHAM plies himself hard with port when he wishes to shine. PITT was a great drinker of wine; SHERIDAN, also, was fond of his bottle. Dr. Paris tells us, that when Dr. DUNNING wished to make an extraordinary display of eloquence, he always put a blister on his chest a few hours before he was to speak, in order that it might irritate the brain by sympathy during his speech."



John Penn

PENN was born in Carolina county, Virginia, May 17, 1741. When about eighteen years of age, his father died and left him a large estate. At the age of twenty-one he was admitted to the bar. In 1774 he removed to North Carolina, where in 1775 he was elected to the continental congress. He discharged his duties in that body for three successive years, and eagerly signed the Declaration of Independence. After holding important trusts from the government of North Carolina, he died full of honors in September 1788, in the forty-seventh year of his age.



Geo. Read

READ was a native of Cecil county, Maryland, where he was born in 1734. He was the eldest of six brothers. His grandfather emigrated to this country from Dublin, Ireland, in 1726.

At the age of seventeen George commenced the study of law at Philadelphia, and at the age of nineteen was admitted to the bar. He commenced practice at New Castle, Delaware. At twenty-nine he was appointed attorney-general for the lower counties of Delaware, which office he held until his election to the continental congress in 1774. He also served in the general assembly of Delaware for eleven consecutive years. Elected to the general congress, he was an earnest advocate of the Declaration of Independence, and rejoiced when he was permitted to place his name upon the parchment. After holding numerous other offices of trust and honor, he died in 1798, in the sixty-fourth year of his age.



Caesar Rodney —

WAS born at Dover, Delaware, in 1730. On the death of his father he inherited the paternal estate. In 1765 when the “stamp act congress” met in New York, he was elected a delegate thereto by a numerous vote. In 1769 he was speaker of the Delaware provincial assembly, where he continued until 1774. In that year he took his seat in the general congress. He was one of the committee which drew up the declaration of rights. In addition to his congressional duties, he acted as brigadier-general of his province. In 1776 he enjoyed the high privilege of signing the Declaration of Independence. After performing several important military duties, General Rodney joined the main army of Washington when Lord Howe had landed at the mouth of the Elk river. Soon after this event Rodney was chosen president of the state, the arduous duties of which office he performed for about four years. He died in 1783 in the fifty-third year of his age.



Geo Ross

BORN at Newcastle, Delaware, in 1730, received from his father, who was a worthy minister of the Episcopal church, a liberal education. Having studied law with his brother, he was admitted to the bar at the age of twenty-one, and fixed his residence at Lancaster, where he married a Miss Lawler. In 1768, he was elected to the Pennsylvania assembly, in which body he served several successive years. Heartily espousing the cause of the patriots, he was one of the seven delegates representing Pennsylvania in the convention for calling a general congress. He served in congress from 1774 to 1777, during which time he was also regularly elected to the assembly. He signed the Declaration of Independence on the 2d of August, 1776. After acting as a successful mediator in difficulties with the Indians, he was in 1799, appointed admiralty judge for Pennsylvania, but in July the year following, he entered upon his immortal existence, in the fiftieth year of his age.



Benjamin Rush

AN eminent statesman, physician and writer, was born at Berberry, Pennsylvania, Dec. 24, 1745. His grandfather was an officer in Cromwell's army, and who after the death of the latter, emigrated to America.

When Benjamin was six years of age, he lost his father. His mother for the purpose of giving her sons a liberal education, sold her land and removed to Philadelphia.

After completing his preparatory studies, Benjamin graduated at Princeton College at the age of sixteen. He then studied medicine under the celebrated Dr. Rodman of Philadelphia. In 1766, with a view to professional improvement, he visited England. In 1768 he went to Paris. In the autumn of that year he returned to America, with an increased stock of knowledge, and bearing the title of doctor of medicine, which had been conferred upon him at Edinburgh.

Commencing practice in Philadelphia, he soon

became universally popular, and after the war, students not only from all parts of the United States but from Europe flocked to Philadelphia to hear his lectures.

In 1775 he was elected to the general congress, but declined. But when in 1776, some of the Pennsylvania delegates refused to vote for independence, the doctor, being elected, accepted and signed the Declaration on the second of August following.

In 1777 he was appointed physician general of the military hospitals. In the following year he was appointed president of the mint, which office he held fourteen years. Although eminent as a statesman, yet it is as a physician that he is more intimately known. He was professor of chemistry in the Medical college of Philadelphia; professor of the theory and practice of medicine and also of chemical science in the Medical college of Pennsylvania. These he held during life. His active and benevolent mind left its impress upon several public institutions. He formed the Philadelphia dispensary in 1786, and was one of the principal founders of Dickerson college at Carlisle, Penn. He also held numerous offices in literary and scientific institutions both abroad and at home. He was a firm and inflexible patriot, a skillful and honorable professional man, a profound thinker and writer, and a zealous Christian. He died April 17, 1813, in the sixty-eighth year of his age.

A skillful, and judicious, pious physician is capable of exerting an extensive and most salutary influence in any community in which he is located. He can do more to stay the ravages of intemperance than almost any other man, because he can exhibit in a clearer light the deleterious influence of the inebriating cup upon the health, the happiness, and the lives of those who partake of its poison. He can be an angel of mercy to families, who are suffering the pain of sickness or bereavement.

He can, by timely warning, guard against the approach of disease, and preserve valuable lives. He can, by his example, show how much prudent living contributes to happiness and length of days. He has opportunities of commending the gospel in its renovating, comforting and sustaining power, which few possess. He is admitted to the chamber of sickness when others are excluded; he stands by the bed side of the dying when the spirit is taking its everlasting flight. He sees men in circumstances when pride and passion lose their sway; when thoughts of God and eternity are pressed upon their minds; when their refuges of lies are torn away, and when they feel the need of the promises and the consolations of religion. At such seasons how much may a pious physician accomplish for the spiritual welfare of his fellow men! How appropriately can he direct the mind of his suffering patient to the great Physician of the soul!

But an irreligious, skeptical, passionate, ungodly physician is an awful curse upon any community. He mingles in scenes of sadness and sorrow, but has not one ray of spiritual comfort to impart to those who are bowed down by the weight of their afflictions. He sees his patient sinking and dying, but is not able to point them to that better and brighter world,

“Where faith lifts up the tearless eye,”

and a final and glorious emancipation is gained from sin and sadness and death. Physicians of this class make strong objections to the presentation of the claims of the gospel to the minds of their patients. They urge the necessity of keeping them aloof from all excitement, and insist that their minds must not be disturbed by any alarming representations of the future; by this means, many distressed sinners have been left to die, without the efficacious remedy which the gospel furnished for their exigencies. It is a false view, utterly false, that a kind and appropriate exhibition of religious truth and the plan of salvation has an injurious influence upon those who are prostrated by disease. Their recovery is not jeopardized by fidelity to their souls. Not unfrequently, it is essentially aided, by relieving their minds of the distressing apprehensions which are forced upon them.



Edward Rutledge L

NOT a few of the patriots of the revolution were of Irish descent, as was this individual. He was born at Charleston, South Carolina, in November, 1749. After completing his legal studies at the Inner Temple, London, he returned in 1772, and was admitted to the bar. At the age of twenty-five he was elected to the first general congress. He was reëlected in 1775, and 1776, and notwithstanding there were large numbers of people in his state opposed to it, he fearlessly voted for and signed the Declaration of Independence. Some years afterwards he was placed at the head of a corps of artillery, and in 1780, while Charleston was invested by the enemy, he was active in affording succor to General Lincoln, at that time within the besieged city. But while attempting to throw troops into the city, he was taken prisoner and sent captive to St. Augustine, Florida. At the expiration of a year he was exchanged and set at liberty. After the evacuation of Charleston in 1781, Mr. Rutledge retired and resumed the prac-

tice of his profession, and for a great portion of the following seventeen years was engaged in the state legislature. In that body he uniformly opposed every proposition for extending slavery. In 1794 he was elected to the United States senate, and in 1798 he was governor of his native state. He died January 23, 1800, in the sixtieth year of his age.

Eighty years ago, slavery existed in Massachusetts; and was there practised, by some, as cruelly as now on the worst sugar plantations of Louisiana. Mrs. Child, in her *History of Woman*, says: "A wealthy lady residing in Gloucester, Mass., was in the habit of giving away the infants of her female slaves, a few days after they were born, as people are accustomed to dispose of a litter of kittens. One of her neighbors begged an infant, which in those days of comparative simplicity, she nourished with her own milk, and reared among her own children. This woman had an earnest desire for a brocade gown, and her husband not feeling able to purchase one, she sent her little nursling to Virginia, and sold her, when she was about seven years old."



Roger Sherman

UNSURPASSED in sterling patriotism, this remarkable man was a native of Newton, Massachusetts. He was born April 19, 1721. Two years afterward, the family removed to Stonington, in the same state, where the father of Roger died in 1741. Being then only nineteen years of age, Roger had the whole care and support of a large family devolving upon him. He had served an apprenticeship to a shoemaker, but he now took charge of the small farm left by his father. At the end of three years the farm was sold and they moved to New Milford, Connecticut, where a married elder brother resided. This journey Roger performed on foot, carrying his shoemaker's tools upon his back, and for a considerable period he worked industriously at his trade there.

Having enjoyed scarcely any advantages of education, he supplied the deficiency by acquiring a large stock of knowledge from books, which he studied during his apprenticeship. Having formed

a partnership in the mercantile business with his brother, at New Milford, he studied law during his leisure hours, and he attained such proficiency, that in December, 1754, he was admitted to the bar.

In 1755 he was elected a representative to the general assembly of Connecticut. He was subsequently appointed county judge for Litchfield county. In 1761 he moved to New Haven, where he received the honorary degree of A. M., from Yale college, of which institution he was treasurer. The next year he was elected to the senate of the Connecticut legislature; and during the excitement relative to the stamp act, Roger fearlessly took part with the patriots. In 1774 he was elected a delegate to the continental congress, and was appointed one of the committee to draft the Declaration of Independence, which document, after its adoption by congress, he signed with a hearty good will.

His first wife was Elizabeth Hartwell, of Stoughton, and his second, Rebecca Prescott, of Danvers. He had seven children by his first wife, and eight by his last. He died July 23, 1793, in the seventy-third year of his age.

It is probable that Rebecca Prescott was a descendant of the Mr. Prescott mentioned in the following interesting letter, written in 1715, by the Rev. Lawrence Conant, giving an account of the ordination of the first minister ever settled over the old south parish in Danvers. The letter is a curious relic of the olden time.

“Ye governor was in ye house, and her majesty’s commissioners of ye customs, and they set together in a high seat, by ye pulpit stairs. Ye governor appears very devout and attentive, although he favors episcopacy, and tolerates ye quakers and baptists, but is a strong opposer of ye papists. He was dressed in a black velvet coat, bordered with gold lace, and buff breeches, with gold buckles at ye knees, and white silk stockings. There was a disturbance in ye galleries, where it was filled with divers negroes, mulattoes and Indians, and a negro called Pomp Shorter, belonging to Mr. Gardner, was called forth and put in ye broad aisle, where he was reprov’d with great carefulness and solemnity. He was then put in ye deacons’ seat, between two deacons, in view of ye whole congregation; but ye sexton was ordered by Mr. Prescott to take

him out, because of his levity and strange contortion of countenance, (giving scandal to ye grave deacons) and put him in ye lobby under ye stairs; some children and a mulatto woman were reprimanded for laughing at Pomp Shorter. While ye services at ye house were ended, ye council and other dignitaries were entertained at ye house of Mr. Epes, on ye hill near by, and we had a bountiful table, with bear's meat and venison, ye last of which was a fine buck shot in ye woods near by. Ye bear was killed in Lynn woods, near Reading. After ye blessing was craved by Mr. Garrish of Wrentham, word came that ye buck was shot on ye Lord's day, by Pequot, an Indian, who came to Mr. Epes with a lie in his mouth, like Ananias of old; ye council thereupon refused to eat ye venison, but it was afterwards agreed that Pequot should receive forty stripes save one, for lying and profaning ye Lord's day, and restore to Mr. Epes ye cost of ye deer; and, considering this a just and righteous sentence on ye sinful heathen, and that a blessing had been craved on ye meat, ye council all partook of it but Mr. Shepard, whose conscience was tender on ye point of venison."

ROGER MINOT SHERMAN,

A nephew of Roger Sherman, died at Fairfield, Connecticut, in December, 1844, in the 72d year of his age. He entered Yale college in the year 1789, at which institution he graduated in 1792, with distinguished reputation as a scholar. Among his classmates were Judge Chapman, Judge Law, of Meredith, N. Y., C. Chauncey Esq., S. Lathrop Esq., and Mr. Eli Whitney. After leaving college, he taught school for a while in New Haven, while he was studying law.

He afterwards became a tutor in Yale college, and Dr. Beecher, Thomas Day Esq., George Griffin Esq., Dr. Murdock, and S. P. Staples Esq., were among his pupils. He first settled as a lawyer in Norwalk, and immediately took a high rank at the bar. He afterwards removed to Fairfield, where he ended his days.

Mr. Sherman sustained many honorable offices in the state. He was an assistant under the old constitution, and a member of the famous Hartford convention. Occasionally he was a member of the house of representatives, and for several years judge of the superior court. It might be added, that while a tutor in Yale college he made a profession of religion, and was for many years a deacon in the church at Fairfield.

Some years ago Roger M. Sherman, and Perry Smith, of Rhode Island, were opposed to each other as advocates in an important case before a court of justice. Smith opened with a violent and foolish tirade against Sherman's political character. Sherman rose very composedly and remarked: "I shall not discuss politics with Mr. Smith before this court, but I am perfectly willing to argue questions of law, chop logic, or even to split hairs with him." "Split that then," said Smith, at the same time pulling a short, rough looking hair from his head, and handing it over to Sherman. "May it please the honorable court," retorted Sherman, as quick as lightning, "I didn't say bristles."



Ja^s Smith

MR. Smith was a native of Ireland, and was brought by his father to America when quite young. He was born about the year 1720. His father, who with a large family of children settled on the Susquehanna river, died there in 1761. James was taught Greek, Latin and surveying. He afterwards studied law, and on being admitted to the bar, he removed west, where he practised law and surveying. He married Miss Eleanor Amor, of Newcastle, Delaware, and became a permanent resident of York, where he stood at the head of the bar until the storm of the revolution burst forth. He spoke out fearlessly against British oppression, and when the Pennsylvania delegates who refused to vote for independence, withdrew from congress, he with Clymer and Rush was substituted, and signed the Declaration on the 2d of August. After the disasters of Brandywine and Germantown, he again entered congress. But when the rainbow appeared in the dark cloud at the battle of Monmouth, he retired and resumed his professional business. He died on the 11th of July, 1806, aged ninety years.



Rich Stockton

IN or about the year 1666, the great-grandfather of this patriot came from England and settled upon Long Island. He afterwards purchased a large tract of land at Princeton, New Jersey, where with a few others he commenced a settlement. Richard was born upon the Stockton manor, October 1st, 1730. Having graduated at New Jersey college in 1748, he studied law with the Hon. David Ogden, of Newark. Being admitted to the bar in 1754, he rapidly rose to distinction.

In 1766 Mr. Stockton visited England. On his return in 1767 he was escorted to his residence by the people, which shows how greatly he was beloved. After holding other offices, he was elected to the general congress in 1776, and took his seat in time to participate in the dispute upon the proposition for independence. Although at first doubtful of the expediency of an immediate declaration, after hearing the arguments in its favor, he cheer-

fully signed that glorious document. Declining other honors, he was reëlected to congress, of which he was an active and influential member.

Soon after his return from a delicate mission to visit the northern army under General Schuyler, he was taken prisoner by the British, who treated him with great severity. He was subsequently exchanged, but his life fell a sacrifice to the ill-usage he had received. He died February 28, 1781, in the fifty-first year of his age. He was first placed in the common jail at Amboy, and afterwards removed to the old prison house in New York city.

The following reminiscences of the old Sugar House Prison, which formerly stood in Liberty street, is from the pen of Grant Thorburn.

When ages shall have mingled with those which have gone before the flood, the spot on which stood this prison will be sought for with more than antiquarian interest. It was founded in 1689, and occupied as a sugar refining manufactory till 1776, when Lord Howe converted it into a place of confinement for the American prisoners.

It was a dark stone building, grown gray and rusty with age, with small, deep, windows, exhibiting a dungeon-like aspect, and transporting the memory to scenes of former days, when the revolution poured its desolating waves over the fairest portion of our country. It was five stories high; and each story was divided into two dreary apartments, with ceilings so low, and the light from the windows so dim, that a stranger would take the place for a jail. On the stones in the walls, and on many of the bricks under the office windows, were still to be seen initials and ancient dates, as if done with a penknife or nail; this was the work of many of the American prisoners, who adopted this, among other means, to while away their weeks and years of long monotonous confinement. There is a strong jail-like door opening on Liberty street, and another on the southeast, descending into a dismal cellar, scarcely allowing the mid-day sun to peep through its window-gratings. When I first saw this building—some fifty years ago—there was a walk, nearly broad enough for a cart to travel round it; but, of late years, a wing has been added to the northwest end, which shuts up this walk, where, for many long days and nights, two British or Hessian soldiers walked their weary rounds, guarding the American prisoners. For thirty years after I settled in Liberty street this house was often visited by one and another of those warworn veterans—men of whom the present political worldlings are not worthy. I often heard them repeat the story of their sufferings and sorrows, but always with grateful acknowledgments to Him who guides the destinies of men as well as of nations.

One morning, when returning from the old Fly market at the foot of Maiden lane, I noticed two of those old soldiers in the Sugar House yard; they had only three legs between them—one having a wooden leg. I stopped a moment to listen to their conversation, and as they were slowly moving from the yard, said I to them—

"Gentlemen, do either of you remember this building?"

"Aye, indeed; I shall never forget it," replied he of the one leg. "For twelve months that dark hole," pointing to the cellar, "was my only home. And at that door I saw the corpse of my brother thrown into the dead cart among a heap of others who had died in the night previous of the jail fever. While the fever was raging, we were let out in companies of twenty, for half an hour at a time, to breathe the fresh air; and inside we were so crowded that we divided our number into squads of six each. Number one stood ten minutes as close to the window as they could crowd to catch the cool air, and then stepped back, when number two took their places; and so on. Seats we had none; and our beds were but straw on the floor, with vermin intermixed. And there," continued he, pointing with his cane to a brick in the wall, "is my kill-time work—'A. V. S. 1777,' viz. Abraham Van Sickler—which I scratched with an old nail. When peace came, some learned the fate of their fathers and brothers from such initials."

My house being near by, I asked them to step in and take a bite. In answer to my inquiry as to how he lost his leg, he related the following circumstance:

"In 1777," said he, "I was quartered at Belleville, N. J., with a part of the army under Colonel Cortlandt. General Howe had possession of New York at the same time, and we every moment expected an attack from Henry Clinton. Delay made us less vigilant, and we were surprised, defeated, and many slain and made prisoners. We marched from Newark, crossing the Passaic and Hackensack rivers in boats. The road through the swamp was a corduroy, that is, pine trees laid side by side.

"We were confined," he continued, "in this Sugar House, with hundreds who had entered before us. At that time the Brick Meeting House, the North Dutch Church, the Protestant Church in Pine street, were used as jails for the prisoners; while the Scotch Presbyterian Church in Cedar street, now a house of merchandise, was occupied as an hospital for the Hessian soldiers, and the Middle Dutch Church for a riding school for their cavalry. I well remember it was on a sabbath morning—as if in contempt of Him whose house they were desecrating—that they first commenced their riding operations in said church. On that same day a vessel from England arrived, laden with powder, ball, and other munitions of war. She dropped anchor in the East river; opposite the foot of Maiden lane. The weather was warm, and a thunder storm came on in the afternoon. The ship was struck by a thunder bolt from Heaven. Not a vestige of the crew, stores, or equipment was ever seen after that. The good whigs and Americans, all over the country, said that the God of battle had pointed that thunder bolt.

"We were crowded to excess," continued the old veteran; "our provisions bad, scanty and unwholesome, and the fever raged like a pestilence. For many weeks the dead cart visited us every morning, into which from eight to twelve corpses were thrown, piled up like sticks of wood, with the same clothes they had worn for months, and in which they had died, and often before the body was cold. Thus, every day expecting death, I made up my mind to escape, or die in the attempt. The yard was surrounded by a close board-fence nine feet high. I informed my friend here of my intention, and he readily agreed to follow my plan. The day previous, we placed an old barrel, which stood in the yard, against the fence, as if by accident. Seeing the barrel was not removed the next day, we resolved to make the

attempt that afternoon. The fence we intended to scale was on the side of the yard nearest to the East river; and our intentions were, if we succeeded in getting over, to make for the river, seize the first boat we could find, and push for Long island.

"Two sentries walked around the building day and night, always meeting and passing each other at the ends of the prison. They were only about one minute out of sight, and during this minute we mounted the barrel and cleared the fence. I dropped upon a stone and broke my leg, so that I lay still at the bottom of the fence outside. We were missed immediately, and pursued. They stopped a moment to examine my leg, and this saved my friend; for by the time they reached the water's edge at the foot of Maiden lane, he was stepping on shore at Brooklyn, and thus got clear. I was carried into my old quarters, and rather thrown than laid on the floor, under a shower of curses.

"Twenty-four hours elapsed ere I saw the doctor. My leg by this time had become so much swollen that it could not be set. Mortification immediately commenced, and amputation soon followed. Thus, being disabled from serving either friend or foe, I was liberated, through the influence of a distant relative, a royalist. And now I live as I can, on my pension, and with the help of my friends."

In 1812, Judge Schuyler, of Belleville, showed me a musket ball which then lay imbedded in one of his inside window shutters, which was lodged there on that fatal night, thirty-five years previous.

Among the many who visited this prison forty years ago, I one day observed a tall, thin, but respectable looking gentleman, on whose head was a cocked-hat—an article not entirely discarded in those days—and a few dozen snow-white hairs gathered behind and tied with a black ribband. On his arm hung—not a badge, or a cane, nor a dagger; but a handsome young lady, who I learned from him was his daughter, whom he had brought two hundred miles to view the place of her father's sufferings. He walked erect, and had about him something of a military air. Being strangers, I asked them in; and before we parted I heard

THE HISTORY OF THE PRISONER.

"When the Americans," he began, "had possession of Fort Washington, on the North river—it being the only post they held at that time on York island—I belonged to a company of light infantry stationed there on duty. The American army having retreated from New York, Sir William Howe determined to reduce that garrison to the subjection of the British, if possible. Our detachment at that time was short of provisions, and as General Washington was at Fort Lee, it was a difficult matter to supply ourselves from the distance without the hazard of interception from the enemy. There lived on the turnpike, within a mile of our post, a Mr. J. B. This man kept a store well supplied with provisions and groceries, and contrived to keep himself neutral, selling to both parties; but he was strongly suspected of favoring the British, by giving them information, &c. Some of our officers resolved to satisfy themselves; and if they found their suspicions just, they thought it would be no harm to make a prize of his stores, especially as the troops were much in need of them. From prisoners, and clothes stripped from the slain, we had always a supply of British uniforms for officers and privates. Accordingly three of our officers put on the red coats and walked to friend B's, where they soon found that the color of their uniforms was a passport to his best affections and to his best wines. As the glass went round, his loyal ideas began to shoot forth in royal toasts and sentiments. Our officers being now sure of their man, I was one

of a party who went with wagons and every thing necessary to ease him of his stores.

"On the following evening, that matters might pass quietly, we put on the British uniforms. Arriving at the house, we informed Mr. B. that the army were in want of all his store, but we had no time to make an inventory, being afraid we might be intercepted by the Americans; but he must make out his bill from memory, carry it to the commissary at New York, and get his pay. The landlord looked rather serious at this wholesale mode of doing business, but, as the wagons were loading up, he found remonstrance would be in vain. In less than an hour his whole stock of eatables and drinkables was on the road to Fort Washington. By the direction we took, he suspected the trick, and alarmed the out-posts of the British army. In fifteen minutes we heard the sound of their horses' hoofs thundering along behind us; but they were too late, and we got in safe. He got his revenge, however; for in three days thereafter our fortress was stormed by General Knipphausen on the north, General Matthews and Lord Cornwallis on the east, and Lords Percy and Sterling on the south. So fierce and successful was the attack, that twenty-seven hundred of us were taken prisoners, and numbers of them, with myself, marched to New York, and lodged in the Crown street [now Liberty street] Sugar House.

"It is impossible," he continued, "to describe the horrors of that prison. It was like a healthy man being tied to a putrid carcass. I made several attempts to escape, but always failed, and at last began to yield to despair. I caught the jail-fever, and was nigh unto death. At this time I became acquainted with a young man among the prisoners, the wretchedness of whose lot tended by comparison to alleviate my own. He was brave, intelligent and kind. Many a long and weary night he sat by the side of my bed of straw, consoling my sorrows and beguiling the dreary hours with his interesting history. He was the only child of his wealthy and doting parents, and had received a liberal education; but despite of their cries and tears he ran to the help of his country against the mighty. He had never heard from his parents since the day he left their roof. They lay near to his heart, but there was *one* whose image was graven there as with the point of a diamond. He too, had the fever in his turn; and I then, as much as in me lay, paid back to him my debt of gratitude. 'My friend,' he would say to me, 'if you survive this deadly hole, promise me you will go to the town of H—. Tell my parents, and *Eliza*, I perished here a captive, breathing the most fervent prayers for their happiness.' I tried to cheer him by hope, feeble as it was. 'Tell me not,' he would add, 'of the hopes of reunion; there is only one world where the ties of affection will never break; and there, through the merits of Him who was taken from prison into judgment, for our sins, I hope to meet them.'

"This crisis over, he began to revive, and in a few days was able to walk, by leaning on my arm. We were standing by one of the narrow windows, inhaling the fresh air, on a certain day, when we espied a young woman trying to gain admittance. After parleying for some time, and placing something in the hand of the sentinel, she was permitted to enter this dreary abode. She was like an angel among the dead. After gazing eagerly around for a moment, she flew to the arms of her recognized lover, pale and altered as he was. It was *Eliza*. The scene was affecting in the extreme. And while they wept, clasped in each other's arms, the prisoners within, and even the iron-hearted Hessian at the door, caught the infection. She told him she received his letter, and informed his parents of its contents; but not knowing how to return an

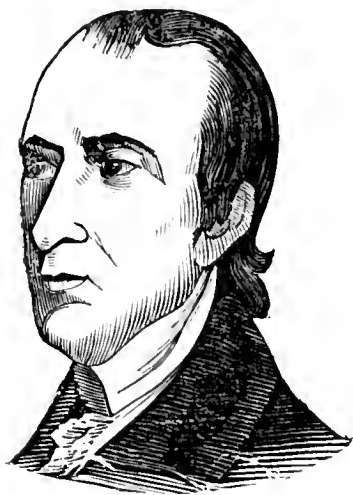
answer with safety, she had travelled through perils by land and water to see her Henry.

"This same Hessian sentinel had served us our rations for months past, and from long intimacy with the prisoners was almost considered a friend. Eliza, who made her home with a relative in the city, was daily admitted, by the management of this kind-hearted man; and the small nourishing *notions* she brought in her pockets, together with the light of her countenance, which caused his to brighten whenever she appeared, wrought a cure as if by miracle. His parents arrived, but were not admitted inside. In a few days thereafter, however, by the help of an ounce or two of gold and the good feelings of our Hessian friend, a plan was concerted for meeting them. His turn of duty was from twelve till two o'clock that night. The signal, which was to lock and unlock a certain door twice, being given, Henry and myself slipped out, and crept on our hands and knees along the back wall of the Middle Dutch Church, meeting the parents and Eliza by the Scotch Church in Cedar street. As quick as thought, we were on board a boat, with two men and four oars, on the North river. Henry pulled for love, I for life, and the men for a purse; so that in thirty minutes after leaving the Sugar House we stood on Jersey shore.

"In less than a month Eliza was rewarded for all her trials with the heart and hand of Henry. They now live not far from Elizabethtown, comfortable and happy, with a flock of olive plants around their table. I spent a day and night at their house last week, recounting our past sorrows and present joys."

Thus the old man concluded; simply adding that he himself now enjoyed a full share of earthly blessings, with a grateful heart to the Giver of all good.

Such is the unutterable love of woman! and yet how many are there who trifle with it as a thing of little value. How beautifully is it set forth by a modern writer; he says, "If there is any act which deserves deep and bitter condemnation, it is that of trifling with the inestimable gift of woman's affection. The female heart may be compared to a delicate harp, over which the breathings of earlier affections wander, until each tender chord is awakened to tones of ineffable sweetness. It is the music of the soul which is thus called forth—a music sweeter than the fall of fountains of the Houri in the Moslem's paradise. But woe for the delicate fashioning of that harp, if a change pass over the love which first called forth its hidden harmonies. Let neglect and cold unkindness sweep over its delicate strings, and they break one after another—slowly perhaps, but surely. Unvisited and unrequited by the light of love, the soul-like melody will be hushed in the stricken bosom—like the mysterious harmony of nature, before the coming of the sunrise. I have been wandering among the graves. I love at all times to do so. I feel a melancholy not unallied to pleasure in communicating with the resting place of those who have gone before me—to go forth among the thronged tombstones; rising from every grassy undulation like ghostly sentinels of the departed. And when I kneel above the narrow mansion of one whom I have known and loved in life, I feel a strange assurance that the spirit of a sleeper is near me—a viewless and ministering angel. It is a beautiful philosophy, which has found its way unsought for and mysteriously into the silence of my heart; and if it be only a dream—the unreal image of fancy—I pray God that I may never wake from the beautiful illusion."



Thos Stone

ENSHRINED in the memory of posterity is the memory of Thomas Stone. He was born at the Pointon manor, Maryland, in 1743, and at the age of twenty-one commenced the practice of law. Having taken an active part in the movements preliminary to the calling of the first continental congress, in 1774, Maryland sent him a delegate thereto. In 1775 he was again elected, and in 1776 he voted for and signed the Declaration of Independence. He retired from congress in 1778, and entered the legislature of his own state. In 1783 he was again elected to congress, and in 1784 he was appointed president of congress *pro tempore*. He died at Port Tobacco October 5th, 1787, in the fifty-fifth year of his age. His manners were unobtrusive, and his good sense and untiring industry made him a valuable member of community.

*Geo Taylor*

FEW men have displayed greater moral courage than George Taylor. He was the son of a clergyman. He was born in Ireland in 1716, and came to America in 1736. He was a good scholar, but being poor, for some time after his arrival he performed menial services for a living. He then became a clerk in the iron establishment of Mr. Savage at Durham, in Pennsylvania. On the death of his employer he married the widow, by which he came into the possession of considerable property and a thriving business. After acquiring a handsome fortune, he established iron works on the Lehigh, Northumberland county. In 1764 he was elected to the colonial assembly, where he soon became a prominent actor. He was a member of the provincial assembly for five consecutive years. In 1775 he was elected to the provincial congress, and as a member of the general congress, signed the Declaration of Independence on the second of August, 1776. He died, much esteemed, on the 23d of February, 1781, aged sixty-five years.



Matthew Thornton

VALIENT in the cause of the oppressed, the name of Matthew Thornton stands out in bold relief among the great men of his day. He was a native of Ireland. He was born in 1714, and came with his father to America when about three years of age. After spending some years at Wiscasset, Maine, they removed to Worcester, Massachusetts, where the son received an academical education. He subsequently became a physician, and commenced practice at Londonderry, New Hampshire, where in a short time he became wealthy.

In 1745, as surgeon, he accompanied the New Hampshire troops in the expedition against Louisbourg, a strong French fortress at Cape Breton. On his return Governor Wentworth appointed him colonel of militia; but early espousing the cause of the colonists, he soon lost the favor of that dignitary. On the abdication of Governor Wentworth, Dr. Thornton was elected president; and on the

organization of the provincial congress he was chosen speaker of the house. In September 1776 he was elected a delegate to the continental congress, and took his seat in November, when he was permitted to append his name to the Declaration of Independence. Having served an additional term in congress, he withdrew from public life, with the exception of acting as judge of the supreme court of his state. This office he also resigned in 1782.

In 1789 he purchased a farm in Exeter, where as a practical agriculturist he spent many years. In his eighty-ninth year, on the 24th of June, while on a visit to his daughter, at Newburyport, he entered upon his immortal existence. The great secret of his long life was temperance and cheerfulness.

On the 31st of March, 1774, the British parliament passed an act for the punishment of the people of Boston for the destruction of tea in the harbor, on the 16th of December previous. It provided for the virtual and actual closing of the port. All importations and exportations were forbidden, and vessels were prohibited from entering or leaving that port. The customs, courts of justice, and all government offices were removed to Salem; and on the arrival of Gov. Gage, a few days before the 1st of June, (the time the act was to take effect,) he called a meeting of the general assembly of Massachusetts, at Salem. Thus all business was suddenly crushed in Boston, and the inhabitants were reduced to great misery, overawed as they were by large bodies of armed troops. The other colonies deeply sympathized with them, and lent them generous aid. And, strange as it may appear, the city of London subscribed one hundred and fifty thousand dollars for the poor of Boston !



Geo Walton.

HIS distinguished man was born in Frederick county, Virginia, in 1740, and was of humble parentage. At the age of fourteen he was apprenticed to a carpenter. He was imbued with an ardent thirst for knowledge, but his master, an ignorant man, considering George an idle boy, would not allow him to study by day, nor lights to read by night. But where there is a will, there is generally a way, and the youth procured torch lights, by which he spent his evenings in study. Thus in spite of every obstacle he terminated his apprenticeship with a well-stored mind. He then moved to Georgia, where he became a tolerable lawyer. In 1776, the assembly of Georgia declaring for the patriotic cause, Mr. Walton was appointed one of the five delegates to the continental congress. He was a warm advocate of the proposition of independence, and voted for and signed the Declaration. On his retirement from congress in 1778, he was appointed colonel of a re-

giment in his state, and was with General Robert Howe, of the American army, at Savannah, when Colonel Campbell besieged it. He was there seriously wounded in the thigh, and fell from his horse. He was taken prisoner, but afterwards exchanged. In October 1779, he was appointed governor of the state of Georgia. In 1780 he was elected to congress for two years, after which he was again elected governor of his state. He was subsequently appointed by the legislature chief-justice of the state, which office he retained until his death. In 1798 he was elected to the senate of the United States. He died at Augusta, Georgia, February 2, 1804, in the sixty-fourth year of his age.

What a lesson does the life of this excellent man afford to the young men of our country. It shows that there is nothing but what is physically or morally impossible, that can not be accomplished by perseverance. Who can measure the value of education! With truth has it been said that if the time shall ever come when this mighty republic shall totter, when the beacon which now rises in a pillar of fire, a sign and wonder of the world, shall wax dim, the cause will be found in the ignorance of the people. If our union is still to continue to cheer the hopes and animate the efforts of the oppressed of every nation: if our fields are to be untrod by the hirelings of despotism; if long days of blessedness are to attend our country in her career of glory; if you would have the sun continue to shed its unclouded rays upon the face of freemen, educate all the children in the land. This alone startles the tyrant in his dream of power, and rouses the energies of an oppressed people. It was intelligence that reared the majestic columns of our national glory; and this alone can prevent them from crumbling into ashes.



Wm Whipple

WAS a native of Kittery in New Hampshire in 1730. Having received a common-school education, when quite young he went to sea, which occupation he followed for several years. In 1759 he with his brother entered into the mercantile business at Portsmouth, New Hampshire. Having early espoused the cause of the colonies, he soon became a leader among the opposers of British tyranny. After serving as one of the committee of safety in the provincial congress, in 1776 he was elected to the continental congress, where in July of that year he voted for the Declaration of Independence.

Retiring from congress in 1777, he was appointed a brigadier-general of the New Hampshire militia. He was under Gates at the capture of Burgoyne, and was one of the officers who conducted the British prisoners to Cambridge. After participating in the expedition against the British in Rhode Island, General Whipple, with his brigade, returned to New Hampshire. In addition to several other offices of honor, in 1782 he was appointed a judge

of the supreme court of New Hampshire. Soon afterwards, while summing up the arguments of counsel, he was suddenly attacked with a violent palpitation of the heart, which on the 28th of November, 1785, while holding court, proved fatal. A post-mortem examination, in pursuance of his request, discovered that his heart had become ossified, or bony.

Art is long and life is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still like muffled drums are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

SENSIBILITY OF THE HEART.—The heart was not the sensible organ which they would suppose it to be, endowed as it was with excessive irritability.

The celebrated Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, had an opportunity in his life-time of putting this question to the test. A young nobleman of the name of Montgomery, met with an accident by which there were torn away, or subsequently came away considerable portions of the ribs and parts covering the left side of the chest. This individual miraculously recovered, but with a permanent opening in the thorax, exposing the left lung and the heart.

On the case being made known to Charles I., he requested that Harvey might have an opportunity of examining this extraordinary case. Harvey called upon the young nobleman, and stated what his majesty's pleasure was; and the young nobleman immediately consenting, took off his clothes and exposed a large opening, into which Harvey could introduce his hand. After expressing his surprise, as they might suppose he would, at the effort which nature had made at reparation, and that life could be sustained with all this exposure of the contents of the chest, Harvey took the heart in his hand, and put his finger on the pulse to ascertain whether it was really true that he had that most important organ within his grasp and sphere of observation; but finding the pulsations of the heart and the wrist were synchronous, he was convinced that it was the heart. Wonderful as it may appear, in touching it there was no sensibility, there was no pain; the heart might have been squeezed in the hand; and but from the circumstance of touching the young nobleman's clothes on his skin, he was not conscious that there was any pressure upon it. This proved that the heart was not so highly sensitive as then should have been led to think it was. Still, he hoped that the relation of this case would not induce them to suppose that this organ could be roughly treated with impunity. He could assure them it was an organ full of sympathy. So far as its exterior was concerned, it was endowed with a high degree of sensibility; and that for the wisest purposes; but its interior enjoyed it in a most exquisite degree. The internal surface of the heart immediately sympathized with any disturbed condition of the system. If the head or stomach were affected, they knew full well that the heart could very easily be brought into intimate sympathy with it: therefore they were aware that it was a highly sympathetic organ.—*Turner's Lectures.*



Mr Williams

OF Welch ancestry, the parents of Mr. Williams emigrated to America in 1630. The father and grandfather of William were both clergymen. The former was for more than half a century pastor of a congregational society at Lebanon, Connecticut, where the subject of this notice was born, April 18, 1731. Having at the age of twenty graduated at Harvard college, he commenced the study of theology with his father. In 1764 he accompanied his relation, Col. Ephraim Williams, in an expedition to Lake George, during which the latter was killed. On his return he abandoned the study of theology, and commenced merchant. When twenty-five he was chosen town clerk, which office he held for nearly fifty years. He also for nearly half a century held a seat in the Connecticut assembly. In 1775 he was elected a delegate to the general congress. In that body he was an ardent supporter of the proposition for independence, and signed the Declaration.

In 1784 he withdrew entirely from public life, having devoted his life and fortune to the service of his country, and winning the love and veneration of his countrymen.

He was married, in 1772, to Mary, the daughter of Governor Trumbull, of Connecticut. In 1810 he lost his eldest son. The event gave a shock to his infirm constitution, from which he never recovered. He gradually wasted away, and a short time previous to his decease, he was overcome with stupor. "Having laid perfectly silent for four days, *he suddenly called with a clear voice upon his departed son to attend his dying father to the world of spirits, and then expired!*" He died August 2, 1811, aged eighty-one years.

*James Wilson*

CAME from Scotland to America in 1766. Being well educated, he became an assistant teacher in the Philadelphia college. Shortly afterwards he commenced the study of the law, and at the end of two years, commenced practice, first at Reading and then at Carlisle, Pennsylvania. In 1774 he was elected to the provincial assembly of Pennsylvania, and the next year he was sent to the general congress. Being reëlected in 1776, he warmly supported the motion for absolute independence, and signed the Declaration. He also served in congress in 1782 and 1785. He was also an active member of the convention that framed the Federal Constitution. He was subsequently appointed by President Washington, one of the judges of the supreme court of the United States.

After a life of labor for the good of his country, while on a judicial circuit in North Carolina, he died at the house of his friend Judge Iredell, of Edenton, August 8, 1798, in the 56th year of his age. He was a true patriot and a sincere Christian.



John Witherspoon

DESCENDANT of the great reformer John Knox, was born near Edinburgh, Scotland, February 5, 1722. His father, a worthy minister of the Scottish church at Yester, took great pains with the moral education of his son, whom he intended for the ministry. Having gone through a regular course of study, at the age of twenty-two, John became a licensed preacher, and was stationed at Beith in Scotland, where he labored faithfully for several years. From thence he removed to Paisley, where he became renowned for his piety and learning. Accepting the appointment by the unanimous vote of the trustees, of president of New Jersey college, he arrived at Princeton with his family in August, 1768, and on the 17th of the same month was inaugurated. On the invasion of New Jersey by the British, the college was broken up. In June, 1776, he was elected a delegate to the general congress, where on the second of August he affixed his signature to the Declaration of Independence.

At the restoration of peace in 1783, Dr. Witherspoon retired from public life, with the exception of his duties as a minister of the gospel. His energies were thenceforth directed to the advancement of the college over which he had presided.

About two years previous to his death, he lost his eye sight, yet he did not relinquish his ministerial labors; but being guided into the pulpit would preach with greater eloquence and fervor than ever.

He was twice married. By his first wife, a Scottish lady, he had three sons and two daughters.

Dr. Witherspoon was a sound theological writer, and as a statesman he had but few equals. He went to his reward on the 10th of November, 1794.

“What an attractive, what a delightful, yet what a fearful spot is the pulpit. That preacher’s breath is constantly touching some secret spring, that shall set mind after mind in motion, whose pulsations shall be felt when the scenes of earth are forgotten. It is but a single spot, yet it speaks to a thousand generations. The living testify to its influence, and generations of the dead lie scattered around it, who will one day rise up and bear witness to the mighty power which it has wielded.



Oliver Wolcott

HE was born at Windsor, Connecticut, Nov. 26, 1726. His father was a distinguished man, and was at one time governor of that state.

Oliver graduated at Yale college in 1747. In the same year, having received a captain's commission, he marched to the northern frontier against the French and Indians. On his return after the termination of hostilities, he gradually rose to the rank of major-general. He studied medicine with his uncle Dr. Alexander Wolcott, after which he held several important state offices. In the latter part of the year 1775, Mr. Wolcott was elected a delegate to the second general congress, and he took his seat in January, 1776. He took a prominent part in the debates in favor of the independence of the American colonies, and after voting for, and signing the Declaration, he returned home. He was then appointed to the command of a detachment of militia destined for the defence of New

York. After the battle of Long Island, he resumed his seat in congress, and was in that body when they fled to Baltimore at the approach of the British toward Philadelphia in 1776. In October, 1777, he aided in the capture of Burgoyne and his army, after which he again took his seat in congress. In 1779, at the head of a division of Connecticut militia, he successfully defended the south-western sea-coast of that state from the British. In 1796 he was chosen governor of Connecticut, to which office he was reëlected in 1797. But on the first of December of that year, his earthly career was closed. He was in the seventy-second year of his age. There seldom lived a better man.



George Wythe

GEORGE Wythe was born in Elizabeth county, Virginia, in 1726. His parents being wealthy he received a good education. But when about twenty years of age he was left an orphan, with a large fortune at his control. For the following ten years he launched into the sea of dissipation, seeking only his personal gratification. At the age of thirty, however, he suddenly changed, and resumed the studies of his youth with all the ardor of one resolved to make up for lost time. But he mourned over the truth of the assertion, that "time lost is lost forever."

Lost wealth may be restored by industry, the wreck of health regained by temperance, forgotten knowledge restored by study, alienated friendship smoothed into forgetfulness, even forfeited reputation won by penitence and virtue. But who ever again looked upon his vanished hours, recalled his slighted years, stamped them with wisdom, or

effaced from the record of eternity the fearful blot of wasted time?

He at once commenced the study of the law, and being admitted to the bar in 1757, rose rapidly to eminence. He was not only an able advocate, but a strictly conscientious one, never knowingly engaging in an unjust cause. He was afterwards appointed chancellor of Virginia, which high office he held during life. For several years prior to the revolution Mr. Wythe was a member of the Virginia house of burgesses. In 1775 he was elected to the general congress, and was there in 1776, when his colleague Mr. Lee submitted his bold proposition for independence. He ably supported his colleague, and voted for and signed the Declaration. After holding humble offices in his native state, he was in 1786 elected to the national convention which framed the Federal Constitution. After its adoption he was twice chosen United States senator under it. He died on the 8th of June, 1800. His death was supposed to have been caused by poison placed in his food by a near relative. That person was tried for the crime but acquitted.

Mr. Wythe was benevolent in the extreme and of unimpeachable character.

In closing these brief sketches of the lives of the noble band who affixed their names to the Declaration of Independence, we can not but be struck at the contrast between the years 1776 and that which has recently expired. The year 1848 has indeed been a year of wonders, in which the seed sown in blood by this infant republic more than half a century ago, has blossomed and borne fruit on the other side of the Atlantic. The events of 1848 will live upon the records of history, and on the memory of man while the earth shall last. A wonderful year has been 1848. Scarce had it dawned, when over the ocean came the voice of Europe, convulsed with the throes of liberty beating against the dark and jagged rocks on which the tyrants for ages built their thrones and cast their nets of gyves, and whips, and chains, over the prostrate and groaning nations. Millions upon millions of freemen, where,

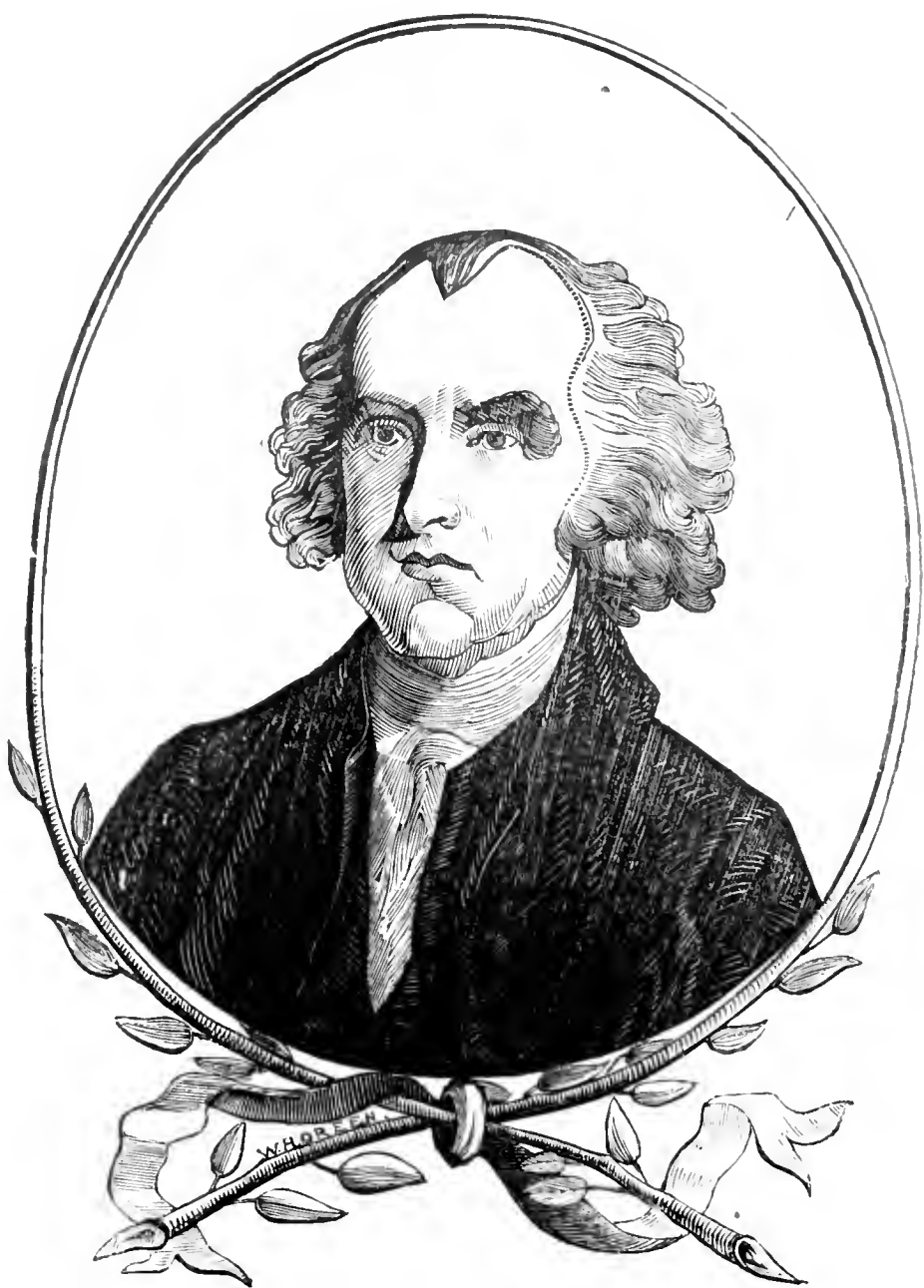
“Westward the star of empire takes its way,”

hailed the voice, and fast upon the footsteps of its echoes the despotisms of France, Italy and Germany, were shivered to the dust.

Poland heard the voice and was glad. She lifted up her hands seared with scars, and her trumpets brayed, and her banners flaunted in the face of the red-handed robber who had partitioned her fields, once the bulwark of Christendom against the lance of the Saracen. Poland heard the voice of France, Italy and Germany, and shouted back to them her rapture and her joy; but, alas, her day was not yet come. She sits still, captive and bleeding among the nations. And Erin heard the voice by the side of her lakes and fountains, upon her hills and in her valleys, and the Celt-children of bondage, stricken and famished upon the richest soil under Heaven,

looked out upon the lairs of their oppressors, and cried, Woe is unto us no longer; our day of deliverance is come! Erin heard it, and her sons lifted the brand, but their arms were skeleton and wasted, and when the tyrant came upon them with his fattened legions glistening in steel, which the sweat and blood of Erin had forged and polished, they were strewn and scattered like chaff before the wind. Erin's day was not come. Her prophets preached a gospel of peace which should have been a gospel of blood, and gaunter, paler and more haggard than ever, the Gem Isle sits on the place of her graves, the solemn wind moaning through her broken harp-strings to the solemn music of the ocean. Patience and faith, and a speedy deliverance be with them, twin sisters in desolation, Poland and Erin! Other years, not distant, shall wipe from their brows the Saxon and Slave bond-mark of slaves.

Nevertheless, 1848 has done bravely. She has opened up a crusade against kings and tyrants, which shall not end until every soul on this round earth drinks of the fountain of freedom. Wonderful year! The Russian shall ponder over it among his ice-palaces; the Turk, Arab, Persian and Tartar, shall speak of it with marvel and terror, and as fresh shouts rise with the awakening spring, from Alp and Appenine, from the bright Shannon to the arrowy Rhone, the remnant of despotic power shall tremble and pass away. . Eighteen hundred and forty-eight was a year of jubilee to the nations. It saw the old world dissolving her bonds, while the new, in peace, freedom, wealth and power, extended her hand and voice in encouragement and brotherhood. The earth will never behold a prouder year—never behold a year fraught with such blessing and promise to mankind.



James Madison

THE PRESIDENTS.*

JAMES MADISON.

MR. Madison, the fourth president of the United States, was born on the Rappahannock river, Orange county, Virginia, on the 16th of March, 1751. His family were of Welsh extraction, and were among the earlier emigrants to Virginia. Having gone through a preparatory course of study, Mr. Madison, at the age of seventeen, entered Princeton college, New Jersey, where he graduated with honor in 1771. After remaining at college a year after he graduated, he returned to his native state and commenced the practice of law. But the exigencies of the times soon drew him into active public life. In 1776 he was elected a member of the general assembly of Virginia, and in 1778 he was appointed one of the executive council of the state. On the following year he was elected a delegate to the continental congress, in which body he was an active member until 1784. In January, 1786, he was appointed a commissioner to the convention at Annapolis to amend the articles of confederation. He was also a member of the convention called for a similar purpose on the year following, and he was among the leading debaters. The copious notes which he took of the proceedings of this convention, have since been purchased and published by government, under the title of "The Madison Papers."

A convention being called in Virginia for the purpose of considering the new constitution and

* For sketches of the first three presidents, see pp. 9, 47, 96.

devising a more uniform commercial system, Mr. Madison was elected a member thereof. After a warm opposition, the question in favor of adoption was carried by a vote of eighty-nine to seventy-nine. Mr. Madison voting of course in the affirmative.

In 1789 Mr. Madison was elected to congress, and was an active member of that body during the whole of Washington's administration.

In 1794 he was married to Mrs. Dolly Payne Todd, a young widow of twenty-three.

Having resigned his seat in congress, and being elected to the Virginia assembly, in 1797 Mr. Madison made his famous report against the alien and sedition laws of Mr. Adams.

Mr. Madison, having through the whole of Mr. Jefferson's administration, held the office of secretary of state, was in 1808 elected president of the United States. He was inaugurated on the 4th of March, 1809, and he retained a portion of Mr. Jefferson's cabinet.

During the first session of the eleventh congress, which opened in May, the British minister at Washington, Mr. Erskine, made overtures for the repeal of the non-intercourse law, promising the reversal of the British orders in council. His government, however, refusing to sanction the act, the non-intercourse law was revived in full force. This created the most intense excitement among the people, who loudly demanded a declaration of war with England.

In the spring of 1810, Napoleon issued a decree providing that all United States vessels which had entered French ports since the 20th of March, 1808, should be declared forfeit, and sold for the benefit of the French treasury. This being avowedly issued as a retaliation of our non-intercourse act, the French privateers constantly depredated upon our commerce.

In May, congress passed a new non-intercourse act, declaring that when either the British or French

government should repeal its *orders* or *decrees*, and the other did not, the United States would repeal the act so far as it applied to the government so repealing. France reciprocated the movement, but the British cabinet would not, and American vessels continued to be seized and sold, and American seamen pressed into the British service.*

After years of ineffectual negotiation with both England and France, respecting their *orders* and *decrees*, the president waived his decided opposition to war measures, and, by the advice of Mr. Clay and other leading friends, he recommended strong measures toward Great Britain. Bills were accordingly passed for augmenting the army and navy, and for giving the president extraordinary powers.

Mr. Madison being again elected to the presidency, was inaugurated on the 4th of March, 1812.

Congress having passed an act declaring war against Great Britain, it was approved by Mr. Madison on the 18th of June, 1812, and he issued his proclamation accordingly. Of the thrilling events and glorious termination of that war, it is unnecessary to speak.

At the expiration of his second presidential term on the 3d of March, 1817, Mr. Madison retired to his seat at Montpelier, Orange county, Virginia, where the evening of life was spent in the peaceful pursuits of agriculture. He died on the 28th of June, 1836, aged eighty-five years.

“Mr. Madison was of small stature, and a little disposed to corpulency. The top of his head was bald, and he usually had his hair powdered. He generally dressed in black. His manners were modest and retiring, and in conversation he was pleasing and instructive. As a polished writer he had few equals; and the part he bore in framing the constitution, and its subsequent support, obtained for him the title of Father of the Constitution.”

* Lossing.

DOLLY PAYNE MADISON.

"Shall I ever grow old?" said a fair little girl
 As she stood by a fond mother's knee,
 And tossed from her forehead the clustering curls,
 And turned up her bonny blue e'e.

"Will my face be all wrinkled with sorrow and care,
 And my pretty brown tresses turn white?
 Oh mother, I'm sure that I never could bear
 To become such a sad looking sight!"

"Oh, yes, my dear child!" and the tears gathered fast
 As she spoke, in the fond mother's eye—
 "The charms we so prize in our youth can not last,
 And wrinkles and age will draw nigh!"

"But the youth of the heart"—and the mother's dark eye
 Grew soft as the eye of a fawn—
 "May live in its greenness when age hath come nigh,
 And the rose and the lily are gone.

IN Virginia the parents of Dolly Payne, who were natives of that state, ranked among the most respectable citizens. Whilst on a visit to some of her friends in North Carolina, Mrs. Payne gave birth to her eldest daughter, the subject of this memoir, who, although unavoidably born in another state, claims the title, so dear to all who possess it, of being a Virginian. In disposition she is abundantly so, being imbued by nature with all that amiable frankness and generosity which are the distinguishing traits of the Virginia character.

Soon after their marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Payne joined the society of Friends, manumitted their slaves, and removed to Pennsylvania.

The subject of this memoir was educated in Philadelphia, according to the strict system of the society to which her family belonged. At an early age she was married to Mr. Todd, a young lawyer of Philadelphia, and also a member of the society of Friends. During his life she continued to live in

the simplicity and seclusion of that sect. Even then though her beauty, which afterwards became so celebrated, began to attract attention. Soon, however, she was left a widow with an infant son. Soon after the death of her husband, her father also being dead, she returned to live with her remaining parent, who had fixed her residence in Philadelphia.

The personal charms of the young widow, united as they were with manners frank, cordial and gay, caused her to become a general favorite; an object not only of admiration, but of serious and devoted attachment. Among many admirers, equally distinguished for their rank and talent, who sued for her favor, she gave preference to Mr. Madison, then one of the most conspicuous and respectable members of congress; and in the year 1794 she became the wife of that truly great man. This marriage proved highly beneficial to Mr. Madison, for the strong mind and pleasing manners of his wife were essential aids to him while he was the chief magistrate of the nation. When General Ross with four thousand men marched against Washington city, President Madison and his cabinet narrowly escaped capture by flight. It is said that the preservation of the Declaration of Independence and other valuable papers, was owing to the courage of Mrs. Madison, who carried them away with her own hands.

When the detachment of the British army sent out to destroy Mr. Madison's house, entered his dining-parlor, they found a dinner table spread, and covers laid for forty guests. Several kinds of wine, in handsome cut glass decanters, were cooling on the side-board; plate-holders stood by the fire-place, filled with dishes and plates; knives, forks and spoons, were arranged for immediate use; every thing, in short, was ready for the entertainment of a ceremonious party. Such were the arrangements in the dining-room, while in the kitchen were others


answerable to them in every respect. Spits loaded with joints of various sorts turned before the fire; pots, sauce-pans, and other culinary utensils, stood upon the grate; and all the other requisites for an elegant and substantial repast, were in the exact state which indicated that they had been lately and precipitately abandoned. The reader may easily believe that these preparations were beheld by a party of hungry soldiers with no indifferent eye. An elegant dinner, although considerably overdressed, was a luxury to which few of them, at least for some time back, had been accustomed; and which, after the dangers and fatigues of the day, appeared peculiarly inviting. They sat down to it, therefore, not indeed in the most orderly manner, but with countenances which would not have disgraced a party of alderman at a civic feast; and, having satisfied their appetites with fewer complaints than would have probably escaped their rival gourmands, and partaken pretty freely of the wines, they finished by setting fire to the house which had so liberally entertained them.

Mrs. M. still survives her honored husband, and resides chiefly at Washington, where her society is sought by all the distinguished visitors to the metropolis.



James Monroe

JAMES MONROE.

 HE fifth president of the United States, was born in the county of Westmoreland, Virginia, on the 2d of April, 1759. His parents were both descended from one of the earliest and most respectable families of that state.

The early youth of James was spent amid the excitements which intervened between the passage of the stamp act, and the breaking out of the revolution. Fired by the stirring scenes around him, at the age of eighteen, he left William and Mary college, and joined the continental army under Washington. He was present at the skirmish at Harlem on York island, and at the battle of White Plains. At Trenton he received a bullet wound which scarred him for life. For his brave conduct he was promoted to the rank of captain of infantry. In 1777 and 1778 he acted as aid to Lord Stirling, and behaved bravely at the battles of Brandywine, Germantown and Monmouth. He subsequently commenced the study of law under Mr. Jefferson. At a later period, when invasion was threatened, Captain Monroe was found among the volunteers, and performed important services to his country.

In 1782, he was elected a member of the Virginia legislature, and was soon after chosen by that body a member of the executive council. The following year, although only twenty-five years of age, he was chosen a delegate to represent Virginia in the continental congress. He was present when Washington surrendered his commission to that body; and he continued to represent his state there until 1786.

During his attendance at New York as a member of congress, he became acquainted with and married the daughter of Mr. L. Kortright, celebrated in the fashionable circles of London and Paris for her

beauty and accomplishments. She was a most estimable woman, in both public and private life.

In 1785, he took the incipient step in congress toward the framing of a new constitution, by moving to invest congress with the power of regulating trade and of levying an import-duty. These movements finally brought about the convention to revise the articles of confederation.

“According to a rule of the old continental congress, a member of that body was ineligible for a second term; and when, in 1786, Mr. Monroe’s term expired, he retired to Fredericksburg, with a view of practising law. But he was soon after elected a member of the Virginia legislature; and in 1788, he was chosen a delegate to the state convention to decide upon the adoption of the constitution. Not being satisfied with that instrument, although conscious of the inefficiency of the articles of confederation, he opposed its adoption. In 1789, he was elected to a seat in the senate of the United States, in which station he continued until 1794, always acting with the anti-federalists, and opposed to Washington’s administration.

In 1794, he was appointed to succeed Gouverneur Morris as minister to France, but not conforming to Washington’s views, he was recalled in 1796. In 1799, he was elected governor of Virginia, and served the constitutional term of three years. In 1803, Mr. Jefferson appointed him envoy extraordinary to France, to act with Mr. Livingston, and he was a party to the treaty for the cession and purchase of Louisiana. Disputes concerning boundaries having occurred with Spain, he went to Madrid to settle the difficulty, but he was unsuccessful. In 1807, he and Mr. Pinckney negotiated a treaty with Great Britain, but it proved unsatisfactory, and was never ratified; and during the year he returned to the United States.”

In 1811, Mr. Monroe was again elected governor

of Virginia, but was soon after appointed by Mr. Madison secretary of state, which office he held during Madison's administration. After the capture of Washington, he took charge of the war department (still remaining secretary of state), and in that position he exhibited great energy.

Mr. Monroe was elected president of the United States in 1816, and was inaugurated on the 4th of March, 1817. Impressed with the necessity of frontier defences, he started in May on a tour of inspection—extending eastward as far as Portland, in Maine, northward to the St. Lawrence, and westward to Detroit. He was absent about six months, and was every where greeted with distinguished honors.

In 1820, Mr. Monroe was reëlected president with great unanimity.

On the 3d of March, 1825, Mr. Monroe retired from the presidential chair, his administration having been an eminently harmonious and prosperous one. He retired to his residence in Loudon county, in Virginia, where he resided until 1831, when he removed to the city of New York and took up his residence with his son-in-law, Samuel L. Gouverneur. He was soon after seized with severe illness; and on the 4th of July, 1831, he expired, in the seventy-second year of his age, making the third president who had died on the national anniversary.

Mr. Monroe was about six feet high and well formed, with light complexion and blue eyes. Honesty, firmness, and prudence, rather than superior intellect, were stamped upon his countenance. He was industrious and indefatigable in labor, warm in his friendships, and in manners was a good specimen of the old Virginia gentleman. His long life was honorable to himself and useful to his country.*

* Lossing.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

FOURTEEN years after the May Flower anchored by Plymouth rock, another vessel, filled with no less distinguished adventurers, touched upon the New England coast, near Boston. In the former came John Alden, one of the ancestors of John Quincy Adams; in the latter, Henry Adams, with a large family, the first of the name that came to this country.*

They settled at Mount Wollaston, which was, at first, annexed to Boston in 1634, for the special benefit of the new colonists, but afterwards in 1640, it became incorporated as a separate town, by the name of Braintree. Henry Adams, junior, was for several years town clerk, and the first of the family elected to a civil office in America.

His youngest brother, Joseph, who resided in the same town, left ten children. One of them, bearing the paternal name, married the grand-daughter of John Alden, of the Plymouth colony. His second son was the father of John Adams, who succeeded Washington as president of the United States, and who was the father of the distinguished man whose name stands at the head of this page.

John Quincy Adams was, therefore, a descendant in the fifth generation of Henry Adams, who was driven by persecution from Devonshire, England, in 1634, and among the earliest colonists of New England. On his mother's side, as above shown, he was a descendant of John Alden of the May Flower.

It would be difficult to conceive of events better suited to produce a great man, than conspired in the ancestry, birth and education of the subject of this brief sketch.

* Literary Magazine.



J. 2, Adams

Born in the summer of 1767, at Braintree, Massachusetts, of illustrious parents, and of ancestors alike venerable and distinguished for the common pursuit of freedom, at a period when liberty and bondage were each struggling for the mastery on the soil of New England, he early imbibed that liberal and patriotic spirit, for which he was celebrated in mature age.

Blessed as he was with a distinguished father, it was his good fortune also to enjoy the early instructions of a most accomplished mother.

Such were the benign influences which guarded his childhood. He grew up at home, in the enjoyment of every advantage which wealth could bestow, until the age of eleven, when he accompanied his father to France. He remained there eighteen months, enjoying, at that early age, the advantages of a foreign court, together with the special favor and friendship of Doctor Franklin. Though at this time but a mere boy, he possessed an observing mind, and profited much by what he saw and heard. He returned home with his father in the summer of 1779. In November of the same year he again sailed for France with his father, in the French frigate *La Sensible*, which, having sprung a leak, was obliged to put in to port at Ferrol, in Spain. Thence they journeyed by land, and reached Paris in February, 1780. He was there put to school for three or four months, and afterwards enjoyed the advantages of a public school at Amsterdam, and the university of Leyden. During this time he made great proficiency in the classics, besides acquiring a good knowledge of French and German.

In the summer of 1781 he went as private secretary of Francis Dana, in his mission to the court of the empress of Russia. After remaining there fourteen months, he set out on his return, unattended, and journeyed through Sweden, Denmark, Hamburg and Bremen, to Holland, where he arrived in

April, 1783, and was in charge of Mr. Dumas, an agent of the United States, at the Hague, till the arrival of his father in July. From this time till the spring of 1785, he continued with his father, who was engaged in negotiating for his country, chiefly in England, Holland and France. He then returned and entered the junior class at Harvard college, where in June, 1787, he graduated with high reputation.

His attention was now directed to a course of law. He studied with Chief Justice Parsons, at Newburyport. While there he had the honor of preparing an address, to be delivered by Mr. Parsons, expressive of the public sentiment, on a visit of General Washington to that place.

Mr. Adams entered upon his professional duties in Boston, and meanwhile employed much of his leisure in writing upon the great political topics of the day. No man was better qualified to throw light upon difficult subjects, whether political, historical or literary. He had enriched his mind at foreign universities, studied the various workings of the human heart, both at home and abroad, and added to a collegiate course the fine discipline of a thorough acquaintance with the legal profession. His political essays accordingly soon attracted wide attention. They were alike distinguished for beauty of diction and strength of argument. The writings which brought him more specially into notice, and established him as a statesman and politician, were his essays upon neutrality on the part of the United States in respect to the war of 1793, between England and France. It was claimed by many that the treaty of alliance of 1778, obligated us to join in the wars of France. The French minister, Mr. Genet, occasioned great excitement in the public mind by his flaming appeals to our government for aid. Mr. Adams opposed this sentiment, and maintained that our policy should be strict neutrality in

that war; that it was both the duty and for the interest of the United States, not to take part in it. These papers were read and admired by Washington, who, not knowing their author, as they appeared under a fictitious title, made special effort to ascertain his name. They were attributed by him to John Adams, his father, as they bore evidence of a maturity of mind beyond what is common to young men at the age of twenty-seven. The justice of his views was shortly sanctioned by a proclamation of neutrality by Washington. Soon after he was recommended to Washington, by Thomas Jefferson, as a fit person to engage in the public services of his country. Mr. Jefferson had seen him in France, while a boy, and formed a high opinion of his talents, both native and acquired. Being thus honorably introduced to Washington's notice, and having previously commended himself by his writings, he was shortly after appointed by him minister resident to the Netherlands. During his residence there he became of great public service, not only by a faithful discharge of the duties of his mission, but by a careful study of the leading events of other governments that came under his notice. His correspondence at that time with our government was of the highest importance.

With Washington's approval he was continued in the important office of minister plenipotentiary, and sent by his father to Berlin instead of Portugal, where he had been commissioned by Washington, just before he closed his administration. He resided there between three and four years, and having effected with the government of Prussia an important treaty of commerce and renewed the treaty with Sweden, he returned to Philadelphia early in the autumn of 1801. During the seven years which he spent in the service of his country abroad, his influence had become more and more felt at home. He had shown himself in every way

competent to discharge the important duties of his foreign commission, had enriched his mind with various learning, published letters of his travels in Silesia and other provinces, and conciliated favor toward our government wherever he went.

Shortly after his return, the public estimation in which he was held at home was manifested by his being elected to the senate of Massachusetts, from Boston. The next year, 1803, he was elected a senator of the United States.

After his resignation in 1806, he took the professorship of rhetoric, to which he had been previously elected, in Harvard college. He drew crowds to listen to the eloquence and learning displayed in his lectures. As a proof of their value, they were published by request, and are now read with pleasure and profit. Mr. Adams was not long suffered to hold a professorship. His country needed more his distinguished services. President Madison, with the approval of the senate, appointed him, in 1809, as first minister plenipotentiary to the court of the emperor of Russia. No man was better qualified to go upon this important mission. Twenty-eight years before, he had become acquainted with the country while secretary to Mr. Dana. He had now added to age, refined learning and profound statesmanship. This gave him easy access to the learned emperor, Alexander, who is said to have admitted him to an intimacy rarely enjoyed with despotic monarchs, by their own ministers.

In 1814 Mr. Madison appointed Mr. Adams commissioner to negotiate a treaty of peace between this country and Great Britain. His colleagues were James A. Bayard, Henry Clay, Jonathan Russell, and Albert Gallatin. That distinguished body negotiated the memorable treaty at Ghent. He then, in conjunction with Messrs. Clay and Gallatin, negotiated a convention of commerce between the two governments, which holds to this day. Imme-

diately thereafter, Mr. Adams received the appointment of minister plenipotentiary at the court of St. James. Here his conduct was signalized by courteous bearing and efficiency, as it had hitherto been, at the Russian court, until he was recalled by Mr. Monroe, in March, 1817, to fill an important office in his cabinet, as secretary of state.

Mr. Adams, during the eight years of Monroe's administration, proved himself equal to what had thus been predicted of him. He at once gained the entire confidence of the executive board, and showed an ability to manage the affairs of the state at home, equal to his distinguished diplomatic services abroad. He was particularly efficient in all questions relating to the foreign policy of the government, and is to be regarded as the prime mover of many important measures adopted during Mr. Monroe's administration, respecting foreign affairs. By him the long standing disputes between our government and Spain were successfully terminated, and mutual harmony restored. The Floridas were added to our possessions. The independence of the new republics of Spanish America was recognized by our government.

The reputation which Mr. Adams acquired during Mr. Monroe's administration, early marked him as a candidate for the presidency. Henry Clay, William H. Crawford, and Andrew Jackson, each having strong claims for popular support, were also rival candidates for the same office. Party and sectional interests were prevalent then as now, and consequently no choice was made by the electors. The votes stood thus: for General Jackson, 99; Mr. Adams, 84; Mr. Crawford, 41; and Mr. Clay, 37. The election was therefore made by the house of representatives, and resulted in the choice of Mr. Adams.

Mr. Adams occupied the presidential chair from March 4th, 1825, to March 4th, 1829. During his

administration party spirit ran high, and toward its close the popular current was fast setting toward General Jackson.

Soon after the election of General Jackson to the presidency of the United States, Mr. Adams returned to Quincy, his native place, to enjoy the pleasures of domestic peace in his family mansion. No spot was more delightful to him than this. Here he had passed his boyhood, amid scenes of surpassing beauty and of thrilling interest. On one side his eye ranged along the Atlantic, on the other, it traversed the distant Blue hills. From Penn's hill, he beheld the "smoke rising from burning Charlestown," and distinctly heard the booming cannon during the battle of Bunker hill. "Penn's hill," said he, in a letter from Europe to his mother, "and Braintree North Common rocks never looked and never felt to me like any other hill or any other rocks. Why? Because every shrub and every pebble upon them, associates itself with the first consciousness of my existence that remains upon my memory. Every visit to them brings with it a resurrection of departed time, and seems to connect me with the ages of my forefathers." Such being his devotedness to his native town, he might well have desired to pass the remainder of his days there. He had enjoyed every honor his countrymen could bestow, or himself desire. Yet he was ready to yield up the pleasures of Quincy, for the irksome duties of congress and its stormy debates.


Accordingly we find him at the age of sixty-four, taking his seat in the house of representatives at Washington, to become a life member of that body; for such regard as that with which he was held by the inhabitants of his native town, was sure to manifest itself by his reëlection as often as one term after another of public service expired. Possessed of extraordinary native talents, that were cultivated to an extent seldom found in a statesman, dignified

with age and experience, he carried into that body a weight of influence which, on every occasion, being thrown into the scale of equity, gave just balance on the side of humanity. The national records, for a succession of years, bear ample testimony to his great ability, enriched as they are with the refined strokes of his genius and profound learning. His voice was heard on nearly every important question before the house during his protracted public services. Age and experience gave weight to what he said, and commanded attention. When more than four score years had gone over his head, he was yet "the old man eloquent," firm, dauntless, powerful.

His intellect sparkled to the last; for it was polished day by day to the close of life. Old age can not cloud the mind kept like his, in constant activity and daily cultivation.

In February, 1848, stricken down with apoplexy in the Capitol of the nation, he died under its dome, the representatives of the Union bending over his couch, in sorrow. Thus terminated the life of this eminently great man. He has had few, if any, equals, in point of erudition, sagacity and usefulness. Next to our beloved Washington, his memory will be cherished by his countrymen. Like him, his political history will brighten with age, and his uncompromising integrity be proverbial.

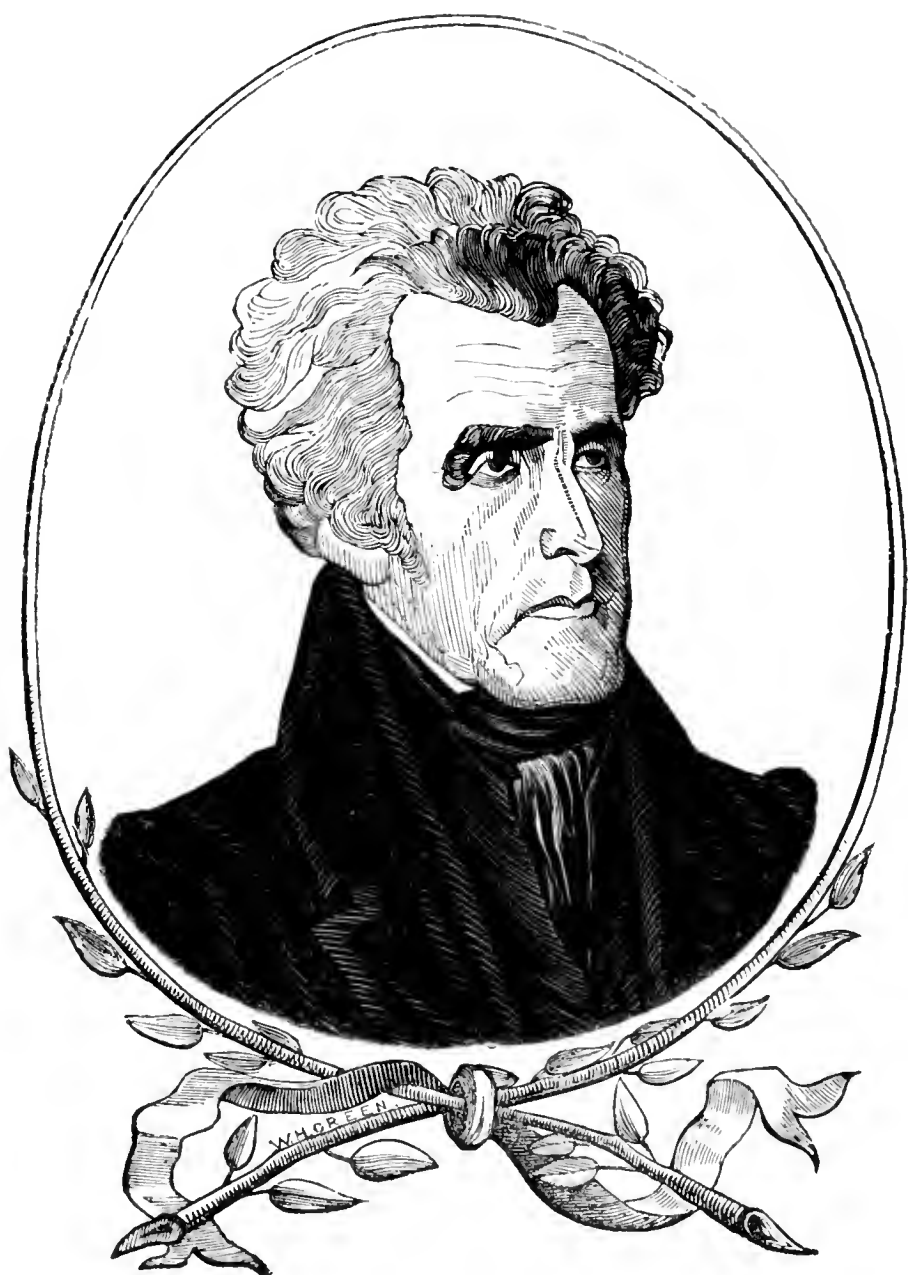
LOUISA CATHARINE ADAMS.

 LOUISA Catharine Johnson, was the maiden name of the widow of the late ex-president Adams. She was the daughter of Joshua Johnson, of Maryland, who went from America to London, where he became an eminent merchant, and where his daughter was born on the 11th of February, 1775. Mr. Johnson, during the

war, left England for France, where he acted as the commercial agent of this country, returning to London on the ratification of peace.


Mr. Adams became acquainted with his future wife while acting under the commission conferred upon him by Washington in 1794, for exchanging the ratifications made under the treaty of November of that year. They were married at All Hallows church, London, in May, 1797.

Mrs. Adams accompanied her husband to Prussia when the latter was presented as the first American minister from the United States. She was at the court of St. Petersburg from 1809 to 1814, the most exciting, and perhaps the most revolutionary period in the history of Europe, and embracing a part of that interesting period of our own history, when we were at war with England. Mr. Adams resided longer at St. Petersburg than any of our American ministers, excepting Mr. Middleton; and his lady was left there for a brief period, while her husband was called to another field of service. Mrs. Adams came alone from St. Petersburg to Paris, after the treaty of peace had been signed by Mr. Adams at Ghent. She was at Paris during the most remarkable period of Napoleon's supremacy, and passed the world-renowned Hundred Days at the French metropolis, in the midst of the whirl of excitement incident to the struggle between the Bourbons and the Revolutionists. After a short residence in Paris followed by a longer one with her parents in the neighborhood of London, Mrs. Adams came to Washington in 1817, where her husband had been called as the principal member of Mr. Monroe's cabinet. Eight years as secretary of state, four in the White House, and fifty-one the companion of her distinguished husband, Mrs. Adams has seen more of court life, and that in every variety, from the boastful ostentation of royalty to the simplicity of our own republican habits, than perhaps any living woman.



Andrew Jackson

ANDREW JACKSON.

EVENTH president of the United States, Andrew Jackson was born in the Waxhaw settlement, South Carolina, on the 15th of March, 1767.

The Jackson family were of Scottish origin, and a portion of them emigrated from Scotland to the province of Ulster, Ireland, during the reign of Henry the Seventh.

The grandfather of the subject of this memoir was a linen draper near Carrickfergus, Ireland. He had four sons, who were all respectable farmers. Andrew, the youngest, married Elizabeth Hutchinson, with whom, in 1765, he emigrated to South Carolina, where, two years afterwards, his son, the future president, was born. Losing his father about the time of his birth, Andrew was at an early age placed by his mother under the tuition of Mr. Humphries, the principal of the Waxhaw academy. He then obtained a tolerable knowledge of Greek and Latin as well as the common branches of an English education. But the tumult of the revolution soon interrupted his studies, and he ardently longed to become one of the defenders of his country.

In 1778, the militia of South Carolina, on being called out to repel the invading foe, Hugh, the eldest of Andrew's brothers, was slain. In 1780, when little more than thirteen years of age, with a heart burning with indignation, young Andrew joined a volunteer corps with his brother Robert, and served under general Sumpter.

In 1781 Andrew and his brother Robert were taken prisoners. While in captivity Andrew being one day ordered to clean the muddy boots of a British officer, indignantly refused, whereupon he

received a severe sword cut. His brother was also severely wounded by a blow on the head for a similar refusal.

After their release, the brothers returned with their mother to Waxhaw, where Robert soon died from sickness and the effect of the brutal blow. The mother soon afterwards dying, Andrew was left the only survivor of the Jackson family who came to America.

At the close of the revolution, he fell into habits of dissipation, but he suddenly reformed, and in 1784 commenced the study of law at Salisbury, North Carolina. On the completion of his studies, the governor appointed him solicitor of that portion of the state now comprising Tennessee. In 1791 he married Mrs. Rachael Robards, an amiable woman, who had previously been divorced from her husband.

In 1796 Mr. Jackson was elected a member of congress from Tennessee, and in 1797 at the age of thirty he took his seat in the United States senate. On leaving that body he was appointed judge of the supreme court of his state, and also major-general of the militia. In 1804 he resigned his judgeship, and returned to his plantation, near Nashville, having amassed a considerable fortune.

When, in 1812, the United States declared war against Great Britain, Jackson ardently longed for an opportunity to enter the army. One soon offered, and in January, 1813, he descended the Mississippi at the head of a body of volunteer troops, destined for the defence of New Orleans and vicinity. They were, however, soon after marched home and discharged, the necessity for their serving seeming no longer to exist.

Early in 1813, he was appointed to the command of an expedition against the Creek Indians, who, in connection with the northern tribes, were committing dreadful massacres upon the frontiers. He

reached the Indian country in October, 1813, and after several severe battles he brought them to the knee of submission.

In May, 1814, on the resignation of General Harrison, General Jackson received the appointment of major general in the United States army. During the summer he acted as diplomatist in negotiating treaties with the southern Indians, which he effected to the entire satisfaction of his government. Learning that a body of British troops were at Pensacola (then in possession of Spain,) drilling a large number of Indians for war, he advised his government to take possession of that port. Subsequently, having about thirty-five hundred men under his command for the defence of the southern country, he captured Pensacola on his own responsibility, and put an end to difficulties in that quarter. On the 1st of December he arrived at New Orleans, and made his headquarters there. He set about preparing for its defence, and, in order to act efficiently, declared martial law. On the 21st of December he had a battle with the British, nine miles below the city; and on the 8th of January the decisive battle of New Orleans was fought. On the 13th of Feb. an express arrived at headquarters with intelligence of the conclusion of peace between the United States and Great Britain. In every section of the Union the triumph at New Orleans was hailed with the greatest joy, and Jackson became exceedingly popular.

In 1818, he was called to act in conjunction with General Gaines in suppressing the depredations of the Seminole Indians in Florida. In the course of the campaign he took possession of St. Marks, and again of Pensacola, although in possession of the Spanish. This act portended trouble with Spain, but the speedy cession of Florida to the United States removed all cause. On the close of the campaign he resigned his commission in the army.

In 1821, President Monroe appointed him governor of Florida; and in 1823 he was offered the station of minister to Mexico. In 1822, the legislature of Tennessee nominated him for president of the United States; and in 1823 it elected him United States senator. In 1824, he was one of the five candidates for president, and received more votes than any of his competitors, but not a sufficient number to elect him. In 1825, he entertained La Fayette at his estate called the Hermitage. In 1828, he was elected president of the United States by a majority of more than two to one over Mr. Adams.* Mr. Calhoun was elected vice-president.

The administration of Jackson, of eight years' duration, was, like his life, an eventful one, but our prescribed limits will permit us only to briefly refer to the principal events which distinguished it.

The spirit of the advice which Jackson had given to Monroe was not regarded by himself, and he chose for his cabinet, and other appointments, men of his own party exclusively. During the first year of his administration a great many removals from office took place, and this subjected him to severe animadversions.

The hostility of the southern portion of the Union to the tariff of 1828, evolved bold doctrines concerning state rights; and in 1830 the principle known as *nullification* was openly avowed by Mr. Calhoun and his southern friends. The legislature of South Carolina had previously declared the tariff law unconstitutional. Virginia, Georgia, and Alabama, sided with South Carolina, and assumed that the sovereignty of the states was so absolute that they had the right to nullify any act of the general government. This was an alarming doc-

* Just before departing for Washington in 1829, to assume the reins of government, he lost his estimable wife. The bereavement weighed heavily upon his spirits, and he entered upon his exalted duties with a sad heart.

trine, and the dissolution of the Union seemed near at hand. But the energy of the president was equal to the emergency. He issued a proclamation, and sent troops to Charleston, to act as occasion might require. These energetic measures were approved by the great body of the people, and active nullification soon disappeared.

In 1830, the French government having changed hands, Mr. Rives, United States minister at Paris, negotiated a treaty, by which the payment of nearly five millions of dollars, for depredations upon our commerce about the close of the last century, was stipulated. It was to be paid in six annual instalments; but the French chamber of deputies neglected or refused to appropriate the amount, and the draft for the first instalment came back protested. This act the president highly resented, and a war between this country and France became extremely probable. The matter was finally settled in 1836, but not till years of angry dispute had, in a great measure, alienated from each other the people of the two countries.

In 1830, by a treaty with Great Britain, direct trade was opened with the British colonies in the West Indies. In 1832, the war with the Indian tribes on the north-west frontier, known as the Black Hawk war, occurred. From 1829 to 1833, advantageous commercial treaties were concluded with many of the governments of the old world.

In 1832, a bill for rechartering the United States bank was passed by both houses of congress. The bill was vetoed by the president, and in 1836 the bank, as a national institution, ceased to exist.

In the autumn of 1832, Jackson was reëlected president, and Martin Van Buren was elected vice-president. Mr. Clay was the opposing candidate for president.

In 1833, the president becoming convinced that the United States bank was insolvent, directed the

removal of the government deposits from its custody. This measure produced great excitement, and, to some extent, a defection from the administration ranks. It was proved, by a subsequent commission, that the bank was in a sound condition. The great commercial revulsion of 1836-'7 was charged upon this measure, but, as a majority of the people believed, without any just cause.

In 1834, the Cherokee nation of Indians, inhabiting a portion of Georgia, came into collision with the authorities of that state, who claimed that by certain treaties their lands belonged to Georgia. They were partially civilized and had many farms under cultivation, and it was a peculiar hardship for them to leave and go into the wilderness. In 1835, amicable arrangements were made for their removal, and they went beyond the Mississippi. This was a most unrighteous act of our government.

Toward the close of 1835, the Seminole Indians in Florida commenced hostilities against the white settlements on the frontier. An attempt of the government to remove the tribes beyond the Mississippi was the immediate cause of the war. Osceola was the chief warrior of the Seminoles, and by his artful dissimulation in diplomacy, and boldness in war, the contest lasted for several years.

In 1835-'6, a large number of banking institutions sprang up in the several states, and the facility thus afforded for obtaining money, fostered a spirit of speculation, which finally ended in a business revulsion such as was never witnessed here before. The celebrated specie circular, issued from the treasury department in 1836, requiring the payment of gold and silver for public lands, gave the first powerful check to mad schemes of speculation, and it doubtless prevented in a measure the absorption of the entire public domain by a few individuals.

In the fall of 1836, another presidential election occurred. The opposing candidates were Martin

Van Buren (democratic), and General Harrison and Judge White (opposition). Van Buren was elected president and Richard M. Johnson vice-president.

In January, 1837, a resolution was passed, expunging from the journals of congress a resolution offered by Mr. Clay in 1834, censuring the course of the president in removing the government funds from the United States bank. The last official act of Jackson's administration was an informal veto (by retaining it in his possession till after the adjournment of congress) of a bill so far counteracting the specie circular as to allow the reception of the notes of specie-paying banks in payment for public lands.

On the 3d of March, 1837, his administration closed; and having published a farewell address, he retired to the Hermitage in Tennessee, where he passed the remainder of his days. For the last two years of his life he was physically quite infirm, but his mind lost but little of its energy. On the 8th of June, 1845, he expired, in the seventy-ninth year of his age. Public funeral obsequies were performed throughout the country, for it might be truly said, a "great man has fallen in Israel." His estate was left to the Donelson family, who were relatives of Mrs. Jackson, he having no blood-relations in this country.

In person, General Jackson was six feet one inch high, remarkably straight, and thin, never weighing over one hundred and fifty pounds. His sharp, intelligent eye was a dark blue. His manners were pleasing, his address commanding, and the most remarkable feature of his character was firmness. Honest and conscientious, no obstacle could prevent his doing what he judged to be right. Benevolence was in him a leading virtue, and his moral character was ever above reproach.*

* Lossing's Lives of the Presidents.

In the month of January, 1835, at the time, when, in consequence of pending difficulties between this country and France, the public mind had become somewhat diverted from the politics of factions, an attempt was made on the life of General Jackson, by a young man named Richard Lawrence. He was a journeyman painter, about twenty or twenty-one years of age, and a native of Great Britain, though, for some years, a resident of the city of Washington.

This bold attempt was made in the day time, and in the presence of at least ten thousand people, on the steps of the east front of the Capitol. The opportunity sought, was a singular, and a melancholy one.

The Hon. Warren R. Davis, a representative in congress, from South Carolina, had, a few days before, fallen a victim to the diseases incident to the capital; and was to be buried, from the halls of congress, in conformity with parliamentary custom and courtesy.

The multitude had listened to a funeral discourse from the chaplain, in the hall of the House of Representatives, and had marched in procession through the rotunda to the east front of the Capitol, and were standing on the esplanade, General Jackson somewhat in advance, when Richard Lawrence, who had gained his position, no one could tell how, drew from his bosom a brass barreled pistol, deliberately presented it to the breast of General Jackson, and pulled the trigger. The percussion cap exploded without discharging the pistol. Finding himself baffled in his attempt, he drew a second pistol, which had the same effect—the percussion cap exploded, and no harm was done. So adroitly did Lawrence act, and so dense was the crowd, that he was not discovered by any one at the moment, except General Jackson, who raised his cane and struck at, but missed his object. As he raised his

cane, he ejaculated an emphatic expression, familiar to himself, which arrested the attention of others, when Lawrence was secured by Captain Gedney, of the navy, who clasped him in his arms, and then pinioned him. The cry was, instantly; "kill him, kill him, kill the assassin, kill him." Gedney, however, held the assassin fast, and demanding that law and justice should take their course, hurried the madman into a carriage, and conveyed him to prison.

The excitement that immediately ensued was terrific; the mass in attendance swayed to and fro like the waves of the ocean; and, hundreds, not knowing what was the actual cause of alarm, attempted to make a precipitant retreat, to avoid being trampled on.

At the time of the arrest of Lawrence, it was doubted, by many, if his pistols were loaded, as neither of them went off. To ascertain the fact, they were placed in the hands of Major Donelson, and a company of gentlemen, who examined them. They were found to be loaded with ball, slug, and buck-shot, and, being recapped, went off, and perforated a two-inch oak plank at the distance of some ten yards. They were brass barreled, connected near the breech, or chamber, by a screw.

Why they did not explode when placed at the breast of General Jackson, of course no one can tell, but it was supposed, as Lawrence had carried them in his bosom many days, and as the weather was very warm, for the season, that the warmth of his body had destroyed the percussion caps.

Lawrence was committed to jail in the month of February, 1835, and remained there many years, when he was conveyed to the lunatic asylum in Baltimore. When we last saw him, he appeared to be contented and happy, and was very busily engaged in parceling out crowns and kingdoms, while he originated monarchies and despotisms.—*Holden's Magazine.*

MARTIN VAN BUREN.



AMONG the earlier immigrants from Holland were the Van Buren family. They settled upon lands on the east bank of the Hudson, now known by the name of Columbia county, New York.

Martin Van Buren, the eighth president of the United States, was born at Kinderhook on the 5th of December, 1782. His father was a farmer in very moderate circumstances. His early education was extremely limited, but the little opportunity afforded him at the Kinderhook academy, for acquiring any learning beyond the mere rudiments of an English education, was industriously improved. At the age of fourteen years he entered the office of Francis Sylvester, a lawyer of Kinderhook, and very soon gave promise of future eminence. The last year of his preparatory studies was spent in the office of William P. Van Ness, an eminent lawyer and leading democrat in the city of New York.

In November, 1803, Mr. Van Buren was admitted to practice in the supreme court of the United States, and in his native town he formed a law partnership with his half-brother, Mr. Van Alen. In 1806 he married Miss Hannah Hoes, who was distantly related to him. She died in 1818, leaving him four sons. In 1808 he was appointed surrogate of Columbia county, and from that time until 1815 he had a lucrative practice. In 1815 he was appointed attorney-general of the state, and he continued the practice of law until 1828, when he was elected governor of the state of New York.

Mr. Van Buren's political career has been a brilliant one. He entered the field as early as 1804, when Aaron Burr and Morgan Lewis were the op-



Mr. van Buren

posing democratic candidates for governor of the state. He supported Mr. Lewis. In 1807 he warmly supported Daniel D. Tompkins for the same office; and during the entire administration of Mr. Jefferson, it received his support. He was opposed to the rechartering of the United States bank in 1811, and he warmly defended the course of the vice-president (George Clinton), who gave his casting vote against the measure.

In 1812 he was elected to the state senate, and in 1816 he was appointed a regent of the university, and was also reëlected to the senate for four years. He became personally and politically opposed to Mr. Clinton; and when, in 1818, that gentleman was elected governor, Mr. Van Buren opposed his administration, and was one of the leaders of that portion of the democratic party, an alleged association of which at the seat of government was known by the name of the Albany Regency. Mr. Clinton's friends having a majority in the council of appointment, Mr. Van Buren was removed from the office of attorney-general. It was afterward tendered to him, but he declined it.

In 1821, Mr. Van Buren was elected to the senate of the United States. He was also an active and leading member of the convention that met that year to revise the constitution of the state of New York. In 1827, he was reëlected to the United States senate for six years. In 1828, he was elected governor of his state. In a brief message in January, 1829, he proposed the celebrated safety-fund system for banking institutions. In 1829, General Jackson appointed him secretary of state, and he resigned the office of governor. In 1831, on the dissolution of Jackson's cabinet, Mr. Van Buren was appointed minister to Great Britain. The appointment was not confirmed by the senate, and he was recalled. His friends looked upon this as political persecution, and he was nominated for and

elected vice-president of the United States in 1832. In 1836, he was elected president, and Colonel Richard M. Johnson was elected vice-president. Mr. Van Buren was inaugurated on the 4th of March, 1837.

During the summer of 1839, he visited the state of New York for the first time since his inauguration, and was everywhere greeted with enthusiasm.

In 1840, Mr. Van Buren was a candidate for re-election, but the great political changes from various causes gave but little hope for his success. General Harrison, the candidate of the opposition, was elected by a large majority. John Tyler of Virginia, was elected vice-president. Mr. Van Buren's administration closed on the 3d of March, 1841.

Since his retirement from office, Mr. Van Buren has resided upon his beautiful estate at Kinderhook. In personal appearance, Mr. Van Buren is about the middle size, erect, and rather inclined to corpulency. His hair (formerly light) is now white, his eye is bright and deeply penetrating, and his expansive forehead indicates great intellectual power. He is now sixty-seven years of age.

In the autumn of 1848 Mr. Van Buren, at the earnest solicitation of his friends, suffered himself to be nominated for the presidency as the advocate of the Wilmot Proviso, prohibiting the extension of slavery in newly acquired territory. This was done more with a view of embodying the sentiment of those opposed to the extension of slavery than from any reasonable prospect of his election. The successful candidate was General Taylor.



W. H. Harrison

WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON.

WILLIAM Henry Harrison, the ninth president of the United States, was born near Richmond, Virginia, on the 9th of February, 1773. His father, Benjamin Harrison, was a representative from Virginia in the continental congress, and when the Declaration of Independence was agreed to, he was chairman of the committee of the whole. He was also one of the signers of that document.

William Henry, the subject of this sketch, was the youngest of three sons.

After graduating at Hampden Sydney, he went to Philadelphia for the purpose of studying medicine, but he had scarcely arrived when the news of his father's death reached him. He then resolved to enter the army; and having obtained from Washington an ensign's commission, he departed for the west.

"When General Wayne, in 1794, took the command in the north-west, young Harrison was soon noticed for his valor, and made one of his aids. He was promoted to the rank of captain; and after the treaty of Greenville, in 1795, he was left in command of Fort Washington. He soon after married the daughter of Judge Symmes, the proprietor of the Miami purchase, and, resigning his military commission, entered upon civil official duties as secretary of the North-Western territory.

In 1799, Harrison was elected the first delegate to congress from the North-Western territory. Through his influence in congress, such salutary regulations respecting the sale and occupancy of public lands at the west were effected, that emigration rapidly filled the country with settlers. When, soon after, Indiana was erected into a territory, Harrison was

appointed governor thereof by President Adams. He was clothed with extraordinary powers, which subsequently became necessary, for in their exercise he was instrumental in saving the settlers of that frontier from the hatchet of the savages, whetted by British intrigue. When the war of 1812 broke out, Harrison found the Indians ripe for conflict, under the teachings of the brave Tecumseh and his prophet-brother. Before that event he took the field in person, and obtained a decisive victory over the savages at Tippecanoe, the village of Tecumseh. In 1812, he received the appointment of brevet major-general in the Kentucky militia, and on the surrender of Hull, he was appointed a major-general in the army of the United States. In October, 1813, he achieved the battle of the Thames.

In 1814, he resigned his commission, in consequence of a misunderstanding with General Armstrong, the secretary of war. President Madison, who held him in the greatest esteem, deeply deplored the act of resignation. General Harrison retired to his farm at North Bend, in Ohio, but the voice of the people called him forth to represent them at various times, both in the state legislature and in the congress of the United States. In 1824, he was elected to the senate of the United States; and in 1828, he was appointed minister to the republic of Colombia, in South America. In consequence of some difference of views respecting the Panama question, General Jackson recalled him. He retired to his estate at North Bend, with the intention of passing the remainder of his days there in the bosom of his family. But the voice of the people again called him forth, and in 1840 he was elected president of the United States by an overwhelming majority. John Tyler, of Virginia, was elected vice-president.

General Harrison was inaugurated on the 4th of March, 1841. But the sound of rejoicing that at-



John Tyler

tended his elevation had scarcely died upon the ear, when a funeral-knell was heard, and the beloved and veteran statesman was a corpse in the presidential mansion! On the 4th of April, just one month after his inauguration, he expired, aged sixty-eight years.

In person, he was tall and slender, and always enjoyed great bodily vigor. His dark eye was remarkable for its keenness and intelligence. Throughout a long life, he was distinguished for stern integrity, purity of purpose, and patriotism without alloy.”*

JOHN TYLER.

AMONG the early English settlers of Virginia were the ancestors of John Tyler, the tenth president of the United States. His father was a lineal descendant of Wat Tyler, who in the fourteenth century headed an insurrection in England, and who lost his life while insolently demanding from Richard the Second certain rights which were claimed for the people.

The subject of this notice was born in Charles county, Virginia, on the 29th of March, 1790. At the age of twelve he entered William and Mary college, and in his seventeenth year he graduated with high honor. Applying himself to the study of the law, at the age of nineteen he was admitted to the bar, where he soon secured an extensive practice.

In 1811 he was unanimously elected a member of the Virginia legislature. In 1816 he was elected to congress. Towards the close of his second term of service in that body, his impaired health com-

* Lossing.

pelled him to resign. In 1823 he was again elected to the Virginia legislature. In 1825, by a very large majority, he was elected governor of Virginia. On the following year he was reëlected, but resigned in order to take his place in the United States senate. In 1833 he was reëlected to the senate for the term of six years.

“In 1836, the legislature of Virginia instructed the senators from that state to vote for expunging from the journals of the senate the resolution of Mr. Clay, censuring the president. As Mr. Tyler approved of the resolution, he could not obey instructions, and, true to his avowed principles, he resigned his seat, and was succeeded by Mr. Rives.

In the spring of 1838, the whigs of James City county elected Mr. Tyler a member of the Virginia legislature. In 1839 he was elected a member of the whig convention that met at Harrisburgh to nominate a candidate for president of the United States. He was chosen vice-president of the convention, and warmly supported Mr. Clay for the nomination. General Harrison was nominated for president, and Mr. Tyler for vice-president, and in 1840 they were both elected.”

On the sudden death of President Harrison, on the 4th of April, 1841, Mr. Tyler, in accordance with the provisions of the constitution, became president of the United States. Of the character of his administration and his personal relations thereto, it is not our province to speak. In declining a nomination for a second term he said, “I appeal from the vituperation of the present day to the pen of impartial history, in the full confidence that neither my motives nor my acts will bear the interpretation which has, for sinister purposes, been placed upon them.” On the 4th of March, 1845, he returned to his estate near Williamsburg, Virginia, where he still resides.

The first wife of President Tyler was Miss Lu-



James R. Fourn

cretia Christian, whom he married in 1813. She died September 10th, 1842. On the 26th of June, 1844, he married Miss Julia Gardiner, daughter of the late David Gardiner, who was killed by the explosion on board the Princeton.

JAMES KNOX POLK,

ELEVENTH president of the United States, was born in Mecklenburg county, North Carolina, on the 2d of March, 1795. Sometime previous to the commencement of the revolutionary war, his ancestors settled near the western frontier of North Carolina, and during the stormy period they were among the most ardent patriots.* In the autumn of 1806 the father of the subject of this memoir, with a wife and ten children, removed to Tennessee, upon the Duck river, which region was then a wilderness. James having acquired a good English education, was at the age of seventeen placed in a mercantile house. But preferring the law, at the age of twenty, with a view to the acquirement of the profession, he entered the university of North Carolina, where in 1818 he graduated with distinguished honor. Returning to Tennessee, he commenced the study of law, in the office of the late Felix Grundy. In 1820 he was admitted to the bar. He commenced practice in the county of Maury, where he soon took the lead in his profession.

In 1823 he was elected to the legislature of Tennessee, and in 1825 he was elected to congress.

* The name of Ezekiel Polk, the grandfather of the ex-president, is found on the original copy of the Mecklenburg, North Carolina, Declaration of Independence, made May 19, 1775, and recently discovered by Mr. Bancroft.

Having been reëlected to that body for fourteen years, in 1839 he was elected by a large majority governor of Tennessee. In 1841 and 1843 he was again a candidate for the same office, but without success. On the 29th of May, 1844, the democratic convention at Baltimore nominated him as their candidate for president of the United States, and in the November following he was elected, by a majority over Mr. Clay of over sixty-four electoral votes; George M. Dallas being elected vice-president. On the 4th of March, 1845, Mr. Polk was inaugurated. The most prominent event in his administration was the commencement and the successful termination of the war with Mexico, by which an immense portion of the Mexican territory, including California, came into the possession of the United States.

Mr. Polk was not a candidate for reëlection. On the 4th of March, 1849, he vacated the executive mansion, and with his amiable lady returned once more to the blessedness of private life.

ZACHARY TAYLOR.

DESCENDED from James Taylor, who emigrated from England to Virginia towards the close of seventeenth century, General Zachary Taylor was born in Orange county, Virginia, in the year 1790, and entered the United States army as a lieutenant, in 1808; he was then but eighteen years of age. He was attached to the seventh regiment of United States infantry, and in four years rose to the rank of captain. In 1812 he was invested with the command of Fort Harrison, Indiana, which he defended with such valor that he was made major by brevet by



3-Taylor

President Madison. In 1832 he was raised to the position of colonel. He subsequently played a conspicuous part in the Florida war, winning, after the severest fight on record, the celebrated Indian battle of Okee-cho-bee, for which he received the appointment of brigadier-general. In 1845 he was ordered to Texas, and took up his position at Corpus Christi. He was instructed by the United States to repel any invasion of Texan territory. On the 11th of March, 1846, he moved westward, and reached the river Colorado, which he passed on the 22d, under an intimation from the Mexican general that such a step would be considered a declaration of war. On the 24th he reached Point Isabel. On the 8th of May he met the Mexicans at Palo Alto, and on the 9th again defeated them at Resaca de la Palma. General Taylor immediately received the appointment of major-general by brevet. Monterey came next; but the crowning glory of the whole campaign was the brilliantly fought battle of Buena Vista.

This was the last, as it was the noblest, of General Taylor's victories, and one, moreover, which placed him among the greatest generals of the age in which he lives.

On the 1st of June, 1848, at a whig national convention, held at Philadelphia, General Taylor was nominated as president of the United States on the fourth ballot. The vote stood as follows:

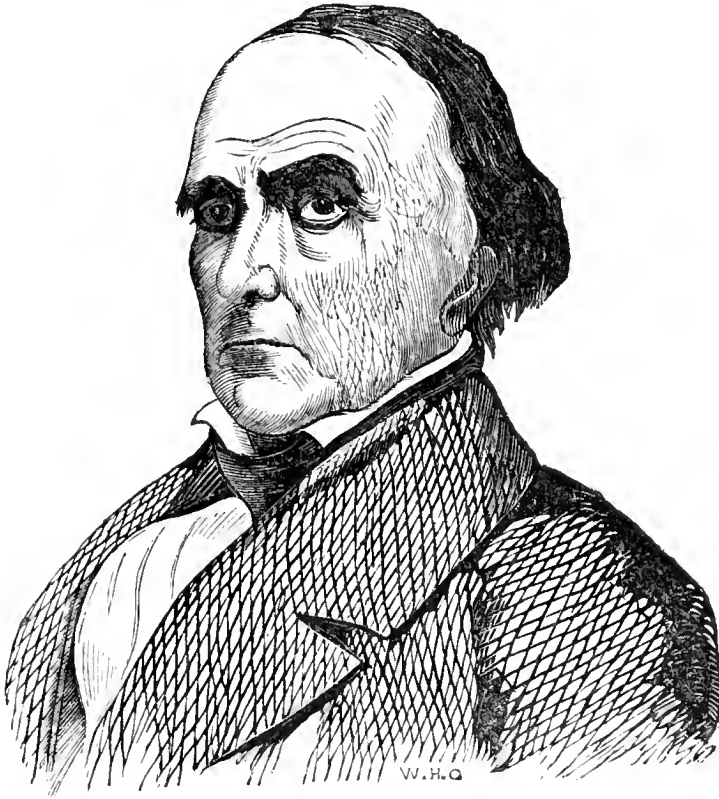
	1st ballot.	2d.	3d.	4th.
Zachary Taylor,	111	118	133	171
Henry Clay,	97	86	74	32
Winfield Scott,	43	49	54	63
Daniel Webster,	22	22	17	13
John M. Clayton, . . .	4	4	1	0
John McLean, *	2	0	0	0
Total,	<u>279</u>	<u>279</u>	<u>279</u>	<u>279</u>

* Withdrawn before.

In November of the same year, he was elected by a large majority. He was inaugurated on the 4th of March, 1849.

Taylor is the first of our presidents who bears an Old Testament name. The name of Zachary has not very frequently appeared appended to men in distinguished public life. More than a thousand years have intervened between the election of Pope Zachary and President Taylor. It is a curious circumstance that the papal temporal dynasty was commenced in Rome under Zachary, 1107 years ago, and in the same year that the American Zachary is called to our presidential chair, the temporal power expires, and a new constitutional government is formed in Rome upon the basis of universal suffrage.

DISTINGUISHED AMERICANS.



Daniel Webster

NEAR the close of the last century, in the woods of New Hampshire, might have been seen a stern looking youth, in coarse attire, with a whip in his hand, shouting to a yoke of oxen, or splitting wood for the winter's fire. Deprived of all the advantages of education, except those afforded by a common school, and shut out from the world by a dense forest, how could it have been supposed that the voice of one so lowly would ever echo in tones of soul-chaining eloquence through the halls of congress, or that his sagacious

counsels in the cabinet, would place him among the first statesmen of the world. Yet this came to pass, and Daniel Webster, by the energy of a determined will, has literally worked his way from the plow to the senate; and as a lawyer and statesman, has become the admiration of all Europe. As has been truly observed, such men as he, have become great, not so much from the facilities for a common knowledge, which our systems of education afford, as from the *self*-reliance which a sense of freedom confers. The moment you make a man politically equal to his fellow, you give him a consciousness that he is so in all respects. This is the source of confidence. And how many, from a want of this royal egotism, have smothered thoughts of fire, and died victims to their unsatisfied yearnings. CONFIDENCE ROLLS THE STONE FROM THE SEPULCHRE, AND LIBERATES THE IMPRISONED DEITY OF MIND.

Daniel Webster was born in Salisbury, in the state of New Hampshire, at the head of the Merri-mac river, on the 18th of January, 1782. His father, who was a farmer, was at one period an officer of the revolution, and for many years judge of the court of common pleas. Like his son he was a man of strongly marked character, full of decision, integrity, firmness, and good sense. The early youth of Daniel was passed in the midst of the forest, where the means for forming the character we now witness in him, seemed absolutely wanting; and but for the characteristic policy of New England, which carries its free schools into the wilderness, he would have passed the "mute inglorious life," which is entailed upon the peasantry of less favored countries. Struggling always with difficulties, and by great sacrifices on the part of his family, he entered Dartmouth college, where he graduated in 1801, at the age of nineteen, and even at this early period, so far as learning was concerned, he had outstripped every competitor. He com-

menced the study of law in his native town, and completed it in 1805 at Boston, in the office of Mr. Gore, afterwards governor of Massachusetts. Mr. Webster then returned to his native state and commenced practice in the small village of Boscawen. In 1807, he removed to Portsmouth, the commercial capital of New Hampshire. There by coming into collision with the leading counsel at that place, men of the first order of mind, he went through a stern intellectual training, and acquired that unsparing logic, for which he is now so distinguished.

At the age of thirty, in 1812, after the declaration of war, he was elected as one of the representatives from New Hampshire to the 13th congress. In 1816, after an arduous public service of four years, Mr. Webster determined to return for a time, to private life. In 1813, by the disastrous fire at Portsmouth, he sustained a heavy pecuniary loss, which the opportunities offered by his profession in New Hampshire, were not likely to repair. He therefore in the summer of 1816, removed to Boston, which has since been his principal place of residence. Here his success at the bar soon surpassed his most sanguine expectations, and he rapidly ascended that eminence where so few have been able to follow. In 1820, he was a member of the convention for revising the constitution of Massachusetts, and on the 22d of December in the same year, being the two hundredth anniversary of the landing of the pilgrims at Plymouth, Mr. Webster, by the sure indication of the public will, was summoned to that consecrated spot, and in an address, which is the gravest of his published works, "so spoke of the centuries past, that the centuries yet to come shall receive and remember his words." Again in 1825, fifty years from the day when the solemn drama of the American revolution was opened on Bunker's hill, Mr. Webster stood there and interpreted to

assembled thousands, the feelings with which that great event will for ever be regarded. Again too, in the summer of 1826, he was called upon to commemorate the services which Adams and Jefferson had rendered, when they carried through the Declaration of Independence, and which they so mysteriously sealed by their common death, exactly half a century afterwards. And finally on the 22d of February, 1832, at the completion of a century from the birth of Washington, and in the city which bears his name, Mr. Webster exhibited him to the country as standing at the head alike of a new world, and of a new era in the history of man. These four occasions were all memorable; and the genius of Mr. Webster has sent them down, marked with its impress, to posterity.

Having again served in the 17th and 18th congress, in 1826 he was reëlected from the same district a third time; but before he had taken his seat, a vacancy having occurred in the senate, he was chosen without any regular opposition to fill it, an honor which was again conferred upon him in 1833 by a sort of general consent and acclamation. How he bore himself as a senator, in the great and vital questions which came up for discussion, is too well known to require a detailed account.

We can not however refrain from quoting an account of the debate on the tariff question in 1833, when Mr. Webster made his great effort in reply to Robert Y. Hayne of South Carolina. It is thus described by a writer in the *National Magazine*:

“The nullification fever had risen almost frenzy high. Members of all parties had deserted the lower house to witness the splintering of lances between Robert Y. Hayne, of South Carolina, and Daniel Webster. When we entered the hall, Gen. Hayne was speaking. He was a man of general youthful appearance, with his shirt collar turned over his cravat, and his hair smoothly brushed

across his forehead. He was of the middle stature, and well made. He was speaking energetically; his eyes were peculiarly brilliant, and his face was extremely pale; he moved up and down the aisles formed between the desks, with a rapid and agitated step; his gestures were vehement, and he appeared to be under a high state of excitement. We were peculiarly struck with his whole appearance, and the tone of feeling evident in the chamber. Mr. Calhoun, then vice-president, was in the chair. With his large, steady and vigilant eyes witnessing the first great battle of his doctrine, he seemed the very spirit of embodied interest; not a word, not a gesture of Gen. Hayne escaped his lion look. The senate was deeply interested, as a matter of course. The language of Gen. Hayne was rich and vigorous; and his powerful sketch of the effect of the impost law on the south—the description he gave of her people—his own bold and hazardous elocution and impetuous bearing—were evidently making a strong impression on the body. From time to time, attention would be directed from him to the gentleman who was expected to answer him, and whom Gen. Hayne attacked, under cover of a terrible and galling fire.

Cold, serene, dark, and melancholy, that man, thus assailed, sat apart, bleak and frowning as a mountain rock; he evidently felt the gigantic influences that were at work around him, but his profound mind was strengthening itself for the contest. And how deeply solemn was that hour, that moment! how grand that scene! and what were the meditations and spirit-rallyings of that dark man! His countenance wavered not during the whole of that tremendous speech; assault after assault was made upon him, but yet he neither turned to the right nor left, but calmly and gallantly, like a soldier waiting the signal, he bided his hour. That time of retaliation came, swift as the thoughts of

vengeance, to Daniel Webster. Who will forget the exordium of that remarkable effort, the lashing sarcasm, the withering tones of that voice, and the temper of his language? General Hayne (we remember distinctly,) changed color, and appeared much disconcerted. But who that heard him will permit the peroration to be forgotten? those closing passages of grandeur, that majestic allusion to the flag of freedom and his country. Looking, with his dark and lustrous eye, through the glass dome of the chamber, over which he could see that banner floating, he delivered an apostrophe, which has never been surpassed, and seldom equalled. It composed a figure of the most thrilling interest—a burst of solemn and pathetic feeling; and, coming from such a source (a man generally esteemed phlegmatic), it was electric. It was like the beam of sunset, or the gleam of summer lightning, radiating the brow of the cliff to which we have above alluded.”

At the presidential election of 1836, Mr. Webster received the vote of Massachusetts for the presidency.

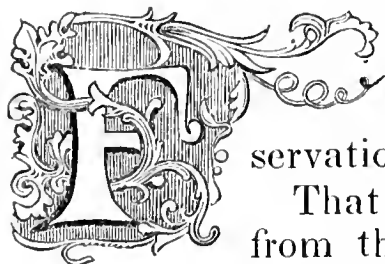
In 1839, Mr. Webster visited England, where he was received in the most flattering manner, his reputation having become universal. Returning home he took a prominent part in the great presidential contest of 1840, which eventuated in the defeat of the democratic party. He was called to the first place in the cabinet, by President Harrison, with the full approbation of the triumphant party. After General Harrison's death, Mr. Webster continued secretary of state under President Tyler, and did not retire from that office when his colleagues resigned their places, after the bill enacting a national bank had been refused the executive sanction. Mr. Webster had entered the cabinet, it is understood, with the intention of settling several questions connected with foreign affairs and our

commercial policy; and he very properly did not think it necessary to lose sight of these, in a contest relating solely to matters connected with our domestic financial policy. It would be unjust to Mr. Webster to omit to say, that his opinions on great questions underwent no change because of his remaining in the cabinet; and he left that body so soon as Mr. Tyler showed a determination to favor the democracy, and had commenced those movements which resulted in the annexation of Texas. He was secretary of state more than two years, during which time the north-eastern boundary question was settled, and a source of irritation between the United States and England dried up.

Mr. Webster remained about two years in private life, when he was again elected to the United States senate by the legislature of Massachusetts, in place of Mr. Choate. His term of service will expire in 1851.

Mr. Webster is a member of a Christian church. He is the devoted friend of the Bible, and its warm defender. He remembers the sabbath, and reverences the sanctuary, and is the true friend of the ministry of Christ. He is the liberal supporter of the gospel at home and abroad. These things correspond with a sentiment, which he publicly expressed, "the fear of God, after all, is the beginning of wisdom."

LYDIA HUNTLEY SIGOURNEY.



EELINGLY and truthfully is the cause of literary women advocated in the following observations:

That women sometimes publish from the impulse of vanity, it were useless to deny; but, in such cases, the effort is usually worthy of the motive: it touches no heart, because it emanates from none; it kindles no pure imagination, it excites no holy impulses, because the impulse from which it originated is neither lofty nor worthy. It may be safely asserted, that no woman who has written or published from the promptings of ambition or vanity, alone, was ever successful, or ever will be. She may gain notoriety, but that is a consequence of authorship, which must be ever painful to a woman of true genius, unless is added to it that public respect and private affection, which can never be secured by wish alone.

Literature is an honorable profession, and that women devote a portion of their time to it, requires neither excuse nor palliation, so long as they preserve the delicacy and gentleness which are the attributes of their sex. So long as the dignity and delicacy of sex is preserved, there can be no competition between men and women of genius. In literature, as in every thing else, the true woman will feel how much better it is to owe something to the protection, generosity and forbearance of the stronger and sterner sex, than to enter into an unnatural strife in the broad arena which men claim for the trial of masculine intellect. Open the fountains of domestic love to her, and there is little danger that her genius will stray from the sunny nooks of literature, or that she will forsake the pure wells



Lydia Huntley Hamman

of affection, to leap into the high-road of politics; to lose her identity in the smoke of a battle-field, or to gather up popular applause and unsatisfactory admiration, in place of tenderness, and all those home comforts which cling so naturally around the feminine heart.

It has been beautifully said, that the heart is woman's dominion. Cast her not forth, then, from the little kingdom which she may do so much to purify and embellish. Her gentle culture has kept many of those rugged passes green, where sterner laborers might have left them sterile and blossomless. If you would cultivate genius aright, cherish it among the most holy of your household gods. Make it a domestic plant. Let its roots strike deep in your home, nor care that its perfume floats to a thousand casements besides your own, so long as its greenness and its blossoms are for you. Flowers of the sweetest breath give their perfume most lavishly to the breeze, yet without exhausting their own delicate urns. Why then should you refuse to gather the mantle of domestic love about the woman of genius?

Why do they write? Why does the bird sing but that its little heart is gushing over with melody? Why does the flower blossom, but that it has been drenched with dew, and kindled up by the sunshine, until its perfume bursts the petals, and lavishes its sweetness on the air? Why does the artist become restless with a yearning want, as the creatures of his fancy spring to life beneath his pencil? When his ideal has taken to itself a form of beauty, does he rest till some kindred eye has gazed with his upon the living canvas? His heart is full of a strange joy, and he would impart something of that joy to another. Is this vanity? No, it is a beautiful desire for sympathy. The feelings may partake of a love of praise, but it is one which would be degraded by the title of ambition.

Ask any woman of genius why she writes, and she will tell you it is because she can not help it; that there are times when a power which she can neither comprehend nor resist, impels her to the sweet exercise of her intellect; that at such moments there is happiness in the very exertion; a thrilling excitement which makes the action of thought "its own exceeding reward;" that her heart is crowded with feelings which pant for language and for sympathy, and that ideas gush up from the mind unsought and uncalled for, as the waters leap from their fount when the earth is deluged with moisture. I am almost certain that the most beautiful things that enrich our literature, have sprung to life from the sweet, irresistible impulse for creation, which pervaded the heart of the author, without motive and without aim.

The motives which urge literary women to publish, are probably as various as those which lead persons to any other calling. Many may place themselves before the world from a natural and strictly feminine thirst for sympathy; from the same feeling which prompts a generous boy to call his companions about him when he has found a robbin's nest, hid away among the blossoming boughs of an old apple tree, or a bed of ripe strawberries melting in their own ruby light through the grass, on a hill-side. The discovery would be almost valueless, could he find none to gaze on the blue eggs exposed in the bottom of the nest, or to revel with him in the luscious treasure of the strawberry bed; so the enjoyment of a mental discovery is enhanced by companionship and appreciation.

This most distinguished literary lady in America, and one whose fame is of larger standing than any of her female contemporaries, is a native of Norwich, Connecticut. She was born on the 1st of September, 1791.

She was an only child. Her parents were not

rich, which makes the respect which they received from the prosperous and wealthy around them, still more creditable to them. Especially is it honorable to the subject of this sketch, who had no birthright but her genius and a good name, and yet has reached a position which mere wealth must envy in vain. The rugged energies of men very often flourish best in defiance of fortune. Poverty and obscurity spur faculties which would languish amid wealth and luxury. But it is very rare that one of the softer sex is able to win for herself all the advantages which fortune has denied her. But Mrs. Sigourney is one of these exceptions.

Her mother's name before marriage was Wentworth, whose descent has been distinctly traced, first to the old tory governors of New Hampshire, who were especially honored for their loyalty by the crown of England, and subsequently, through an immense line of ancestors to the great earl of Strafford, whose lordly head was brought to the block during the reign of Charles First. She possessed much natural vivacity, not a little beauty of person, and a powerful memory. She did not, however, enjoy the advantages of an early regular education; so that her daughter was compelled to rely upon her own instincts in estimating the importance of mental acquisition and in resolving to make it.

Mr. Huntley, father of Mrs. Sigourney, was of Scotch descent. He enlisted early as a soldier in our revolutionary struggle, and joined the first regiment who marched, in 1775, from the eastern part of the state of Connecticut, under Gen. Jedediah Huntington. He afterwards retired to his small farm, which he cultivated with a view both to profit and to taste. His circumstances, as we have already hinted, were not affluent, but were such as to make industry necessary, beneficence practicable and luxury impossible. They exhibited most

faithfully the *aurea mediocritas* of Horace. He was faithful during life to one rule: to "owe no man anything." He never bought, without paying the price on the spot, and enforced the same rule in respect to the purchases made by his family. He was remarkable, perhaps, more than for anything else, for his placid disposition. No hasty word ever rose to his lips or angry flush to his cheek. This equanimity seems to be most fully inherited by his daughter. His piety was fervent, and his benevolence was requited by the love and respect of all who knew him. He lived to reach his eighty-eighth year, retaining to the end, an elastic step, a florid cheek, and bright, brown hair, unsprinkled to the last. He died on the 13th of August, 1839. His wife's death had already occurred in 1833. The affectionate daughter of this worthy pair had the sad satisfaction of closing the eyes of both under her own roof.

Our materials for sketching the early life of Mrs. Sigourney are by no means full, but are unquestionably accurate, having been derived from a person acquainted with Miss Huntley in her younger days, and, like her, a native of Norwich. Persons generally expect to hear of some extraordinary development of precocity in the childhood of genius, although mere precocity proves very little, and disappoints quite as often as gratifies the hopes predicated upon it. But Lydia Huntley *was* a precocious child. At the age of three she read the Bible well. At the age of seven or eight she began to show the splendid bias of her mind, and composed verses for her own amusement. This habit she continued, for years, in connection with another quite as remarkable—that of concealing them. Committing them to her private journal, as if they were a part of the record of her life and feelings, she kept them as sacred only to herself. Perhaps here is the secret of that truth to herself, to her own heart, which we

have already explained as being the distinguishing excellence of Mrs. Sigourney's writings. She was an only child, and had no playmates. This drove her to seek companionship in books, and made her diary the confidante of her childhood. But we are in advance of our story.

Mrs. Sigourney's early life is inseparably woven with that of one of those benevolent ladies of the olden time, whose good qualities of heart ought to be more estimable than genius. We allude to Madam Lathrop, a daughter of Hon. John Talcott, once governor of Connecticut, and a resident of Hartford. She was the widow of Dr. D. Lathrop, of Norwich. Mr. Huntley, father of Mrs. Sigourney, acted as the steward of this excellent lady until her death, and lived with his wife in the fine family mansion, where their only daughter was born. Madam Lathrop had lost her own children, while they were quite young, and seemed to pour upon this lovely and timid child of genius all the wealth of her best affections, for fourteen years. Here the latter was surrounded with many advantages which her parents could never have afforded her. The house of her benefactress was the favorite resort of distinguished persons, both of Connecticut and the other states of the Union. Introduced into such society and nurtured in such an atmosphere, Madam Lathrop's ward could not, with her fine natural delicacy, have failed to imbibe the characteristics of true gentility. And richly have those germs of character matured, for never for a moment could any one doubt the perfect affability, the ladylikeness of Mrs. Sigourney's manners. She is respectful without the slightest loss of conscious self-respect, and condescending to the humblest without seeming to condescend. She had a good school and was a good scholar. Her benefactress also had a small library, selected with the purest taste, from which the young Lydia drew untainted

sweetness. And yet, what heart however loving, or mind however sagacious, would have recognized in this young girl, remarkable for the delicate richness of her cheek and the sweet docility of her disposition—as she sat in her little chair, reading aloud to her beloved benefactress from Young's Night Thoughts or Bishop Sherlock's discourses—or curiously conning her own rude rhymes at eight years of age—or running in glee over the turf of the court yard in front of the mansion, decked with roses and sweet briar, of Madam Lathrop—or rushing through the spruce-arched gate-way—or sweeping floors with elaborate skill—or trying to iron—or steadying the fruit-tree that her father was planting—or dropping the garden-seeds behind him—or spinning upon her mother's great wheel—ever accompanying her childish industry with a happy song—the future Hemans of America? Who would have guessed that she would in latter years be the admired of the great—the confidential correspondent of Hannah More—a friend of Joanna Bailie and the countess of Blessington—the recipient of costly gifts from royalty in honor of her muse—the most famous of the female bards of her country? Surely, none would have guessed the secret of the future.

Miss Huntley enjoyed the best advantages of a school education, which were furnished in her vicinity. Modern schemes have materially widened the range of studies to be pursued by young ladies—in some cases to a miraculous extent. But half a century ago, few studies were pursued by girls, and in these they were most thoroughly taught. All experience demonstrates the superior wisdom of the latter course. For although the ancient range of study might wisely be made more ample, yet no modern improvement will do away the necessity of learning thoroughly whatever is learned at all.

Then, too, the sexes were not, contrary to the law of nature as developed in the family, penned up

apart, to take away from one the stimulous of masculine strength and from the other the softening influences of female delicacy. We remember that we once heard Mrs. Sigourney say distinctly, that one of the most profitable periods of her early culture was that, in which she, with several other young ladies, successfully struggled to retain their places with honor in a class, containing several young men of talent, who were pursuing at school the studies of the first year in Yale college. Perhaps we ought to add, that one of the young gentlemen of this class was afterwards a judge of the supreme court of Connecticut, and a senator of the United States—the late lamented Jabez W. Huntington. Another was Hon. Henry Strong, still an eminent lawyer of the same state. We regret, that we do not know the name of Miss Huntley's instructor.

Miss Huntley was, of course, successful in school. The acquisition of knowledge was her amusement and she swept, with the monopoly of merit, all the rare prizes and medals and badges of school honor.

Imagine then her distress, when her parents, persuaded by some notable persons that more learning than she had acquired would inevitably unfit a girl for a contented discharge of domestic duties, removed her from school at the tender age of thirteen. The disappointed child sought in needle-work and in the ever-favorite pen a solace for the sad change.

The next year, her fifteenth, was made mournfully memorable by the death of her beloved benefactress, Madame Lathrop, at the age of 88. A deep sorrow for the first time touched her child's heart. But the good old lady did not leave her charge comfortless. She bequeathed to the young mourner a friend,—such a friend as rarely falls to the lot of a mortal,—a friend, who, although an exquisite and costly stone edifice proudly commemorates his beneficence and is inscribed with his name, ought ever to be remembered as the *Mæcenas* of the sub-

ject of this sketch. Many a humble heart remembers his beneficence: persons, who have risen to wealth and distinction, recall with pride the encouragement he gave to their youthful struggles; the Wadsworth Atheneum,—with its vast library for young men, valuable historical collection and excellent gallery of paintings,—stands on the site of his own ancestral mansion: but Daniel Wadsworth would go down to posterity, without other aids, as that of the honored benefactor of the most distinguished female writer of our country. He was a nephew of Madam Lathrop, the son of a commissary general of the revolutionary army, and the inheriter of vast wealth, which, as Heaven and men will bear him witness, was well used. He died only a few months since in the city of his residence, Hartford, Connecticut, and his death was mourned as a public calamity.

Mr. Huntley, after the death of Madam Lathrop, bought a small estate of his own, and his daughter, at about the same time, made her first visit to Hartford, where she now resides. She returned and lived with her parents, making occasional journeys to Hartford, for some years. During this time she became fired with ambition to become a teacher, and was happy in the extreme when she enjoyed the privilege of teaching, for six hours a day during a single summer, two young ladies, in her father's house. So enthusiastic was she in the instruction of her two pupils, as to have a regular public examination of them, at the end of the term, for the gratification of their friends. Being desirous to perfect herself in the art of teaching, she, with a female friend, went to Hartford to learn the accomplishments of drawing, painting and embroidery. Shortly after, in connection with her friend, she instructed a large school of young ladies. Her associate was Miss Ann Maria Hyde, whose biography, from

the pen of Mrs. Sigourney, appeared in a late Magazine.

The annual election in Connecticut—meaning the occasion of the governor's inauguration, which takes place one month after his *election* by the suffrages of his fellow-citizens—is celebrated to the present time with considerable pomp. It was during the election festivities of 1814, that Miss Huntley was invited to spend a few weeks with Madam Wadsworth, the mother of Mr. Daniel Wadsworth. He found out how agreeable a charge had been confided to him by his deceased relative and prevailed upon her to stay in Hartford and study French. Soon after, he obtained for her a select school for young ladies, which she instructed for several years with great success and delight. It was for her pupils that she composed some of her most beautiful prose pieces—pieces which will be current in rhetorical works for the instruction of the young while the English language lasts. Most of our young readers will remember the solemn rhapsody, beginning thus: “I have seen a man in the glory of his strength.” While Miss Huntley was engaged in teaching in Hartford, she resided in the elegant mansion of Madam Wadsworth, until 1817, when this estimable lady died at the age of 84. Her character was pure and her talents good. We have in our possession a copy of Mrs. Sigourney's beautiful tribute to this benefactress, finely printed on silk.

During her residence in this family, she found the first encouragement to write which had ever been tendered to her genius. Mr. Wadsworth found out her habit of writing and concealing verses, and, struck with amazement at her proficiency, determined upon their publication. He extracted from the journals which she had commenced keeping at the age of eleven, such pieces as pleased his fancy—literally copying many of them with his

own hand. His excellent wife, whose memory is held by hundreds of the sons and daughters of want to be sainted, assisted in this generous task. Mr. Wadsworth then made personal efforts to procure subscriptions for the publication of the collection—inasmuch as to publish a literary work in those days without subscriptions was equivalent to paying a high price for oblivion in advance. He succeeded admirably, and she received from the edition of her *Moral Pieces in Prose and Verse*, published in 1815, a larger sum than ever accrued to her from any single edition of any of her other writings. The dutiful daughter, with overwhelming joy, laid the first fruits of her genius at the feet of her aged and straitened parents. She enjoyed the friendship of Mr. Wadsworth and his lady (who died in 1846) until the death of both. Mrs. Wadsworth was the daughter of the first Governor Trumbull. Mr. Wadsworth departed this life last summer, aged 77.

Mrs. Sigourney's literary life was now fairly begun and her fame grew apace. She published many useful and instructive works—one a tribute to her friend, Miss Hyde, and another, to her benefactress, Madam Lathrop. Her works were full of religious and moral lessons, in which lay her *forte*. In 1819, she was married to Mr. Charles Sigourney, a merchant of Hartford, who in early life, at least, possessed strong literary predilections, which he cultivated with ardor. Mr. Sigourney is of Huguenot descent, and was educated in England. The wedded pair lived in one of the most beautiful spots in Connecticut—known to the present time as Sigourney Place on Lord's hill, Hartford. It lies on a delicious slope finely planted with trees and shrubs, and skirted on one side by a high hedge, on the other with a pleasant mill stream. On one side is a wood, and in the rear rich open fields. Mrs. Sigourney became the mother of two children and still

continued to make additions to the literature of the country; having issued from the press, first and last, thirty-five volumes. Some unforeseen changes made it necessary for Mrs. Sigourney, as much to the regret of the public as herself, to leave, in the summer of 1838, her beautiful residence. But it will ever bear her name.

In 1840, Mrs. Sigourney made a voyage to Europe, where she staid more than a year, making the acquaintance and winning the good will of some of the greatest characters of the day. She has since enjoyed a correspondence with some of the first ladies of Europe. A long time since, we were favored with the perusal of some passages, in epistles from persons of distinction in England, Scotland, and Sweden, honorable to our country, and proving that American genius is sure to make America respected. A piece, written by her in honor of the magnificent celebration of the return of Napoleon's remains from St. Helena, so pleased the queen of France, that she acknowledged her appreciation of it by the gift of a magnificent bracelet. While abroad, Mrs. Sigourney published two volumes in London which were warmly praised. Soon after her return, she gave some of her impressions of Europe in the volume entitled *Pleasant Memoirs of Pleasant Lands*.

We have much more to say, and fain would we quote illustrations of Mrs. Sigourney's character and genius from her writings. But our limits forbid, at least, for the present. She has now arrived at full maturity of age, yet her complexion still retains a soft ruddy glow, and her brown hair has not a speck of grey. Her profile is unusually classical. Her eyes are of a light grey. Her expression is the soul of amiability, and years have not affected the freshness of her spirit or the sparkle of her mind. Summery and genial as the air of June, her disposition is such as to win the stranger and attach

friends to her as with chords of steel. May she live long to honor—by her character and genius—the women of America—

“Hemans in mind, and Hannah More in heart.”

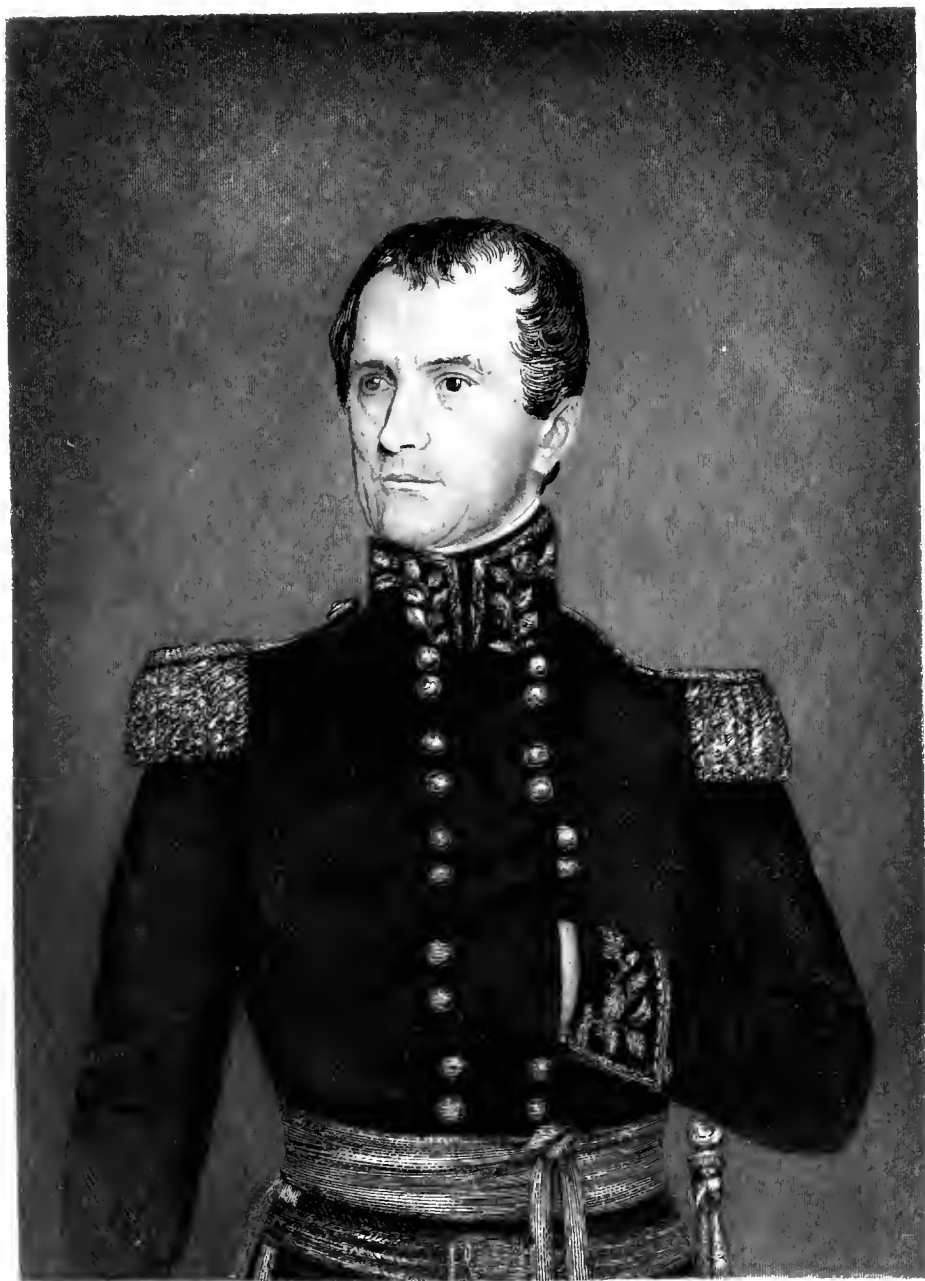
Literary Magazine.

JOHN E. WOOL.



RIGHT and unfading are the laurels of this distinguished general, although he may not have been brought so prominently before the public as some of his brethren in command. An examination of his career since he entered our army, will show that he possesses military talents of the very highest order. Nor is he more remarkable for these than for the virtues of social life. He is equally estimable as a soldier and as a citizen.

General Wool is a native of the state of New York. His family were whigs of the revolution. He was born in Orange county, but has resided in Rensselaer county since his early childhood. Having lost his father at that period, he was taken in charge by his grandfather, with whom he lived till he was twelve years of age. He then removed to the city of Troy (where his family now dwell), to acquire a knowledge of business, with a view to his becoming a merchant. In that city he prosecuted this profession with success, until the loss of his property by fire gave a different direction to the energy which distinguished him as a merchant. He accepted a commission as captain in the 13th regiment of United States infantry. He has thus been truly the founder of his own fortune and fame.



John E. Wool

His commission bears date April, 1812. Having raised a company in Troy, he made his military debut at the heights of Queenston. Previous to that remarkable action, our army had suffered so many reverses as to occasion the imputation of misconduct and cowardice against our officers and troops, and therefore it was thought necessary to make some brilliant effort in order to redeem their character, and to raise in the country a proper spirit for prosecuting the war. Accordingly Major-Gen. Stephen Van Rensselaer, who had received the command of the militia of the state of New York, on the Niagara frontier, and had established his head-quarters at Lewiston, determined to storm the heights of Queenston, a formidable post, fortified and held by a part of the British army. A first detachment of six hundred men was despatched on this hazardous service, under the command of Col. Van Rensselaer, aid-de-camp to the general, and Lt.-Col. Chrystie. In the detachment were Capt. Wool and three companies of the 13th. When they arrived at the Niagara river, it was found that there was not a sufficient number of boats to transport more than half of them. Col. Van Rensselaer crossed. Chrystie remained behind; but the three companies of the 13th, which were a part of his command, accompanied Van Rensselaer. Their captains were Wool, Malcolm, and Armstrong. On Captain Wool the command of these devolved, and never did young officer and soldiers bear themselves more gallantly under the most trying circumstances. A band of fewer than three hundred were about to attack a position of extraordinary strength. Their setting foot on the Canadian side of the river was the signal for a tremendous fire from the enemy. But onward and upward they struggled. In the desperate encounter nearly every officer and many of the soldiers in Captain Wool's command were killed or wounded. He himself was shot through

both thighs. But now was not the time to yield. Col. Van Rensselaar was supposed to be mortally wounded, and was fast sinking from loss of blood. Wool sought him and requested permission to continue the assault. The colonel was unwilling to entrust the fate of the affair to a young officer who was for the first time on the field; but reluctantly consented. The excitement of the occasion and the importance of the object imparted strength to the faint and weary band. They climbed the heights and the British were driven down from the batteries. General Brock, at Fort George, hearing the noise of the conflict, set out with a party to assist his countrymen. On their arrival, some one in the wing commanded by Captain Wool raised a white flag, as if demanding a cessation of hostilities. Wool struck it down, trampled it on the ground, and rallying our forces by a desperate effort, once more charged the British, reinforced though they were, and once more drove them from the heights. Brock was slain—a panic seized the British—they abandoned their position and fled.

Thus opened the brilliant career of General Wool. His daring and military genius were at once conspicuous, and proved him to be one to whom his country could look with confidence in any emergency that might call her sons into the field.

For his gallant conduct at Queenston he was promoted to the rank of major, and assigned to the 29th regiment of foot. The northern frontier was the principal theatre of action for this regiment. Major Wool uniformly volunteered his services wherever and whenever duty and danger led. But the battle of Plattsburgh, which included the engagements by land and water, between the American and British forces, in September, 1814, presented to him an opportunity for distinction such as rarely occurred during the war. Fighting commenced on the 6th, and continued to the 11th of

the month. On the morning of the 6th was fought the action of Beekmantown. Of this action Wool was the hero. With a force of only 250 regular troops, he kept a British column of 4000 in check while our forces, under General Macomb, were entrenching themselves beyond the Saranac. He evinced all the coolness and intrepidity which he had manifested at Queenston; and his gallant resistance was of the last importance to our cause. Had the British light brigade been able to cross the river, it is impossible to calculate what might have been the result, both on Lake Champlain and on the shore. The order given by General Macomb to Major Wool was to support the militia, and set them an example of firmness.* This order was obeyed to the letter. For more than five miles along the Beekmantown road the ground was contested inch by inch, and the militia, reassured by the example of the regulars, supported the honor of their country. Nearly three hundred of the enemy fell, killed or wounded, between Beekmantown and the Saranac. For his services in this battle Major Wool was breveted lieutenant-colonel.

On the 11th of September, 1843, the anniversary of these engagements was celebrated at Plattsburgh. The occasion was extraordinary. The citizens of Plattsburgh and the military association of Clinton county, had resolved to erect monuments in memory not only of the American, but also of the British officers who fell in the battle. General Wool was present as a guest, by special invitation, and the president of the day, in assigning the erection of the several monuments to different individuals, appointed Wool to raise that which is sacred to the memory of Colonel Wellington, of the British Buffs, who fell at Culver's hill, on the Beekmantown road, on the morning of the 6th of September, 1814.

* See General Macomb's official report of the battle, dated 15th September, 1814.

Colonel D. B. McNiel, in adverting to the propriety of this appointment, spoke in the highest terms of the bravery and generosity of General Wool.

To this speech General Wool made a feeling and eloquent reply.

At the dinner which followed the solemnities of the day, General Skinner, after a complimentary address, proposed as a sentiment, "Gen. Wool, the hero of Beekmantown, as well as of Queenston—

‘His laurels are green, though his locks are gray.’"

This having been responded to with the greatest enthusiasm, General Wool after a suitable reply offered the following sentiment—

"The citizens of Plattsburgh and the military association of Clinton county—This day attest their magnanimity and greatness of soul, by the homage paid to the illustrious dead who fell fighting the battles of their country."

At the expiration of the war, Lieut. Colonel Wool continued in the army, and in 1816 was commissioned inspector-general, with the rank of colonel. Ten years after he was made brigadier-general by brevet. In 1841 he was commissioned a brigadier-general, and appointed to the command of the eastern division of the army. In this station he remained until the war with Mexico opened a new theatre for action.

During the long interval between the two wars, he was constantly engaged in some important service. As inspector-general his duties for about twenty-five years were connected with every department of the military establishment in the United States and her territories, extending from Eastport, in Maine, to the gulf of Mexico, and from the Atlantic to Council Bluffs. When he was appointed, there were no white settlements north-west of Detroit. There were military posts established at Mackinac, Sault St. Marie, Chicago, Green Bay,

Prairie du Chien, St. Peters, on the upper Mississippi, 2200 miles from its mouth, Council Bluffs, some 1800 miles up the Missouri; and posts on the Arkansas 600 miles from its outlet, and on the Red river 400.

All these were within the limits of his tours of inspection, which annually embraced an entire distance of from seven to ten thousand miles. There were no means of reaching the posts but by canoes and on horseback, with provisions packed for a journey of months through the wilderness. The dangers, privations and hardships, unavoidable in traversing lakes, rivers, and forests by such means, and often with Indian guides, whose fidelity might admit of some suspicion, and always without shelter or any resting place but the earth and a blanket, can hardly be realized by those who daily witness the facilities of travel and its thousand attendant comforts and conveniences, in civilized communities.

During the long peace, he rendered other services which, we shall merely mention, were connected with a military visit to Europe, a command in the Cherokee country, and the disturbances on our northern frontier caused by the Canadian outbreak.

Since the war was declared by congress to exist with Mexico, in May, 1846, General Wool has been occupied—1st. In the organization of the western volunteers. 2d. In the concentration of a division at San Antonio de Bexar. 3d. In their march to Saltillo; and, 4th. In the battle of Buena Vista.

Having fulfilled his instructions in organizing the volunteers, and despatched the required reinforcements to General Taylor, General Wool made preparations for his own march through the province of Coahuila. This march terminated at Saltillo, and is one of the most memorable of the war. As the general marched along, he was peacefully received by the inhabitants. His advance was more

like the passage of a distinguished ally than of an enemy. In short, he may be said to have made a moral conquest of the whole province, by his humane and discreet policy and singular aptitude for swaying the minds of men. Adversaries he converted into friends by a combination of firmness, kindness, and justice; and the reputation of his column spread a powerfully favorable influence into the adjacent provinces of Durango and Zacatecas. When resistance to his advance was threatened he was found ever ready to face it; he protected the persons and property of the inhabitants from any ill-usage on the part of his own men; he even rescued some captives from the Indians who infest Northern Mexico; he saw that everything got by his soldiers from the Mexicans was fairly paid for; in fine, he kept his division in such excellent subordination that not a single family was obliged to flee at their approach, or had occasion to dread the outrages which so often—we had almost said invariably—attend invasions, whether gratuitous or provoked. It is said, that in December, 1847, when suddenly called from Parras to relieve the threatened position of General Worth, his sick soldiers were received into the first families to be attended; and that the ladies of that city who had not forgotten the rescue of the captives, nor the sacred protection which had been extended to themselves, begged it as a privilege to receive into their houses, and to watch over, the invalids, whose lives might have been jeopardized by the forced march that was necessary to reach Saltillo before the period designated for Santa Anna's arrival!

General Wool's troops complained at first of the fatigues attending their long marches, and of the strict discipline which he enforced—and these complaints were no doubt all the louder that they were volunteers; but they at length learned that

this very familiarity with hardship, and this strictness of discipline, secured their safety and success.

We now come to the great battle of Buena Vista, in which General Wool acted a most conspicuous part. It was he who chose our army's position, arranged our forces for the battle, and directly conducted their operations in the field. These duties he performed to the entire satisfaction of his commanding general, the army and the country. In fact, General Wool had formed his opinion of the course which our army ought to pursue, independently of any orders received from his superior; and General Taylor, whose views exactly coincided with his, felt such confidence in General Wool as to entrust him with what may be called the executive command in the engagement. He was to be seen everywhere through the field animating, superintending, directing. In the discharge of his duty, he exposed himself to every danger, and won the admiration of the troops by his valor, while he led them to victory by his example and his generalship. General Taylor, in his despatches, bears ample testimony to the services of his second in command. There never were on the field of battle two generals more united in opinion, feeling and action. All was harmony between them. And when, after the conflict, they rushed into each other's arms, on a field where more than three thousand men lay dead or wounded, mutual admiration, joy for the victory, and sorrow for the slain, mingled in one overpowering gush of sympathy. It was a picture on which the whole army, then in array for a third day's combat, looked with joyous surprise, and burst into cheers—three cheers, thrice repeated.

We can not imagine anything more to the credit of both generals than the warm, unenvying testimony which each bears to the other's merits in their official accounts of the battle. Happy is the country where chiefs are thus united, in honor pre-

ferring one another! That country has already pronounced its highest encomium on the noble conduct of the two commanders; nor, at the same time, does it forget that on a field where they were opposed by five to one, every officer and soldier who did his duty was a hero.

The journals of the day have vied with each other in proclaiming his merits; and public bodies—among whom are the legislature of his native state, and the citizens of Troy—have passed resolutions, expressive of their admiration of his actions and their appreciation of his eminent talents. There may exist various opinions on our war with Mexico; but in one respect it has been useful: it has assured the Americans, and shown to the world that when it is necessary for us to take the field, we have both men and leaders to maintain our cause.

On Saturday, December 30, 1848, in pursuance of a resolution of the New York legislature, a very valuable sword, ornamented in the most costly manner, was presented to General Wool. The general desire to see and greet the second in command at Buena Vista—the military display, and the value and beauty of the presentation weapon—all conspired to draw together at the Capitol a very large concourse of citizens and strangers.

In the executive chamber were Governor Young, Adjutant-General Stevens, and the residue of the governor's military family, the state officers, Lieut. Gov. Fish, governor elect, several officers of the United States army, judges of the court of appeals, and many ladies.

General Wool, accompanied by his staff, was escorted from Troy by the Citizens' Corps and the Artillery company, and others of that city, forming a large cavalcade. He was received with military honors at the Patroon's bridge, by Major-General Cooper and his staff, the Albany Republican Artillery, and the Washington German Rifle corps, who

forming an escort, led the way to the Capitol, to the music of several fine bands of this city and of Troy.

General Wool was warmly cheered as he alighted at the Capitol, and was conducted to the executive chamber. The interchange of greetings there, was also warm and long-continued, and many that were without pressed forward to take him by the hand. Such was the pressure in the hall of the Capitol, where the ceremony was to have taken place, that a change was a matter of necessity, and the presentation took place in the portico of the Capitol, the large concourse occupying the steps, the broad avenue, and the adjoining enclosures, nearly down to the central gate.

Here, surrounded by the military and citizens, but not without the delay incident to so unexpected an assemblage, the ceremony took place.

Our limits will not permit us to give the details. It will be sufficient to say that it will be long remembered as among the most interesting incidents connected with the successful termination of the war.



I am respectfully
Yours obed^t servant

H. Clay

HENRY CLAY.

FOR nearly half a century, the name of this eminent statesman has been a "familiar word," and his history is already inseparably intertwined with that of the country. A condensed view however, of his career, compiled from authentic sources, can not but be interesting to the young, as when they learn how he mounted the ladder of distinction by his own exertions, depending solely upon his talent and industry, it may excite their emulation.

Henry Clay was born in Hanover county, Virginia, on the 12th of April, 1777. His father, who was a clergyman, died when this son was but a child, leaving no means by which he could receive the advantage of a classical education. When, but a boy, Henry Clay entered the office of Mr. Finley, then clerk of the high court of chancery at Richmond, where his embryo talents began to bud and expand. Naturally amiable in his disposition, he gained the friendship of those with whom he had intercourse, amongst whom were gentlemen of the highest rank and most extensive influence. At the age of nineteen he commenced the study of law, and so astonishing was his proficiency, that in one year after, he was admitted to practice. He soon proved to his friends, and to the courts in which he practised, that strength of intellect is not based upon a collegiate diploma, and that talents sometimes shine without receiving an artificial polish from a classic master. American history is rich with such specimens.

Soon after his admission, Mr. Clay removed to Lexington, Ky., where he pursued the study of law some time before he commenced practice. Naturally diffident, he attached himself to a debating so-

ciety, in order to become better prepared to enter upon his duties as an advocate. It is said his embarrassment was so great when he first appeared before his colleagues in a debate, that he addressed the president, "*gentlemen of the jury.*" In a few moments, however, he became collected, and astonished his delighted audience with a flow of eloquence, that at once placed him on the high road to distinction. After remaining at Lexington a year, he took his place at the bar, and was soon favored with a lucrative practice. He grappled fearlessly with the most eminent lawyers, and soon stood at the head of his profession. He gained the respect of the courts and the affections of his clients. Almost contemporaneously with his maturity, his political career commenced. In 1798, he took a prominent part in the discussions relative to the formation of a constitution of his adopted state. His main object was to prevent slavery. In this he failed, although his speeches at public meetings on the occasion, did much to raise him in public estimation, as a prominent and talented statesman. His sincerity and honesty of intention were conceded by all, and left his opponents free from that ill feeling that is too often engendered in the human breast in debate.

In 1803, Mr. Clay was elected to the Kentucky legislature, where, although surrounded by the ablest men of the state, veteran legislators, he soon gained an unrivalled influence.

In 1806, he was elected to the United States senate for one year to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Mr. Adair. During the session he became the advocate of the internal improvement system, to which he has adhered ever since.

The ensuing year, he was again elected to the legislature of his own state, and was chosen speaker by a very large majority.

In 1809, the seat of Mr. Johnston, in the senate

of the United States, became vacant, four years of his term only having transpired. Mr. Clay was elected to serve in his place the two remaining years. An important crisis in the history of our country was at hand. War was raging in Europe, and our flag had been repeatedly insulted by the contending parties, under pretence of an improper interference, a course that had been most scrupulously guarded against by our nation. These depredations upon our rights, on the part of England, gathered new strength with each returning year. Negotiation lost its dignity and force, pacific propositions were met with contempt by the British court, and our minister was treated with contumely and disregard. It became evident, that we should be under the necessity of measuring swords with the mother country, before she would respect our rights. Mr. Clay was among the first to urge the necessity of preparing for war. Although anxious to avoid an open rupture, he was for maintaining the honor and dignity of our government, regardless of consequences. At the expiration of his term, in 1811, he was elected a member of the house of representatives in congress, of which body he was chosen speaker by a respectable majority. Under the high excitement that then existed, our country at the eve of a war with a nation that had long been mistress of the seas, members differing widely as to the policy to be pursued, it required much nerve, prudence, and wisdom, to discharge, satisfactorily and impartially, the duties that devolved upon him. His talents, however, proved equal to the task. He was a warm advocate for increasing the navy, justly considering it the right arm of our defence.

When it became evident that nothing short of an appeal to arms would save our flag from continued insults, and when war was declared, he urged the necessity of prosecuting it with the utmost vigor.

Mr. Clay was continued speaker of the house of

representatives until 1814, when he was appointed a commissioner, in conjunction with Messrs. Adams and Gallatin, to meet those of England, at Ghent, for the purpose of negotiating peace and a treaty of commerce.

The mission of the commissioners was crowned with success; hostilities ceased; our rights were recognized, our nation elevated, our honor sustained, and the valor of our navy and army placed on the highest pinnacle fame could rear. In the spring following these commissioners met at London, and completed the commercial treaty, which secured to our country many new and important advantages. Mr. Clay proved himself as skillful in the rules and intricacies of diplomacy, as those of the court of St. James, who had never properly appreciated the strength of American statesmen. In Messrs. Clay, Adams and Gallatin, England saw a trio of talent not surpassed by her noblest lords.

On his return, Mr. Clay was again elected a member of the house of representatives in congress, and remained in that body until the accession of John Quincy Adams to the presidential chair in 1825, by whom he was appointed secretary of state, the duties of which office he performed with great ability to the end of the term, when he was elected to the United States senate. During his whole career, he has ever been a strong advocate of domestic manufactures, internal improvements, and a protective tariff. He preferred raising a revenue from duties on imports, to liquidate our national debt, and meet the current expenses of the government, rather than to have recourse to direct taxation.

In 1832, during the discussion of the tariff bill, when the doctrine of nullification was promulgated by several eminent statesmen of the south, and when the horrors of civil war were rolling into thick clouds, ready to burst with fury upon us, Mr. Clay, the father of the American system, appeared

with the olive branch of compromise. After portraying in glowing colors, the necessity of preserving unbroken the bonds of our Union, he presented a bill which proposed a general reduction of duties on imports, until they should reach the standard contended for by the south. In this plan he recognized the payment of the national debt, and the alternate reduction of the tariff to a revenue standard. The bill, like a magician's wand, the dark cloud vanished, and the sun of reconciliation rose in all its splendor. The bill known as the compromise act, passed both houses and was signed by the president, thus saving the country from the horrors of a civil war.

He has uniformly taken a conspicuous part in every leading question that has been agitated in congress. His sympathies have always been alive for other nations, whom he saw struggling for liberty.

He was the first who strongly advocated the recognition of the independence of South America. His success in effecting this, unquestionably prevented other nations from entering into an alliance with Spain against the southern patriots. The services of Mr. Clay were highly appreciated by them, and formally recognized by their congress. His name is interwoven in their history, as their advocate and benefactor.

Suffering Greece also roused his tenderest sympathies. He urged, with all the powers of his unrivalled eloquence, the propriety of sending a commissioner to that classic land. He was strongly in favor of having the proceeds of the public lands appropriated to the advancement of internal improvements and education. He favored the project of colonizing the negroes, for whose emancipation he has ever felt a lively interest. On the great national or Cumberland road, a beautiful monument has been raised, inscribed HENRY CLAY. His

talents were duly appreciated by Presidents Madison and Monroe, the former of whom offered him the mission to Russia, and subsequently a place in his cabinet, both of which he declined. Mr. Monroe offered him the station of minister to the court of St. James, and a place in his cabinet, which he also declined.

Having again served his country in the United States senate during the readjustment of the tariff, in 1844 Mr. Clay was nominated as president of the United States. He received the most enthusiastic support of the whig party; but owing to causes which it is not now necessary to dwell upon, his competitor James K. Polk was elected by a comparatively small majority.

After the election of President Taylor, to the presidency, at the earnest solicitation of his friends, Mr. Clay was once more returned to the United States senate for the term of six years, commencing on the 4th of March, 1849.

For native eloquence, Mr. Clay stands unrivalled in our country, if not in the world. For elegance and ease in action when speaking, I have never seen his equal. His figure is tall and erect, his voice clear, rich, and melodious; filling a greater space at the same pitch, than any other I ever heard. His countenance is animated and pleasing, and his manner always happily adapted to the subject. His arguments are usually well arrayed, logical, and to the point. Under excitement, he is sometimes personal, hurling at his antagonist the keen lancet of satire, but, like the flint, he emits a spark by collision, and then is cool again. He appears never to retain any ill will against any person. In private conversation, he is interesting, agreeable, and always full of life and cheerfulness. In his manners, he is affable, gentlemanly, and highly accomplished; at the same time so plain and easy, that a farmer or mechanic, unaccustomed to com-

pany in high life, feels himself, in a few moments, perfectly free and relieved from all embarrassment in his presence. He is frank, affectionate, and warm hearted; a faithful friend and a generous enemy.

He possesses much of the milk of human kindness; his heart is always moved at the misfortunes of the human family, individually and collectively, and where he can he relieves their wants with a liberal hand. In his private and domestic relations, he is respected and esteemed, and sheds the rays of happiness, harmony, and peace, through every circle in which he moves. When he takes his final exit to "that country from whose bourne no traveler returns," taking him all in all, our country will probably never look on his like again. His merits have raised him in life, may glory enshrine him in death.

On the 23d of February, 1847, Mr. Clay suffered a severe stroke in the loss of his son Colonel Clay, at the battle of Buena Vista.

Colonel Clay was shot through the legs during the last charge made by the regiment to which he belonged. He fell, though not mortally wounded, in the bed of a ravine, and three of his men were bearing him from the field up the slope of the hill, when, being pressed by the enemy, the generous Clay begged them to leave him and save themselves, and at the same time handing to one of them his pistols, said: "Take these and return them to my father. Tell him I have no further use for them." The men seeing that all must be lost unless they quickened their pace, dropped their charge and fled. Colonel Clay was last seen lying on his back, fighting with his sword a squad of Mexicans. His body was found pierced with ten bayonet wounds. The faithful and patriotic volunteer subsequently delivered into the hands of the revered and venerable father, these sacred tokens of the affection of his dutiful son.

Alluding to this sad event, Mr. Clay, in a letter to a friend, said:

“My life has been full of domestic afflictions, but this last is one of the severest among them. I derive some consolation from knowing that he died where he would have chosen, and where, if I must lose him, I should have preferred, on the battle field, in the service of his country.

Thomas H. Benton



OLONEL Benton is a native of Orange county, North Carolina. He was born in 1784. His ancestors were among the leaders of the revolution. The family of Hart, from which he is descended on the maternal side, was one of the most active in the state in furtherance of the settlement of Kentucky. The senatorial life of Mr. Benton dates from the year 1820, when he was elected by the legislature of Missouri, before the formal admission of the state into the Union by congress. He had removed to Missouri about five years before, where he had immediately risen to distinction at the bar. Perseverance, that attribute of all truly great and powerful minds, has through life been a remarkable trait of his character.

In person, Mr. Benton is quite stout, his face rather full, and of an oval shape. His head is large, and tapers towards the apex, pyramidally. He takes, seemingly, little interest in the course of the debates, and rarely mingles in them. It is certain, though, that not a moment escapes his notice, and he is probably aware of the fact, that a renown so well established as his, is as likely to be injured as advanced



Very respectfully
Yours
Norman H. Adams

by his rising too frequently. His speeches, when made, show the marks of careful study, and like the earlier efforts of Demosthenes, smell of the lamp. Aside from the matter, Mr. Benton is not considered an agreeable speaker. He commonly speaks in so low and subdued a tone, as to be entirely inaudible in the galleries. This is evidently a habit, for when he chooses to expand it, his voice is of great volume. He is very sparing of gesture. He usually rests the first two fingers of either hand upon his desk, and sways himself gently backwards and forwards, as he speaks.

Mr. Benton is now about sixty-five years of age, and nearly thirty years of his life has been spent in the senate. He is distinguished for the tenacity and capacity of his memory; and in knowledge of history, both ancient and modern, he may be styled the Macauley of America. He is fond of introducing historical and metaphorical illustrations into his speeches, and he manages them generally with much effect.

NORMAN H. ADAMS.

BIOGRAPHY has been appropriately defined to be "history teaching by example." Its most useful, and appropriate office is, to present the lives and characters of those distinguished individuals, who in the judgment of the wise and good, are most worthy of imitation.

In the life of Buonaparte; his splendid achievements, and brilliant victories; his gigantic plans and undertakings; and in his whole unrivalled career through the various stages of his progress from the office of the obscure corporal, to the French

throne itself, we find far more to dazzle and inflame the youthful imagination than in the arduous, humble, self-denying labors of a Whitfield, while laboring to reform, elevate, and convert the world. And yet, were the inquiry addressed to every well-informed American parent, whether he would not prefer that his sons should imitate the example of the latter, it is believed that in a vast majority of cases, the response would be in the affirmative.

It is to be regretted perhaps, that among the many sketches of great and useful men whom circumstances have brought prominently forward to the public notice, or who have acquired fame by the performance of some rare and splendid acts, there should be so little known of others, occupying a more humble station in life, but possessing more intrinsic merit, who from native modesty, shrink from the public gaze.

But nevertheless were their labors and their life brought out from the obscurity in which they are enshrouded, they would be seen exerting an extensive though silent influence, like the meandering rivulet that winds its noiseless way through the lonely valley, fertilizing and enriching the territory through which it flows, while the mountain torrent may attract far more attention, yet oftentimes by its resistless course, may carry ruin and desolation in its path.

The duties and occupations which necessarily fill up the time of a faithful minister of the church, are in their nature so uniform and simple, that his life is little likely to be marked by occurrences that would form materials for a narrative calculated to gratify public curiosity. And the greater his devotion to the duties of his calling, the less likely will he be to distinguish himself in the paths of fame.

Norman H. Adams, the subject of our present sketch, was born on the 29th day of September, 1799, in the village of Oak Hill, Greene county,

New York. Oak Hill is an obscure but pleasant little village, situated about twenty miles west from the Hudson river, and at a distance of some two miles from the base of the Catskill mountains. Were it not foreign from the design of this sketch, it would be an interesting theme, to exhibit the influence produced on characters, by the natural scenery amid which one's early years are passed. On the one hand, the majestic grandeur of the magnificent range of mountains that tower above the place of his nativity, may not have been without their influence, in creating the germ of those vast and sublime conceptions, and the grand and irresistible flashes of eloquence occasionally displayed by Mr. Adams in the pulpit. On the other hand, who can tell that his unequalled social qualities; the kindness, mildness, affection, and love which have always marked his intercourse with his fellow men may not be traced to the influence of the beautiful landscape along the valley, and the gentle stream that winds and turns along the village!

Thomas Adams, the father of Norman H. Adams, was born in Barnstable, Massachusetts, and was the descendant of a family that came from England at an early period in the history of the country, and were among the earliest settlers of that state. Anna Adams, the mother of Norman, was the daughter of Aaron Thorp, of Woodbury, Connecticut. She was an amiable and exemplary woman, of more than ordinary strength of mind. Her early teaching and example have always exerted a controlling influence over the subsequent pursuits and conduct of her son, and are often acknowledged by him with affectionate and grateful emotions. He always entertained for her the greatest veneration. In early life he was remarkable for his devoted attachment to his mother, whose word was always law to him, and also for his refinement, sensibility, and amiable temper.

He was always passionately fond of flowers, pictures and music. It was with the most exquisite pleasure that he listened to the first song of the birds in spring, and gazed upon the first opening flower. He frequently wandered a whole day in the woods in search of flowers, and has been known to surprise his father's family by producing a bouquet before they were aware that a single one had appeared.

In those days, among the humbler classes, a good book was a rare thing, and those that were within his reach were mostly works of poetry, which doubtless had an influence on his mind, and gave a tint of romance to his character in after life.

He was kept steadily at the district school, where he generally retained his station at the head of his class, until he reached the age of fourteen years. At this age he was supposed to have attained sufficient education to be apprenticed to some business, and being designed by his father for the mercantile, he took him into his own store as a clerk.

In his father's store, and in other stores in the vicinity, he continued until he was eighteen years of age, when, never having had a taste for the business in which he was engaged, he resolved to obtain an education sufficient to enable him to study some profession. The way appeared dark and doubtful. Without friends to assist, and with little encouragement except from his excellent mother, he entered somewhat despondingly upon his arduous undertaking.

He went to Greenville academy, and acquired sufficient knowledge to become an instructor, when he engaged as a teacher in a district school through the winter, and thus continued teaching winters, and in summer attending school, or receiving private instruction, until he had obtained a good classical education.

About this time the death of a beloved sister near

his own age, seemed to change the whole complexion of his life. It was the first real sorrow that ever found its way to his young heart, and threw a dark cloud over a horizon that until then had been clear and bright, and cast a pall of sadness over the sunny and hopeful future. At this period his attention was turned to the ministry, and after mature deliberation, he resolved that he would thenceforth devote his life to the good of his fellow creatures.

He accordingly made known his intention to the Rev. James Thompson, who officiated at Oak Hill, from whom he received holy baptism, and through whose assistance he was put in possession of the required testimonials. He was then admitted a candidate for holy orders in the protestant episcopal church in the diocese of New York, by the Rt. Rev. John Croes, bishop of New Jersey, in the absence of Bishop Hobart of New York, and commenced the study of theology under the supervision of the Rev. Samuel Fuller of Rensselaerville, the Rev. Mr. Prentiss of Catskill, and the Rev. James Thompson of Durham.

The church into whose bosom he had been received, being very strict in her requirements, the undertaking upon which he had entered appeared to young Adams very difficult. But endeavoring to put his trust in divine providence, he was sustained under all difficulties, and received great encouragement and aid from the Rev. James Thompson and family.

Having passed the periods of his different examinations with credit and honor, he received the required testimonials, and was ordained deacon in Christ's church, New York, by the Rt. Rev. John H. Hobart, bishop of the protestant episcopal church in the diocese of New York. In the afternoon of the same day, he preached in the same church his first sermon, which has been described to the writer by one who was present, as a masterly effort.

At the solicitation of an early and intimate friend, A. B. Watson, then engaged in business at Unadilla, Mr. Adams was invited by the vestry of St. Matthew's church to make them a visit.

He accordingly left his native village in a few days after he received orders, preached at Unadilla the following Sunday, and the same week received a unanimous call from the vestry to become the minister of their parish, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of the Rev. Marcus A. Perry. He accepted the call, and was soon appointed missionary at Unadilla, Bainbridge, and parts adjacent, and was ordained priest in St. Matthew's church, Unadilla, by the Rt. Rev. John H. Hobart, on the 27th day of September, 1828.

Mr. Adams could not possibly have been placed in a situation more congenial to his taste and feelings.

Unadilla is one of the most beautiful villages in the world, situated in the bosom of a lovely and verdant valley, with the renowned Susquehannah rolling its pure and sparkling water at its feet; dwellings built with taste, and grounds ornamented with trees and flowers. It is a place peculiarly calculated to inspire one with a love for the sublime and beautiful in nature, and to open the heart to the pure and exalted feelings of devotion and praise to the holy and beneficent Being, from whose inexhaustible bounty proceeds every blessing that gladdens the heart of man. The parishioners of Mr. Adams, are refined, intelligent, kind hearted and affectionate; and in return, it is not strange that he should entertain for them the strongest affection and regard, and devote himself to their spiritual welfare.

The writer has been credibly informed, that during the twenty-three years he has been their pastor, Mr. Adams has never given to, or received from, one of his people the first unkind word. This fact, con-

nected with the long period he has been among them, speaks volumes in favor of both minister and people.

When Mr. Adams first went to Unadilla, the congregations at Unadilla and Bainbridge were small. There were but two churches within thirty miles around, where there are now fourteen. It can not be doubted that the labors of Mr. Adams in the extensive missionary field assigned to him, were seed sown that have sprung up in many places and borne fruit. He labored in the parish at Bainbridge eight or nine years, until he deemed them sufficiently strong to sustain a clergyman for the whole time, when he yielded to the wishes of his parish at Unadilla that he should allow them his constant services. It was not, however, without the deepest regret that he left his parish at Bainbridge, the scene of his early labors, endeared to him by the most tender recollections, and containing many warm friends bound to him by the strongest ties of love and esteem.

On the 28th of September, 1831, he was married to Caroline Frisbee, daughter of the late Dr. Frisbee of Rensselaerville, Albany county, an eminent physician, and a man of sterling integrity and piety. Mrs. Adams is a lady of education and refinement, and by her piety, discretion, and dignified deportment, has contributed essentially to her husband's popularity and usefulness.

Between Mr. Adams and his congregation exists the warmest attachment and confidence. He has had frequent opportunities to exchange his situation for others, in which his sphere of usefulness might have been enlarged, and more prominence given to his name and character. But he was never ambitious of fame. Pleasures resulting from celebrity, never held a high place in his estimation; and he preferred from principle rather to remain where he was needed and was useful, than to sever the ties which bind together the hearts of a minister and

his flock; ties that had been strengthened by a long interchange of sympathies and kind feelings. In reference to the place of his present residence, Mr. Adams can well adopt the language of good Mr. Hilton, in "Now and Then." "Here pitched I my tent long ago, and here will I remain, and take my rest with those I love, whom one by one I have followed to the grave. Here sweetly sleep they, and by and by I hope to slumber beside them till we rise together again from the dust."

Without laboring to acquire popularity, yet Mr. Adams enjoys to a wonderful extent, the confidence and affections of all classes of his acquaintance. Perhaps no more satisfactory solution of this can be furnished than was given by himself.

On being once asked how he so managed as to retain his youthful feelings so long, and how it happened he was so great a favorite among the young people of his parish, he replied he could give no answer unless it was that he desired to act up to the divine precept, "weep with them that weep, and rejoice with them that rejoice."

Mr. Adams had resided at Unadilla sixteen or seventeen years before any other than an Episcopal church was erected there, which gave an extension to his parish labors, unequalled perhaps by any country parish in the state. He has been frequently called twenty, thirty, and even forty miles to attend funerals; and many persons who in health, seemed to have no regard for the church, on their death beds have requested that he would officiate at their burial.

The great mass of community do not properly appreciate the labors of a zealous and faithful clergyman. An apostolic minister may be applauded for his open ministrations upon the Lord's day, and he may be seen endeavoring to fulfil every public duty, comforting the afflicted, preparing the sick and dying for another world, instructing the lambs of his flock, burying the dead, &c.; but he is not

seen in his private moments, the hours spent in preparation for his Sunday labors ; his sleepless nights, and his anxiety for the temporal and spiritual welfare of those committed to his charge.

We may say without flattery, that, as an orator and a writer, Mr. Adams stands in the front ranks of his profession. As a reader it is sufficient praise for any man to say, that in his hands, ample justice is always rendered to the beautiful, impressive, and inimitable ritual of the church. He has been frequently requested to permit the publication of some of his efforts, but has generally declined. While his aim seems to be to produce practical sermons, yet his exuberant and fertile fancy is constantly exhibited in the rich and appropriate imagery that adorns his discourses. It has been remarked of him as of another celebrated divine, that his sermons have a peculiar adaptation to circumstances. He never fails to enlist and retain the undivided interest and attention of his hearers. Were we to venture an opinion, it would be that his great forte lies in persuasion, and appeals to the more refined and finer sensibilities of the heart.

Mr. Adams is emphatically a self made man. Being the eldest of six children dependant upon his father for support, he did not wish to burden him with any expense for his education, and received from his father's aid nothing more than an ordinary education ; nor has he ever received from any individual, as it is confidently believed, one dollar to assist in procuring his education, or in placing him where he now is.

What little time he has had for relaxation has been principally spent in indulging his taste for music and painting, looking over his farm, planting trees, and cultivating flowers. The piano is his favorite instrument. He plays and sings with considerable taste.

He is a sound churchman in principle and de-


voted to his mother the church. While he hopes to live and die in her arms, he endeavors to exercise that charity that "believeth all things" well of those who differ from him in opinion. He may most appropriately say,

"I love the church—the holy church
That o'er our life presides,
The birth, the burial, and the grave,
And many an hour besides.

"Be mine thro' life to live in her,
And when the Lord shall call
To die in her—the spouse of Christ,
The mother of us all."



SANFORD HUNT, SEN'R.

 HE Pilgrim spirit has not fled. It still survives. It animates the children. It will live through generations yet to come. It is the genius which presides over the destinies of the land. One of the living descendants of the fathers thus writes: "No other form of religion was known, in the land of the pilgrims, until the great principles of the American system were developed and established here by our forefathers. The truth is, they lived for no ordinary purpose. They were the most remarkable men which the world ever produced. They lived for a nobler end, for a higher destiny than any that have ever lived. These are the men to whom New England owes her religion, with all the blessings, social, civil and literary, that follow in its train. These are the men whose blood still flows in our veins and into whose inheritance we have entered. Peace to their silent shades! Fragrant as the breath of morning be their memory! The winds of two centuries have swept over their graves!

“The effacing hand of time has well nigh worn away the perishable monuments which may have marked the spot where sleeps their honored dust. But they still live. They live in the immortal principles which they taught—in the enduring institutions which they established. They live in the remembrance of a grateful posterity; and they will live on through all time, in the gratitude of unborn generations, who, in long succession, shall rise up and call them blessed.”

Sanford Hunt, the father of Washington Hunt, the present comptroller of the state of New York, is of an old and respectable New England stock. His grandfather, Simeon Hunt, was born in Lebanon, Connecticut, about the year 1720. Simeon had several brothers, one of whom, Dr. Ebenezer Hunt, settled in Northampton, Massachusetts. Another brother settled near Sharon, Connecticut. The latter married Hannah Lyman, of Lebanon, Connecticut, and afterward removed to Coventry, in the same state, where he died in 1793, about twenty years after the death of his first wife.

The father of the subject of this memoir was Gad Hunt. He was born in Lebanon, Connecticut, in 1749. He married Elizabeth, daughter of Nathaniel Woodward, of Coventry,* Connecticut. Gad Hunt died in 1806, aged 57, and his wife in 1829, aged 83.

Sanford Hunt was born at Coventry, Connecticut, on the 17th April, 1777. At the age of sixteen he became a clerk in a store, in which capacity he served until he was twenty-one.

In June, 1798, he commenced business in partnership with an uncle, at Batavia, near Windham, Green county, New York.

*Nathaniel Woodward was a native of Roxbury, Massachusetts. His wife was Elizabeth Aborn, born near Boston. They lived to an advanced age. Nathaniel died in 1792.

In December, 1799, he was united in marriage with Fanny Rose, of Coventry, Connecticut, the daughter of Dr. Samuel Rose. She was born January 4, 1779. Her mother, Elizabeth, was sister of the patriot, Nathan Hale, who after the most cruel treatment was executed as a spy on Long Island, regretting that he had but one life to lose for his country. The father of Fanny, was a surgeon in the army during the revolutionary war. He returned home sick and died a few days afterward in the winter of 1780-1.

Mr. Hunt resided at Windham for about twenty years, during the greater portion of which period, his business was prosperous. But sudden and unexpected reverses, among which was a heavy loss by fire, considerably reduced his property. In 1818, he closed his business, and on the following year, with a considerable stock of merchandise, he removed with his family to his present residence (Hunt's Hollow), where by the most indomitable perseverance, he has succeeded beyond his expectations.

The life of Sanford Hunt furnishes no stirring incidents, but there is one thing which he did which reflects lasting honor upon him; he gave his children a sound practical education! With what truth has it been said, that "he who provides for the wants and comforts of himself and family, and renders some comfort to society at large by his mental and physical industry, performs one of the high duties of life; and will ultimately be rewarded in the conscious rectitude of his life, by a greater measure of substantial happiness, than he who makes millions by fraud and speculation, to be squandered in extravagance, or wasted in folly, by his children or grandchildren. The revolutions which are constantly taking place in families, sufficiently admonish us, that it is not the wealth we leave to our children, but the industrious moral habits in which we educate them, that secures them

worldly prosperity, and the treasure of an approving conscience.

Who can better employ his time, his talents, and attention, than fitting his sons to be ornaments of society, and to be a crown of glory to his hoary hairs! Rarely can a man serve his country so well in any other way, as by presenting to it a family of sons and daughters, well trained and disciplined, and amply qualified to act a useful and honorable part in the various stations which they may be called to fill.

In 1846 Mr. Hunt was called to suffer a heavy affliction, in the loss of an affectionate wife. Two days after an attack of apoplexy, she died suddenly on the 6th of February. She was a woman greatly beloved.

Having passed the measure of days of threescore years and ten, the venerable subject of this sketch may not be far removed from the confines of the spirit-land. In a few years the fallen leaves may rustle above his last resting place. May he be enabled by a holy faith to look forward to an immortal spring time, to a season of reviving hope and undying beauty amidst the paradise of God.

Mr. Hunt has had ten children, namely, Samuel Rose, born Sept. 22, 1800; John Hale, born March 17, 1804; Elizabeth, born April 16, 1806; Mary, born Oct. 6, 1809, died Oct. 28, 1835; Washington, born Aug. 5, 1811; Horace, born Oct. 7, 1813; Medad, born Aug. 13, 1815, died Feb. 24, 1817; Fanny Rose, born Sept. 5, 1817; Sanford, born May 22, 1820, died Jan. 4, 1849; Edward Bissell, born June 15, 1822. The latter is in the corps of United States engineers, at West Point.

WASHINGTON HUNT.

IT has been truly said that biography performs one of its highest offices, when it portrays the controlling influences which gifted individuals have exerted on the prosperity of their country, and this office is ever the most grateful and acceptable to the friends of mankind, when it traces character through a series of early, consistent, self-dependent, developments. There is a charm in contemplating the efforts of a self-made man, rising from scenes of comparative obscurity, to those of high distinction and eminence, continually sustaining himself at every new point, and finally concentrating the approbation of his countrymen, which even the most arbitrary governments have found it impossible to resist, but which come with double attractions to those of a free representative character.

The river rolling onward its accumulated waters to the ocean, was in its small beginning but an oozing rill, trickling down some moss-covered rock, and winding like a silver thread between the green banks to which it imparted verdure. The tree that sweeps the air with its hundred branches, and mocks at the howlings of the tempest, was in its small beginning but a little seed trodden under foot, unnoticed; then a small shoot that the leaping hare might have forever crushed.

Every thing around us tells us not to despise small beginnings; for they are the lower rounds of a ladder that reaches to great results, and we must step upon these before we can ascend higher.

This sketch is written under the impression that the life and character of the individual named, afford a happy and practical illustration of the senti-

ment. It holds out to young men of intellect and decision, a bright example to cheer them forward in the path of honorable exertion; while they display the genius of American institutions in the opportunities and facilities which they present to foster and reward talent, exertion and enterprise.

Washington Hunt is the third son of Sanford Hunt. He was born at Windham, Greene county, New York, on the 5th of August, 1811. This is a mountainous region, and furnishes views of surpassing beauty; and it is a remarkable fact, that nearly all of those who have been prominent actors on the stage of life, passed their earlier years amidst mountain scenery.

Boys accustomed in early life to climb over rocks, and wade torrents, are the fittest to meet the frowns and storms of the world in manhood. The dweller on the Alpine heights, looks with contempt upon dangers which would discourage the gay Frenchman. So the Scottish Highlander has no rival at a charge in the British army. And the Jews of old, bred among the hills of Palestine, had qualities for war and enterprise which placed them among the bravest of soldiers, and the most successful of merchants.

No man loves his country with the enthusiasm of the mountaineer. Its very ruggedness makes him feel a warmer attachment. Stern and wild, it makes his heart tender. Those hardy native flowers of affection, continue to blossom when fairer and more splendid plants, nursed beneath warmer skies, wither beneath the breath of the stranger.

In 1818, the subject of this memoir removed with his father to Hunt's Hollow, Livingston county. Having studied law, in 1829, he was admitted to the bar at Lockport, N. Y., where he still resides. In that year he was united in marriage with Miss Mary H. Walbridge, daughter of Henry Walbridge, Esq.

Having from an early period taken an active interest in political affairs, in 1836 he was nominated for congress, and lacked but a few votes of being elected. The same year he was appointed first judge of Niagara county, the duties of which important station he discharged with a fidelity and ability which elicited general approbation. At the termination of the constitutional term of five years, having declined the offer of a reappointment, he retired in 1841.

On this occasion of a meeting of the bar of Niagara county was called, and the following resolution unanimously adopted.

Resolved, That the Hon. Washington Hunt, in retiring from the office of first judge of the county of Niagara, will carry with him the kind and grateful recollections of the members of the bar of this county, not only as a judge possessing a clear and comprehensive mind, combined with a firm, independent and dignified deportment, but as a man and a private citizen.

In 1842, at the earnest solicitation of his friends, Mr. Hunt again became a candidate for congress. Having received an unanimous nomination by the whig district convention, he was elected by a fair majority. And it is a fact worthy of record, that owing to his personal popularity, many of the opposite party gave him their votes. From that time to the present, without any solicitation on his part, he has, by large majorities, been regularly reelected to the same office.

In January, 1849, Mr. Fillmore, the present vice-president of the United States, having notified the legislature of his intended resignation of the office of comptroller on the 20 of February ensuing, it became necessary to fix upon a successor. The leading whig papers in all parts of the state forthwith urged the choice of Mr. Hunt. The following extract from the Herkimer Journal is a specimen of

the numerous articles which appeared in commendation of him.

For the purpose of giving voice to the nearly unanimous wish of the whigs of this section of the state, we present the name of WASHINGTON HUNT, as a candidate for the office of comptroller of the state of New York. The qualifications of Mr. Hunt are ample. He is a man of tried integrity, of great financial experience, of extensive and varied acquirements, of graceful address and gentlemanly bearing. During the many years he has been engaged in public affairs, he has evinced not only great powers of mind, but many excellencies of heart; and in every position in which he has been placed by the partiality of an enlightened constituency, he has discharged the duties imposed upon him to the entire satisfaction of the public and with great honor to himself.

At a meeting of the whig members of the legislature in caucus, for the purpose of agreeing upon a candidate for comptroller, the nomination of Mr. Hunt was moved by Mr. Fuller of the senate, who paid a just tribute to his qualifications.

Senator Cole followed, and in the course of some eloquent remarks, said:

“After the eloquent eulogium that has just been pronounced on Mr. Hunt, it looks like presumption in one as humble as myself to rise to address you. But I can speak of Mr. Hunt from a long and intimate acquaintance. He is my representative in congress. I have the honor of being his in this senate. This is my apology for trespassing upon your patience. He is a gentleman whose marked, yea, præeminent, ability, tried integrity, unwearied industry, patient research, sound and discriminating judgment, quickness of apprehension and clearness of conception, and great financial experience—whose endearing amiability of character, kindness of heart, and gentle courtesy and cordial familiarity of manner, declare him not only able to discharge the duties of the most important office in the state, (that of comptroller,) but also to be possessed of qualifications for it, as rare as they are desirable.

Sir, six years since he entered congress, unknown to fame. In that brief period, (four of which was passed in a hopeless minority) he has, by his untiring

industry and commanding talents, raised himself to the proud eminence of being the first in ability and influence of the distinguished delegation from this, the Empire State, and to an equality with any member of the house of representatives in congress. A little over one year ago he was made chairman of the important standing committee on commerce, and in the short time which has transpired, such is the distinguished ability with which he has discharged the high duties of his committee, that he has acquired a most enviable reputation as a statesman. His elaborate, well-digested and able reports on commerce and navigation, and on the improvement of rivers and harbors, prove him to be patient in research, sound in judgment, accurate in deduction—a sound constitutional lawyer, and a wise statesman. He is still comparatively a young man; he is yet on the sunny side of the meridian of life. Bright as has been his course so far, a more brilliant one awaits him; higher honors, a more wide-spread and enduring reputation. In the western portion of this state, where he is best known, there are but two of our many eminent statesmen who surpass him in public estimation. Need I say they are Millard Fillmore and Wm. H. Seward? There is that in the histories of these three distinguished gentlemen, which has caused me, who have had the happiness to know them from their youth or early manhood, to mark with deep and abiding interest their proud progress up the hill of fame.

Mr. Hunt is a self made man. In early life, feeling the working of a mighty spirit within him, he struggled hard with the ills of fortune. Now, before he has arrived at the meridian of life, he has not only acquired without one act of wrong, without one tear, or one cry of distress from the oppressed, without one blur on his fair fame, an ample fortune, but also a reputation as a statesman, of which any one might be proud.”

After further remarks, a resolution declaring Mr. Hunt unanimously nominated, was adopted with enthusiastic applause from the caucus and galleries.

On the 15th of February, on the meeting of the two branches of the legislature in joint convention, Mr. Hunt was appointed to the office of comptroller by a vote of eighty-nine to seven.

It is worthy of note that on this occasion, many of the papers opposed to Mr. Hunt in politics, among which was the Albany Argus, congratulated the whigs upon their choice.

We can not close this brief sketch without calling attention to the paramount importance of one qualification which ought to shine conspicuously in every officer of the government, and that is *moral character*. There is nothing which adds so much to the beauty and power of man, as a good moral character. It is his wealth—his influence—his life. It dignifies him in every station—exalts him in every condition, and glorifies him at every period of life. Such a character is more to be desired than everything else on earth. It makes a man free and independent. No servile tool—no crouching sycophant—no treacherous honor-seeker ever bore such a character. The pure joys of truth and righteousness never spring in such a person. If young men but knew how much a good character would dignify and exalt them—how glorious it would make their prospects, even in this life; never should we find them yielding to the groveling and base-born purposes of human nature.

Without this, the subject of our sketch could never have attained the enviable rank he now occupies. He is a liberal patron of literature and the arts, and his sympathies are ever on the side of the weak and the distressed.

How softly on the bruised heart
A word of kindness falls,
And to the dry and parched soul
The moist'ning tear-drop calls;

O, if they knew, who walk the Earth
 'Mid sorrow, grief and pain,
 The power a word of kindness hath,
 'Twere paradise again.

As stars upon the tranquil sea
 In mimic glory shine,
 So words of kindness in the heart
 Reflect their source divine;
 O, then, be kind, who'er thou art
 That breathe'st mortal breath,
 And it shall brighten all thy life,
 And sweeten even death.

For a detailed history of the congressional career of Mr. Hunt, the reader is referred to that invaluable work, Wheeler's History of Congress.

SANFORD HUNT, JR.

There is another gathering,
 But one is wanting there;
 The youth who sat beside his sire
 Comes not to fill his chair.
 The grave-yard bears another stone—
 The miss'd one sleeps beneath—
 The cheerful smile doth yet pass round,
 But thou art felt, oh death!

CLEAR is the bubbling spring, but it flows gently, and it is the little rivulet which runs along, day and night, by the farm house, that is useful, rather than the swollen flood, or the warring cataract. Niagara excites our wonder, and we stand amazed at the power and greatness of God there, as he "pours it from his hollow hand." But one Niagara is enough for the continent, or the world, while the same world requires thousands and tens of thousands of silver fountains and gentle flowing rivulets, that water every farm and meadow, and every garden, and that shall flow on every day, and every night, with their gentle, quiet beauty. So with the acts of our lives; it is not by great deeds only, but by the daily and quiet virtues of life, that good is to be done.

The name of Sanford Hunt, Jr., has not, we believe, ever been before the world as a political character; but as the most fragrant flowers are frequently found in the shady glen, so there are some men whose lives glide silently away, unnoticed but by a quiet circle in which their excellence of character is truly appreciated.

The subject of this sketch was the sixth son of Sanford Hunt, Sen., and was born at Portage, Livingston county, New York, on the 22d of May, 1820. Some years ago, he removed to Mount Morris, where he was engaged in an extensive mercantile concern.

On the 1st of January, 1847, he was united in marriage with Miss Marilla Currier.

On the 4th of January, 1849, while on a visit to his sister at Roxbury, Massachusetts, he departed this life for that "better land" where there is no more death, and

Where every severed wreath is bound;
And none have heard the knell
That smites the soul in that wild sound—
Farewell,—beloved, Farewell.

"In the death of Mr. Hunt," says the Mt. Morris Union, "our village has sustained a serious loss—he possessed an active and persevering spirit, and in all his business transactions, the most particular and scrupulous correctness was observable—gifted with a more than usual degree of business talent, every thing he undertook was carried forward to a successful completion; and although a resident of our village but a few years, he had by the purity of his life, the amenity of his disposition and manners, and the upright, faithful, and intelligent discharge of all the duties of a good citizen, acquired in an eminent degree the esteem and confidence of the community."

CHARLES SEAFORTH STEWART.



CHARLES S. Stewart is a native of New Jersey. His father, Samuel Robert Stewart, was a counsellor at law of the bar of that state, distinguished for professional ability and acumen, for ready wit, and success as an advocate. The grandfather of the subject of our sketch, was Colonel Charles Stewart, a gallant Jerseyman, whose distinguished services are honorably commemorated in the annals of that state.

European ancestry is of little importance to those who inherit the birthright of American citizenship; but the subjoined extract from an article in a public journal, referring to a relative of Col. Stewart, and rehearsing the immediate ancestors of both, shows that the family are descended from one of the oldest branches of the Scottish house of Stewart.*

The Rev. C. S. Stewart was educated at Nassau hall, Princeton, and we believe that the first appearance of his name in print, was at its commencement as a graduate in connexion with the higher honors of his class. For a time he directed his attention to the bar as a profession, and completed a course of study at the law school of Litchfield, Connecticut, so celebrated under the supervision of its founders, Judges Reeves and Gould. He subsequently entered the theological seminary at Princeton, and was there ordained for the ministry, as an evangelist and missionary to the Sandwich Islands in 1822.

The missionary enterprise was at that time, a

* His father was Robert Stewart, of the demesne of Gortlee, Donegal county, Ireland, and his grandfather Charles Stewart, a Scotchman, of the family of Garlies, an officer of dragoons in the army of William III. He belonged to the regiment of Col. Sir Christopher Wray, Bart., and for gallantry at the battle of the Boyne, received an estate in the north of Ireland still in the possession of a descendant.—*New York Express*.

comparatively new thing; and but little general interest in the public mind had as yet been excited by it, especially among the more cultivated, wealthy and more polished circles of society. It was in those circles that his associations had chiefly been; and his determination to become a missionary, excited a lively and wide-spread interest in the cause, and accounted for the character of some of the notices in the public prints of the embarkation of the company of missionaries to which Mr. Stewart and his lady were attached.

The following extract from an introduction by the English editor, accompanying the first London edition of Mr. Stewart's *Residence at the Sandwich Islands*, will show the estimation in which he was held.

"The writer of the following book, is one, whom the most disinterested benevolence, led to the Sandwich Islands, for the purpose of attempting to communicate to the unenlightened minds of the inhabitants, the principles of human knowledge and inspired truth. Though connected with families of the first respectability in America, and favored with the fairest prospects of realizing all he could desire in his profession at home, he relinquished them, and

Denied to self, to earthly fame
Denied, and earthly wealth—he kindred left
And home, and ease, and all the cultivated joys,
Convenient and delicate delights,
Of ripe society."

A journal of the day, in describing the embarkation of the missionaries at New Haven, on the 19th of November, 1822, thus writes:

"The scene was one of the most solemn and interesting we have ever witnessed. It was a most triumphant display of the power and worth of Christianity; and the cause of missions will be immeasurably strengthened by this instance of piety and almost unexampled devotion. The breathless silence that prevailed during the religious exercises, and the murmurs of sympathy that pervaded the assembly, while the missionaries were taking leave of their friends, made an impression that can not be effaced. We were irresistibly reminded by it of the following passage in the Acts: "And when he had thus spoken, he knecled down and prayed with them all. And they all wept sore, and fell on Paul's neck, and kissed him, sorrowing most of all for the words which he spoke, that they should see his face no more. And they accompanied him to the ship."

"With this mission family, individuals of refined taste and finished education, of elegant and polished manners, and great personal worth,

have bidden adieu for ever to all that is dear to them on earth, and gone without the expectation of return, to the benighted islands of the Pacific. The prayers and pious aspirations of their friends, and of the Christian world, follow them, and we trust ever will follow and support them.

“The sacrifices which those make who leave their native shores for missionary purposes, are of no common character. Christians do not sufficiently realize this. In the description which voyagers give of the Sandwich Islands, we are told of the salubrity of the climate, the excellency of the fruits, and the simplicity of the inhabitants. But could we view those places, and view them, ignorant, debased and guilty, as they are; could we see the great obstacles to be surmounted before they can be raised to the comforts of civilization and the blessings of Christianity, we should be able to make a better estimate of the sacrifices and trials of the missionary.”

The missionary life of Mr. Stewart, and the causes constraining him to return to the United States, are fully known through his published account of his Residence in the Sandwich Islands, which has gone through many editions in this country and abroad.

For more than two years after his return to the United States, he traveled and preached extensively over the northern and middle states, in advocacy of the cause of missions; not without reason, then and still do believe, with very great acceptance to the public, and happy and permanent results, in a fresh impulse to the cause.

The then secretary of the navy, the Hon. Samuel L. Southard, was one of the earliest friends of Mr. Stewart; and knowing the special and deep interest which his voyages and residence in the Sandwich Islands had led him to take in the moral condition and improvement of seamen, urged upon him an appointment as chaplain in the navy, with an arrangement for making a visit to his old missionary station on his first cruise. The result was a voyage of the world, familiar to the public both of America and Europe in the volumes of his *Visit to the South Seas* in 1829–30. These volumss have also gone through many editions both at home and abroad.

Among the numerous highly flattering notices of these volumes in all the leading journals and reviews, is the following from the *New York Commercial Advertiser* of June, 1826, accompanying the

first descriptive piece which appeared in print while he was still a missionary at the Sandwich Islands:

“Among the little band of the ministers of God who with the zeal, courage, and devotion of the primitive apostles and martyrs, have gone to proclaim to the heathen the glad tidings of great joy, is the Rev. Charles Samuel Stewart. Inheriting an elegant competency of this world's goods, no pains were spared in his education, and he had nearly completed his studies for the legal profession, in the celebrated law school at Litchfield, when he entered upon the study of theology with the firm, and, as the event proved, unalterable, determination of devoting himself to the missionary cause in the Sandwich Islands. He married an interesting and accomplished lady of Otsego county, equally devoted, and bade adieu to his native land in 1822. From the time of his debarkation until the present his patient and unwearied exertions in the great cause, have been rendered familiar to the public through the usual channels of missionary intelligence. We have the happiness to name him as our friend, and though his letters to us have indeed been, “like angel's visits, few and far between,” on Saturday we had the pleasure of receiving a communication from him, of so interesting a character that we publish it entire, though it was written for our private information and amusement merely, without the most distant thought that it would be put in print. During the late visit of H. B. M. frigate *Blonde*, commanded by the present Lord Byron to that group of Islands, our friend had the pleasure of making a voyage in her to the eastern side of Hawaii (Owyhee) and of spending a month there at a beautiful harbor never before surveyed, and now called Byron's Bay, in honor of the commander of the *Blonde*. One week of this time was principally occupied in an excursion to the great volcanoes of Kiraued, situated on the southeastern side of the island, and in comparison of which, *Ætna* and *Vesuvius* and *Stromboli*, and every other volcano of which we have an account, dwindles into insignificance. The letter before us is a picturesque account of the writer's visit to, and a powerful description of this extraordinary phenomenon. Some account of this wonderful sea of troubled fire is contained in the Rev. Mr. Ellis' *Tour Around Hawaii*, with a deputation of the Mission in 1823. Though this was considered an interesting, nay, thrilling description, it no more compares with that furnished by Mr. Stewart, either for strength, beauty or the art of painting the terribly sublime, than the *Vesuvius* does to *Kiraued*. It is full of interest. The landscape is sketched with all the freshness and talent of a Scot; and the fiery deep, the rolling of the flaming billows, the heavy columns of ascending smoke, the bursting of the numerous conical islands emitting pyramids of brilliant flame, and vomiting from their ignited mouths streams of florid lava, which rolled in blazing torrents down their black indented sides into the boiling mass below, are painted with a bold and truly masterly hand.”

As a specimen of the general nature of the criticisms of the reviews and journals on his first publication of a volume, we copy the following:

“It is with no ordinary pleasure that we announce the fifth edition of a *Residence at the Sandwich Islands*, by the Rev. C. S. Stewart, with an introduction and notes by the Rev. Mr. Ellis, from the London edition. Its appearance, moreover, at the present time is most opportune, from

the reawakened interest of the Christian public in the affairs of the Sandwich Islands, where a work of religious renovation and conversion has been in progress for a year past, (1838-9) unequalled for its extent and power since the days of the apostles, unless we except the revivals in England and America a century ago under the preaching of Whitfield.

Our country contains few descriptive writers who equal Mr. Stewart. His landscapes are sketched with all the freshness and beauty of nature, and spread before the mind of the reader with the effect of painting. Equally felicitous, also, are his delineations of men and manners, of which he is a close observer. Moreover, writing with the heart of a Christian missionary, his works have been universally popular. The present volume we are happy to learn, is to be followed by an improved edition of his kindred work, *A Visit to the South Seas*."

In another notice by a leading journal, the reviewer thus hints in reference to the South seas:

"Few of the religious characters of the day hold a more conspicuous place in the eye of the Christian public, than the author of this very interesting work. Coming forward at comparatively an early period, in the history of missions, to the surprise of a large circle of fond and ambitious friends, he threw the whole weight of a mind, gifted, educated and refined in no ordinary degree—talents which had raised high expectations in another profession—and a heart young, ardent and generous with every noble emotion, into the scale of missionary exertions. These shores witnessed the final consecration of the little family of which he was a member to the service of their Redeemer in a foreign land. As their little bark loosed its moorings from our beach, and they bid as they thought a last adieu to kindred friends and home and their native land, thousands of voices joined in the parting hymn—thousands of eyes filled with tears of sympathy and thousands of hearts raised, as we trust, the effectual, fervent prayer of the righteous for a blessing on their labors. How far those prayers have been answered, the song of hosanna, and the hum of industry now rising from the islands of the sea, can alone adequately tell. A future day will proclaim their influence upon the admiring throng that was left behind—whether that sight did not animate and encourage many a Christian to persevere in fighting the good fight and call forth many a renewal of vows to a covenant God—whether, as a wondering world gazed with silence and awe on that holy spectacle, there were not some who bethought them of the reality of that hope which could call forth such a sacrifice.

The melancholy event which recalled him in the midst of great usefulness from the scene of his labors, is wellknown to the regrets of a sympathizing Christian public; and the impressions left by his appeals to the community in behalf of missions in the visits to the churches, made by him extensively through their native country after his return, are still vivid in ten thousand minds.

Circumstances, at which Mr. Stewart has hinted in the introduction of the work before us, led him, at the end of two years after his arrival in America, to apply for a chaplaincy in the United States naval service; and as early as November, 1828, he received the appointment from the late secretary of the navy, the Honorable Mr. Southard—the friend and counsellor of his youth.

It was thus during a voyage of the world, with the peculiar privileges and opportunities for observation afforded by a government ship, amid

scenes interesting to the public and highly gratifying to his own feelings, that the work suggesting the remarks was written. It highly recommends itself to the Christian, rejoicing to hear of the extension of religion and the prosperity of missions—to persons of polite reading who take pleasure in elegant narratives and in beautiful descriptions—to all interested in the condition of our navy—in the civil and moral aspect of our southern continent and the rapidly improving islands of the Pacific. It is too, a work highly suited to interest, amuse and instruct youth. Scarcely any portion of our globe of equal extent could have been traversed with more pleasure by the Christian, the patriot, or the philanthropist, than that which these volumes describe. Hardly any subject could have been selected more interesting to the public in general—but more especially to the Christian public—and no pen could have done better justice to its subject.

But it would be idle in us to speak in terms of commendation of a writer already so favorably and so generally known, whose former work was so eagerly sought after and so universally admired—having gone through many editions both in this country and in Europe. Mr. Stewart, indeed, seems to hold that place among the journalists of the age, that Cowper holds among the poets of England. Like the compositions of that Christian bard, his writing may be read with equal pleasure and improvement alike by the scholar, the man of taste and the humble disciple of the cross. Nay, more than all, they are fit models by which to form the taste and improve the hearts of the rising generation.”

Another journal in a critique on the same work says:

“The South Seas is one of the most interesting and popular works in the whole range of modern voyages and travels. The author has long enjoyed an enviable celebrity as one of the earliest missionaries to the Sandwich Islands, and as the writer of the admirable work entitled *A Residence in the Sandwich Islands*, published after his return to the United States. That work was received with a high degree of public favor in England as well as in America. The present volumes are destined to a still more popular reception in both hemispheres, while they will establish the reputation of the author as one of the most observing travelers and best descriptive writers of the day. They are indubitably from their commencement to their end among the most interesting and delightful books of the kind we have ever read.”

These extracts, from a few of many reviewers, are sufficient to give the general character of the reception and judgment by the public, of the various books of travel which he has published.

The year 1832, Mr. Stewart spent, in a tour through England, Scotland and Ireland, which is also before the public in two volumes; and from which it is evident that he had opportunities of observation then not often enjoyed, by access to the very highest circles and most eminent personages,

and by partaking of their hospitality in all parts of the kingdom.

In the year 1833-4, and again in 1839-40 and 41 he made a cruise in the Mediterranean, during which he visited the kingdoms of France, Spain, Portugal, Italy, Greece, the Islands of the Egean, and Asia Minor. He was presented at the principal courts, and had opportunities of becoming personally known to many of the most eminent individuals in those respective countries.

At present, and for some time past, Mr. Stewart has held the chaplaincy of the naval station at New York, which affords him opportunities of extensive intercourse and influence with the mercantile marine.

The following paragraph, from one of the most respectable reviewers in the country, referring to this present sphere of usefulness, does him no more than justice.

“While the friends of missions were lamenting the loss of a gifted and faithful laborer in the interesting field of usefulness Mr. Stewart had occupied, He “whose ways are not as our ways,” was leading him, by the melancholy event occasioning his recall, into a sphere more interesting, if possible, to the American Christian. As far as man can judge, few men have been better fitted to improve the moral and religious condition of seamen than Mr. Stewart. Manly, frank, dignified, and polished, he quickly finds his way to the affections of the open hearted and generous sailor, there to stamp the image of his master. And such is the estimation in which he is now held by them, that his name alone is a passport to their confidence and regard.”

Charles Scaforth Stewart, a son of Mr. Stewart, graduated at West Point academy in 1846, with the first honors. He was a member of the largest graduating class that ever left the institution. The following extract from one of the leading journals will show the estimation in which he was held.


“The professed and grand design of the academy is to educate and train for the public service the highest talent and greatest moral worth that can be secured in every congressional district in the Union. In the case of the young cadet referred to, this object has been strikingly attained. From the records of the war department, it appears that superior intellectual powers and high moral worth, united with a sound constitution and uniform health, were the prominent and strong grounds urged

for the appointment conferred on him. His course at West Point, we learn, has nobly justified the selection. The class he joined has numbered in all, since its formation, one hundred and sixty-seven members, sixty of whom graduate the present month. On the first examination cadet Stewart took the head of his class. He has maintained the position ever since with distinguished if not unsurpassed merit in the history of the academy, and graduates with the highest honors.

That his father is a clergyman, and chaplain in the navy, long known and honored in the religious and literary world, in Europe as well as in America, certainly furnishes no reason why the government should refuse its patronage to such a son. If it does, facts connected with the young man's origin, one step removed, would overthrow them. His grandfather, Col. Charles Stewart, of New Jersey, was among the most active and influential of the patriots and soldiers of the battle ground of the revolution, and was successively a member of the first convention of that colony, who formed and published a declaration of rights against the aggressions of the crown; a member of its first provincial congress; colonel of its first regiment of minute men; colonel of its second regiment of troops of the line, and by appointment of the congress of 1776, one of the staff of Washington till the close of the war, as commissary-general of issues."



HARRIET BRADFORD STEWART.

 THE following highly interesting sketch of the lamented wife of the subject of the preceding memoir, is from a work by the Rev. R. W. Griswold.

The next instance with which we illustrate the position that the heroism of our American women is more courageous, more unselfish and more chivalric than that of the knights errant, is different, but by no means less interesting than the preceding. Anne Hasseltine and Harriet Atwood were born in a New England village, where, indeed, there was everything that to their unschooled fancies could render life attractive; but they had seen little of the great world. In their orbits they might have been bright particular stars, but their place was not in the fiery and glowing constellations of the high regions of civility, where the perfection of human art is most truly displayed in all that can charm

the senses and induce forgetfulness of the nature and destiny of the soul. It was different with Harriet Bradford Tiffany. When she decided to become a missionary, she perceived that the decision involved her abandonment of a refined and brilliant society, in which she held a rank that might have satisfied the most exacting and ambitious, for a life of privation and peril in the midst of the abjectest barbarism. Yet without hesitation and without regret, she yielded to the convictions of duty. With the old knights, as sung Sir Galahad,

“The scattering trumpet shrilleth high,
The hard brands shiver on the steel,
The splintered spear-shafts crack and fly,
The horse and rider reel:

They reel, they roll in clanging lists;
But when the tide of combat stands,
Perfume and flowers fall in showers,
That lightly rain from ladies' hands.”

For the missionaries, however, there are no such artificial excitements; their loftiest triumphs bring no “bounteous aspects;” they look for only the approval of their own true hearts, the gratification of a noble benevolence, and the ultimate benediction of “Well done, good and faithful servants.”

Miss Tiffany was born near Stamford, in Connecticut, on the 24th of June, 1798. Her father was honorably distinguished as a colonel in the revolution, and her mother was a descendant of William Bradford, the leader of the pilgrims of Leyden, and for thirty years the governor of Plymouth colony. When a child, she was distinguished for a winning sweetness of disposition and a lively sensibility; and the celebrated Gouverneur Morris, who was in the habit of meeting her at the Springs of Lebanon, often spoke of her as presenting at this period one of the most perfect pictures of beautiful childhood he had ever seen. Her father died while she was very young, and she passed her youth chiefly under the guardianship of an uncle, in Albany; but the

marriage of an elder sister, in 1815, to a gentleman of Cooperstown, led her from that time to make his house her abode; and the appointment of her brother, soon after, to the rectorship of the episcopal church in that village, brought into nearer association than for many previous years all the members of her family.

The two or three succeeding years, observes Mr. Stewart in the beautiful memoir from which we derive these particulars, were to her a period of much enjoyment; but the sunshine of earthly happiness seldom warms the heart into a love for God, or is made the means of converting the soul to His service; and it was not until the occurrence of a protracted and dangerous illness, in the summer of 1819, that she became convinced of the necessity of spiritual peace to the highest felicity even in the present existence.

It was two years after her recovery—in the autumn of 1821—that she received an offer of marriage from the Rev. C. S. Stewart, then just appointed by the American Board of Foreign Missions a missionary to the Sandwich Islands. She was absent from Cooperstown, and in the letters which she wrote at the time to her mother and to others, letters which illustrate alike her piety, the beautiful order of her character, and the cultivation of her mind, her feelings, are fully disclosed. “Oh! how much,” she wrote to a dear friend, “how much do I need advice, yet how unwilling to seek it except of God. To Him I do go, and on Him alone it is my wish to depend for guidance, in this most important event of my life. In myself I am short-sighted and blind, and know not in any case, what is best even for my own good: how much, then, do I not now stand in need of the kind and overruling direction of a Father, and of heavenly wisdom and grace. In Him I trust for strength and support, and in casting my cares upon Him, find peace. I know

that He will order all things well; and it is my earnest prayer, that He will *make my path of duty plain*, and enable me to walk in it, whatever it may be, with a cheerful will."

She submitted her decision, tremblingly, to her mother, to whom she was bound with a most tender devotion. "The warm benevolence of her nature is such," she wrote, "that when the miseries of her fellow creatures are known to her, she hesitates at no self-denial, nor sacrifice of personal feeling, to impart relief; but to consign a child she most tenderly loves, and to whom in common with her other children she has been entirely devoted, to a life of privation, of suffering and of danger, and a thousand ills which unbidden present themselves to the imagination, will call into exercise her whole stock of piety. Happy will she be if her faith fail not." Her faith did not fail. By a letter, the reception of which is noted on the 4th of January, 1822, she surrendered her daughter cheerfully to a distant and self-denying exile. Miss Tiffany now returned to Cooperstown, to pass a few weeks with her family, and to prepare for her departure. The scenes of separation, the ocean and its storms, dangers and death in a savage land, often flitted in shadowy forms before her; but she did not falter. In a spirit of humble and confiding faith and brave determination, she consecrated herself to the missionary work. On the 3d of June she was married, at Albany; on the 19th of November, in a company of some thirty missionaries with whom they were to be associated, she and her husband embarked at New Haven, and after a voyage of near six months, on the 27th of April, 1823, they arrived at Honolulu, in Oahu, the principal port of the Sandwich Islands.

In the appointments of the missionaries to the different islands of the group, soon after their landing, Mr. and Mrs. Stewart and Mr. and Mrs. Richards were assigned to Maui, three days' sail from

Oahu; and here, at the town of Lahaiua, in the midst of twenty thousand of the rudest and most ignorant and superstitious heathen, they took up their abode. Their new home consisted of two small native huts, each of a single apartment, and furnished with mats, their trunks, and a few seats and tables made of the packing-boxes they had carried from America. But great as was this change to Mrs. Stewart, from the elegancies and luxuries to which she had been accustomed, "the sun in its circuit rose and set upon no brighter brow, nor upon a more contented heart." She wrote in a letter dated the 1st of January, 1824, "It is now fifteen months since I bade adieu to the dear valley which contains much, very much, that is most dear to me; but since the day I parted from it my spirits have been uniformly good. Sometimes it is true, a cloud of tender recollections passes over me, obscuring for a moment my mental vision, and threatening a day of darkness; but it is seldom. And as the returning sun, after a summer shower, spreads his beams over the retiring gloom of the heavens and stretches abroad the shining arch of promise to cheer the face of nature, so, at such times, do the rays of the sun of righteousness speedily illumine the hopes of my soul, and fill my bosom with joy and peace." About six months afterward she wrote to her friends, "We are most contented and most happy, and rejoice that God has seen fit to honor and bless us by permitting us to be the bearers of his light and truth to this dark corner of the earth. Could you feel the same gladness that often fills our bosoms, in witnessing the happy influence of the Gospel on the minds and hearts of many of these interesting creatures, you would be satisfied, yes more than satisfied, that we should be *what we are, and where we are, poor missionaries in the distant islands of the sea.*"

Mrs. Stewart's health continued to be good until the month of March, in 1825, when some over-exertion during the illness of nearly all the other members of the mission family, laid the foundation of a disease which in a few weeks brought her to the very gates of death. While she was in this condition, the Sandwich Islands were visited by Lord Byron, in the *Blonde* ship of war, and this nobleman kindly offered her a passage to Hawaii, which was accepted; but the change of air during a month in which the ship was refitting for the sea, having failed of its effect, it was decided by the mission, under the advice of several physicians, to be Mr. Stewart's duty to return with her to the United States. They accordingly availed themselves of the first opportunity to sail for London, where they arrived in April, 1826. Mrs. Stewart was now in a state of helplessness and imminent danger; but after a residence of three months in England, she was able to continue her homeward voyage; and embarking near the end of July, she reached New York after a pleasant passage; and on the 13th of September was reunited with her friends in the valley of Otsego.

It was her first wish to have a restoration of such strength as would warrant a return with her husband to the mission, in which their evident usefulness had amply vindicated the accordance of their original dedication of themselves with the will of God. But they were both reluctantly compelled to abandon the expectation of safely revisiting a tropical climate. In January, 1830, Mrs. Stewart was again laid upon a bed of suffering; and after lingering for eight months upon the verge of life, with the most child-like and confiding trust in the grace and mercy of the All Friend, she fell into the sleep which knows no earthly waking.

JOHN NEWTON.

The voice of Old Age, while it tells some old story,
 Exults o'er the tale with fresh warmth in the breast,
 As the haze of the twilight e'er deepens the glory
 Of beams that are fast going down in the west.
 When the friends of our boyhood are gathered around us,
 The spirit retraces its wild flower track;
 The heart is still held by the strings that first bound us,
 And Feeling keeps singing, while wandering back,
 "Don't you remember?"



BEAUTIFULLY situated in the town of Middlefield, Massachusetts, and nestled by the side of a green mountain, may be seen a plain white cottage of the olden time. At the door is a never-failing spring, whose waters, clear as crystal, go murmuring along evermore as Time flows unto Eternity.

In this sweet solitude the sunny weather
 Hath called to life light shades and fairy elves;
 The rose-buds lay their crimson lips together,
 And the green leaves are whispering to themselves;
 The clear, faint starlight on the blue wave flashes,
 And, filled with odors sweet, the south wind blows;
 The purple clusters load the lilac bushes,
 And fragrant blossoms fringe the apple boughs.

Pleasant sights are these to one wearied with the dull formality of a city life. O truly there are waking dreams which come upon us sometimes when we least expect them—bright dreams of love and home and heaven—sweet visions of a happier existence, where flowers shall eternally spring up to bless us with their presence. This is a beautiful world after all; and its few days, its wilderness wanderings, make us prize the sunlight all the more.

A short time ago, an aged pilgrim might have been seen at that cottage window in the quiet

evening hour, reading the sacred Bible, with the last red ray, resting like a glory upon her brow. The thoughts of many of her sons, scattered in various parts of the Union, would often conjure up that picture; with the vision of their childhood's home far off among the green hills, came that pleasant face—the face of a beloved mother. But after a few setting suns, the Bible was closed, for a good angel had come down from the blue heavens and beckoned the reader away! That Bible was closed; but Heaven, the land of the Bible, opened in its stead!

In that same cottage is another aged Christian, whose years have nearly numbered a century. It is John Newton, the husband of the departed. He has seen many troubles, but God's blessing is upon him—the blessing of a cheerful heart. His vision is failing, but there is a light of kindly cheerfulness that burns within, that we may not often see in this world of care and grief; and it was with a feeling of reverence that the author gleaned from him the following particulars:

His paternal ancestor was Israel Newton. He, with his wife, left England on account of religious persecution, about the middle of the seventeenth century, and settled at Narraganset, where he had two sons besides several daughters. Alice, the eldest, married an Englishman named Robert Ransom. She lived to a great age, and was the mother of eleven children. It appears from an old newspaper, that she had, previous to her death, two hundred descendants in the fourth, and one hundred and twenty-two in the fifth generation. There is a pleasing and well-authenticated incident in connexion with the marriage of Alice, which is worthy of record. It appears that Ransom, soon after his arrival at Narraganset, became deeply enamored of his future wife; but with the instinct of a true lover, he saw there was a great difficulty in his

path. It was, that he could *neither read nor write!* Now Alice was a well educated and pious maiden, and it was not to be thought probable that her dark eyes would look lovingly upon a suitor so lamentably deficient. But says the wise man, "Love is stronger than death—many waters cannot quench it, neither can the floods drown it." So Robert, like an able general, successfully managed to conceal the defenceless portion of his position. When in the company of lady love, he invariably had religious books with him, and would at times appear devoutly absorbed in the study of them. It has been said, though with more poetry than truth, that "Affection, like spring flowers, breaks through the most frozen soil at last," and the guileless Alice, no doubt looking forward to a happy future in the *literary* society of Robert, listened to his soft whispers; and for *once* in this wide world, two hearts were wreathed with the garland of *first love!* "Most happy, most blessed are those, on whose first love the seal of reality has been set, whose summer has developed and ripened the seed sown in spring-time, and whose worship through life, is at the altar on which the vestal fire has been lighted." Life is rich. Its tree blossoms eternally, because it is nourished by immortal fountains. And youthful love—the beaming passion-flower of earth! Who will belie its captivating beauty? Alas that such love should be unrequited, or turned back in coldness upon the crushed heart of its giver!

Hark! hark! again the tread of bashful feet!

Hark! the boughs rustling round the trysting-place!

Let air again with one dear breath be sweet,

Earth fair with one dear face!

Brief lived first flowers, first love! the hours steal on,

To prank the world in summer's pomp of hue;

But what shall flaunt beneath a fiercer sun

Worth what we lose in you?

It must not be supposed that this literary deception could be continued after marriage, for the facts

soon came out in bold relief. On the day after the wedding, Alice suggested the propriety of commencing the practice of daily reading and prayer at the family altar. But what was her astonishment on hearing her partner make a full confession of his guilt, stating that his sole object in pretending to read, was to obtain *her*! Now Alice was a true woman, and the fault, of which he had been guilty out of love to her, could not remain long unforgiven. But, O the perseverance of woman! she commenced that very hour to give him lessons, and it was not very long ere Robert could both read and write; and, until they were gathered to the green garden of the dead, the murmur of the daily prayer went up to the great Author of Love.

At a subsequent period, which can not be precisely ascertained, Israel, the father of Alice, removed with his family to the place which now comprises the town of Colchester, in Connecticut. At that time the land was so cheap that he could have purchased the whole for a moderate sum. He died full of years, and was buried in the rear of the congregational meeting house, where his tombstone, supported by carved pillars, may yet be seen.

The two sons of the above named Israel Newton, were Israel and James Newton. James* was the paternal grandfather of John Newton of Middlefield. Israel was a major, and was at the taking of Louisburg, where he shortly afterwards died from over-fatigue. They were both deacons of the congregational church.

James had three sons, John, James and Israel.†

* From the Colchester town records, it appears that Ephraim Little was ordained pastor of the first congregational church in that place, September 20, 1732, and on the list of the male members of the church, made out by him, Captain James Newton stands first. From the same record it appears that James Newton married the widow Barnard, and that he died in the 85th year of his age.

† Israel was a man of extraordinary strength. On one occasion, owing to a jocular remark by a neighbor, he took hold of a plow, and in spite of the exertions of a powerful horse, urged by the whip, held

John, the father of the subject of this memoir, was born at Colchester, Connecticut, in 1722. On the 27th of December, 1756, he married Mary Holbrook of Lebanon, Connecticut. He died in 1807, aged eighty-five. His wife died in 1818, at the same age.

John Newton, of Middlefield, was born at Colchester, on the 8th of April, 1758, and was brought up on his father's farm. He had three brothers, James, Abel and Amasa; also a sister Mary.

When about twenty years of age, John was sent to Wyoming, in Pennsylvania, to attend to a farm, owned by his father in that section. This was in the troublesome times, just previous to the massacre under Brandt. On his arrival he discovered, that, owing to the number of Indians concealed in various parts, it was necessary to go constantly armed. So that every man at work upon his land invariably had a loaded gun within reach. Notwithstanding this precaution, many were the lives lost by Indians firing from the shelter of trees. Matters, however, were soon brought to a crisis, for on the arrival of Brandt, with Indians and Tories "numerous as the leaves of the forest," the surviving settlers ran for safety to the forts. After the caption by the Indians of the upper fort, John made the best of his way to the middle fort, which he supposed was still in the possession of the whites. But on ascending a hill, a short distance from the fort, he was astonished at seeing a number of Indians out-

it stationary for some minutes. On another occasion, being assaulted by a notorious bully, who was the dread of the settlement, Israel, to the great delight of the people, inflicted such a summary chastisement upon the fellow, as to render him humble ever after. At another time, when justice of the peace and quite old, he was met in the road by a young farmer, who, glorying in his strength, laughingly said, "Squire Newton, I know that I could throw you." "*You* throw me," said the squire, "why, I could throw you with one finger." So, by mutual agreement, they tried the experiment. The squire placed his fore finger in the neckcloth of his antagonist, and, although he did not succeed in throwing him, he swung him to and fro so powerfully, that the latter was very soon satisfied.

side, who, as soon as they observed him, immediately ran within. Instantly sheltering himself behind a large tree, John flew with all his might towards the lower fort, closely followed by a party of Indians, who, on his first appearance near the middle fort, had supposed him to be the head of a detachment; hence their sudden retreat.

On the arrival at the lower fort, John found its occupants engaged in the funeral service over one of their number; but on his apprising them of the near approach of the foe, the chaplain broke off his prayer, and all seized their arms, having but little hope of escaping the savage demons around them; the capitulation of this fort, and the occurrences of the horrible massacre of Wyoming, are too well known to need description.

A very valuable horse belonging to John, having been taken by the Indians as a pack horse to carry off the spoil, he, faint and weary, made the best of his way home through the trackless wilderness, being a great portion of the time without food and suffering almost every hardship. To give in detail this interesting portion of his life, would require a volume.

On the 3d of February, 1785, John Newton married Martha Whiting, of Colchester, with whom he lived happily for nearly sixty-four years. She died at Middlefield, Massachusetts, December the 5th, 1848. She was, for a great many years, a member of the baptist church.*

Burning with indignation against the tyranny of

* Her paternal ancestor was a Frenchman, named Raymond, who, with his wife, lived for some time on Block Island. A law having been passed, forbidding any man from giving "aid or comfort" to the notorious pirate Kidd, it is said that the wife of Raymond, in defiance of the law, had several cattle driven down to the coast for the pirate, who, in return, rewarded her handsomely with gold. On being called to account by the authorities, it is said she was her own counsel, and extorted a reluctant acquittal by pointing out the fact that the word of the law prohibited only "men," and not *women*. It is added that no time was lost in including the feminine gender.

the British, John served a considerable period in the revolutionary war, and he was one of those who worked so laboriously in the erection of Fort Trumbull.

Soon after his marriage, having exchanged farms with a brother, the subject of our sketch removed from Colchester to Middlefield, his present residence. The country was then a wilderness, and there were innumerable difficulties to overcome, of which the modern farmer can form but little idea.

Feeling rather above being in a log house, John, at considerable expense and trouble, erected a neat frame dwelling, the foundation of which is still to be seen. With the wisdom of riper years, he regrets that he did not purchase stock for his farm instead of thus gratifying his pride. In a short time his troubles commenced, for one of his oxen died, and his only horse was killed by the falling of a tree. But his motto was "hope on, hope ever," and with an invincible perseverance, his house in the forest soon became the abode of comfort. It is now more than sixty years since he settled at Middlefield; and this venerable man must often revert with pleasure to the season of his early difficulties; and comfort himself with the reflection, that a cool head, an invigorating mind, a warm heart and diligent hands, with benevolence and honesty, piety and perseverance, will insure success in any laudable undertaking within the sphere of personal ability.

Mr. Newton became a member of the baptist church at Hinsdale, Massachusetts, of which he was appointed deacon, nearly half a century ago.

He has had six sons and one daughter. The name of the daughter was Lucy. She died on the 15th of November, 1811, in the fourteenth year of her age, and was buried at Middlefield.

The eldest son, William, a self-made man in the fullest sense of the word, and deservedly respected, was born at Bozrah, Connecticut. His first wife

was Miss Frances Longyear. She died while on a visit to Middlefield, after a short illness, on the 28th of August, 1822, aged twenty-eight years and nine months. She was much beloved by all who knew her, and her memory will long be cherished. Her remains lie in the beautiful burial ground at Middlefield, near those of Lucy and Martha. She had four daughters, three of whom are now living.*

John Milton Newton, the second son, a man of indomitable energy, resides at Newton's Corners, a most delightful and rapidly increasing settlement, named after him, a few miles from Albany. He has a son and a daughter.

Amasa resides in Ohio, Henry in Illinois, and Asa in Kentucky. Ambrose the youngest son, a man of great intelligence and a practical farmer, married Miss Meacham. He has served in the Massachu-

* Sarah the eldest married Mr. James H Baker. She died at Newport, Herkimer county, New York, on the 10th of June, 1842. She was of a most amiable disposition, and from a child exhibited traits of character seldom seen. Truly

Earth has its angels, though their forms are moulded
But of such clay as fashions all;
Though harps are wanting and bright pinions folded,
We know them by the love-light on their brow.

She had long been a faithful follower of the Saviour, and had adorned her profession by a well ordered life and a godly conversation. She was ill but the short space of eight days; and ere the arrival of a beloved sister from Albany, she had departed to that "beautiful of lands," where there is no more weeping, and where the remembrance of pain is swallowed up in happiness unspeakable.

The vine-flower and the briar rose
Above thy grave sod bloom;
And in the undisturbed repose
Breathe out their sweet perfume;
While flitting birds shall fold their wings,
And warble to the air,
As if to calm the sorrowings
Of those who linger there.

Two weeks previous to her decease, a near relative had a remarkable dream to that effect, and awoke in tears. Her fears were smiled at, but the fact thus foreshadowed proved true.

The far wandering of the soul in dreams,
Calling up shrouded faces from the dead,
And with them bringing soft or solemn gleams,
Familiar objects brightly to o'er spread,
And wakening buried love, or joy to fear—
These are nights' mysteries. Who shall make them clear?

setts legislature, and resides at Middlefield. He also has one son and daughter.

Ere another year has passed, with its beautiful hopes, its sunshine and its flowers, its sorrows and its tears, it may be that the venerable John Newton will have gone to his happy home. But when he dies, what a volume of history will be for ever lost. "What springs laden with blossoms have been his; what sunny and beautiful summers; what autumns with their golden fruit! He is a relic of forgotten years. He has survived the overthrow of nations, and the changes of dynasties, and crumbling of thrones. He was old when the star of Napoleon went down on Waterloo, and yet lives to see another of the name sway the destinies of France.

"When youth is crushed by the iron tread of death, we shrink and are sad; when manhood is broken down we tremble; but when old age, after a long contest, yields at last, then men may smile."

In the town records of Stonington, Connecticut, is a notice of Matthew Newton who married Mary Tift, and who had a son Matthew, born January 12, 1727.

On a tomb at Milford, Connecticut, is the following inscription:

The truly honorable and pious Roger Newton, Esq., an officer of distinguished note in ye expeditions of 1709 and 1710, for many years one of ye council, and colonel of the second regiment of militia,—judge of the court of common pleas 33 years, until he departed this life January 15, 1771, in the 87th year of his age.

His mind returned to God, entombed here lies
The part the hero left beneath the skies;
Newton as steel, inflexible from right
In faith, in law, in equity, in fight.

LYMAN TREMAIN.

WHEN Lord Eldon was senior resident fellow of University college, two undergraduates came to complain to him that "the cook had sent them up an apple pie that could not be eaten." The defendant being summoned, said, "I have a remarkably fine fillet of veal in the kitchen." The judge immediately overruled this plea as tendering an immaterial issue, and ordered a *proferat in curiam* of the apple pie. The messenger sent to execute this order, brought intelligence that the other under-graduates, taking advantage of the absence of the two plaintiffs, had eaten up the whole of the apple pie. Thereupon judgment was thus pronounced: "The charge here is, that the cook has sent up an apple pie that cannot be eaten. Now, that can not be said to be uneatable, which has been eaten; and as this apple pie has been eaten, it was eatable. Let the cook be absolved."

So a similar judgment must be pronounced against those who, in the face of facts, are constantly contending, that age is indispensable to the possession of great knowledge. A better instance than the subject of this sketch could not have been selected for the purpose of illustrating the fallacy of such a belief.

It is true, the lives of but few men, before they arrive at middle age, present materials sufficient to allow them a place among the eminent of their land. Occasionally, however, it happens, that we see one, long before he has reached the meridian of life, urged forward by the spirit within him, rising like a bright star above the horizon. And although enjoying advantages, or placed in circumstances in no degree superior to the mass around him, yet we see him alone the architect of his fortune, surmounting all

obstacles, carving out for himself a name, and leaving all competitors in the race for honorable distinction, in the distance.

The mention of the name at the head of this sketch, to those acquainted with the individual who bears it, will suggest to them an instance of one, who, in extreme youth, and while others of riper years, with severe toil, were yet slowly acquiring the elements of knowledge and science, had already, with a mental power which seemed intuitive, mastered these, and entered upon the severe studies which were to prepare him for the discharge of the onerous duties of the profession to which he is devotedly attached, and in which he may be said to have already become eminent, at an age when most of his associates were just entering upon its active duties.

Judge Tremain was born on the 14th of June, 1819, in Durham, Greene county, N. Y., a quiet town, situated twenty miles west of the Hudson river, whose inhabitants, mostly devoted to agricultural pursuits, constitute as moral, industrious and thriving a community, as is to be found within the limits of New-York. His father, Levi Tremain, with his wife, came to Durham, where he settled in the year 1812, from Berkshire county, Mass.; a region of country to which one may be proud to trace his ancestry, and to which may be referred, directly or remotely, many of the brightest intellects now to be found in almost every part of this widespread country. His parents, although in middle life, are distinguished in a more than ordinary degree, for the intelligence and shrewdness of their fatherland, mingled with a sprightliness and humor but rarely found in those who have passed the meridian of life. His grandfather, Nathaniel Tremain, died recently at Pittsfield, Mass. He was a revolutionary soldier, and contributed his share in purchasing American freedom. When the war was

over, he chose to enjoy the fruits of the soil he had helped to win, in following the peaceful life of the husbandman, for the remainder of his days. He was distinguished alike for his sterling integrity, and a fair degree of the intelligence which has descended in so large a measure to the third generation.

The only means of education enjoyed by the subject of this sketch, was in the common and select schools of his native town, and at Kinderhook academy—his name always standing the highest. At the academy he took the lead in his studies; became well acquainted with the classics; and from here we may trace him as a speaker; a capacity in which he is more particularly distinguished. He has a voice of great compass and richness, combined with a good articulation.* At the very early age of fourteen, he delivered an original speech at the semi-annual exhibition at Kinderhook, which was loudly applauded by the audience, entirely contrary to the rules of the principal, and called from him a request that it should not be repeated.

* This, when addressing large audiences, enables him to be heard at a great distance. "It is a curious fact in the history of sound, that the loudest noises always perish on the spot where they are produced, whereas musical notes will be heard at a great distance. Thus, if we approach within a mile or two of a town or village in which a fair is held, we may hear very faintly the clamor of the multitude, but more distinctly the organs and other musical instruments which are played for their amusement. If a Cremona violin, a real Amati, be played by the side of a modern fiddle, the latter will sound much the louder of the two; but the sweet, brilliant tone of the Amati, will be heard at a distance the other can not reach. Dr. Young, on the authority of Derham, states that at Gibraltar, the human voice may be heard at a greater distance than that of any other animal. Thus, when the cottager in the woods, or in the open plain, wishes to call her husband, who is working at a distance, she does not shout, but pitches her voice to a musical key, which she knows from habit, and by that means reaches his ear. The loudest roar of the largest lion could not penetrate so far. 'This property of music in the human voice,' says the author, 'is strikingly shown in the cathedrals abroad. Here the mass is entirely performed in musical sounds, and becomes audible to every devotee, however placed in the remotest part of the church; whereas, if the same mass had been read, the sounds would not have traveled beyond the precincts of the choir.' Those orators who are heard in large assemblies most distinctly, and at the greatest distance, are those who, by modulating the voice, render it more musical. Loud speakers are seldom heard to advantage."

At the age of fifteen, with an education better than many graduates possess, he entered the law office of John O'Brien, Esquire, of Durham, as a student at law. Here, while pursuing his studies, at this early age, he immediately commenced trying causes in justices' courts, not only in his own county, but in the adjoining counties of Schoharie, Albany and Delaware, in which he was very successful, and acquired great skill in the management of causes, and there became intimately acquainted with human nature. At these trials, crowds always flocked, as they said, "to hear the boy plead law." During this extensive practice, however, in the inferior courts, his studies were by no means neglected. No student attended more closely to them. As an evidence of which, we have been credibly informed, that during his clerkship he read through, out of the ordinary course, every volume of Cowen and Wendell's Reports, a task from which older heads might shrink in despair.*

With Mr. O'Brien, and a few months in the office of Samuel Sherwood, Esquire, an eminent lawyer in New-York city, his clerkship was passed; and at the age of twenty-one he was admitted to practice in the supreme court of New-York. His fame as a lawyer and advocate having already preceded him, he immediately entered upon an extensive and lucrative practice of his profession, in his native county, and in the counties adjoining, which practice has been steadily increasing ever since.

Early in life, Judge Tremain embarked on the exciting and stormy sea of politics; and, unlike many others, he has been able to guide his bark in safety, amid the dangers, seen and unseen, peculiar

* Like that eminent lawyer, Sir Edward Sugden, his plan of study was as follows: He resolved, when beginning to read law, to make every thing he acquired perfectly his own, and never to go to a second thing till he had entirely accomplished the first. Many of his competitors read as much in a day as he read in a week; but at the end of twelve months his knowledge was as fresh as the day it was acquired, while theirs had glided away from recollection.

to that troubled ocean. His voice, at a very early age, was heard, and his pen known and felt, in county conventions, and contributed in no small degree to the advancement of the principles of the democratic party in his county and state, of which he has always been a warm and ardent supporter. His speeches, resolutions and addresses, at that early age, evinced a knowledge of history, of public and political affairs, and a maturity of judgment and intellect, but rarely surpassed by the older veterans of his party. His fame in this department becoming known, his voice and pen were often called by his party, as years rolled on, in other parts of the state, as well as in his own county, to take an active part in the various political contests between the two dominant parties of this country.

In the month of August, 1842, Judge Tremain was married to the amiable and excellent lady who is his present wife, in the town of Catskill; a companion in every respect suitable to him, and who sympathises with and lightens his cares as they pass along together the journey of life, in domestic happiness and tranquility.

An obliging disposition and courteous manner, added to the talents which he possessed, had so far won upon the confidence and affection of the people, that at the early age of twenty-three he was presented by the democracy of his native town for the office of supervisor. This town was a strong whig town, but notwithstanding this, and the maxim universally accredited that, "a prophet is not without honor save in his own country," and in spite of party prejudice and feeling, he was elected by a handsome majority over a strong competitor, who enjoyed the confidence of his party.

On the month of February, 1846, Judge Tremain was unanimously appointed district attorney for the county of Greene. The judges were at that time divided by the divisions which distracted the demo-

cratic party, nevertheless they all concurred in his appointment. An unusual amount of important criminal business fell to his lot during the short term in which he held the office, which he discharged with that energy and fidelity so characteristic of him, and which served to elevate him still higher as a lawyer and a man in the estimation of his associates at the bar, and the people. At this time his large and extensive civil business in the courts in his own county and the counties adjoining he suffered not to flag in the least, but carried it through those several courts successfully with unabated skill and energy.

We may here remark what has often been noticed by others in regard to the subject of this sketch, that in whatever situation he was placed, and he has been in many sufficient to try the nerve and intellect of the strongest in his profession, he has always been equal to the occasion, issuing from its sternest conflicts, seemingly renewed in strength for fresh encounters.

One cause of Judge Tremain's success in life, among others, we think may be attributed to the rule of conduct, which he seems to have inflexibly laid down for himself, never to be hurried or driven by business, but on the contrary rigidly to perform the business of to-day while it is to-day. In no other way under the cares and pressure of business, do we perceive, especially at his early age, how he could preserve the equanimity of mind and temper which he in so remarkable a degree possesses, and find time to dispense the many little courtesies and kindnesses among his neighbors and friends which go to make up so much of life. He also finds leisure-moments, those odds and ends of time, which rightly improved, a great philosopher has said constitute the best part of man's existence, not only to store his mind with that knowledge which enables him to tread the higher walks of his profession, but to

study and become familiar with the copious literature of our language, which is a rich legacy to all who have the mind and the will to enjoy its blessings.

Having received the regular nomination of his party in the spring of the year 1847, for the office of county judge of Greene county, he was elected to that office in the judiciary election in June of that year. In his election to this office, which also embraces the office of surrogate, he had two competitors, one whig and one democrat, both popular and leading men in the county, and both residing at the county seat, which gave them a great advantage. He was elected notwithstanding, by a handsome majority over both, and a majority over the regular opposition candidate of twelve hundred, a majority greater than was ever given in the county when the democratic party was united.


The orator of fourteen years of age now stands before us as Judge Tremain at twenty-nine, still distinguished for the same talents which then called forth such admiration and applause, but expanded and developed in maturer years, by the varied toils and scenes and conflicts of professional and political life in which he has passed. His clear discriminating mind, sound judgment, and thorough knowledge of the law; and not less, his amenity of manners, render him an ornament to the station which he occupies; the duties of which he discharges with his accustomed energy and ability; amid the cares and responsibilities of a large and increasing practice in the higher courts of the state.

We can not dismiss this subject without remarking, that Judge Tremain is another and striking instance of the influence of republican institutions, in elevating the moral, intellectual, and physical condition of the people, and assigning to genius and talent its proper station and reward. Well may the American, as he traverses other climes

and countries, and witnesses humanity down-trodden and oppressed, and genius and talent of little use in elevating its possessor, without the sordid appliances of over-grown wealth and power, exclaim, with a depth of feeling such as the inhabitants of no other country possesses, "This is my own, my native land."

SIMEON DRAPER, SEN.

"Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good;
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood."

 ON the 28th of December, 1848, the venerable Simeon Draper, of Brookfield, after sojourning on earth for eighty-four years, entered upon his immortal existence.

He belonged to that class of men who are scattered all over New England, whose purity of character, integrity of purpose, and similarity of manners, are only equalled by their manly sense and soundness of judgment.

With a heart glowing with patriotism, Mr. Draper when quite a youth, entered the continental army and was a brave soldier of the revolution.

He was a member of the convention of 1820, to amend the constitution of Massachusetts, and he served in the legislature of that state for more than thirty years. While in that body he was an ardent supporter of the cause of education. He knew that in the school-house lie the seeds of the true greatness of any country. And what have not these school-houses done for New England? They are her pride, her bulwark and her strength. By their power, her rough hills have been smoothed, and

their craggy sides been made to yield abundant harvests: through their influence the whole land has been cultivated and every acre rendered productive; by their aid towns and villages have sprung up, and thrived; and farm houses, neat and beautiful, betokening quiet, ease and happiness, are spread on every hill and in every vale. By them New England has become the leader in every good work; has been able to send her emigrants throughout the country, to exert a high moral influence in improving its character; the wisest of statesmen and the most powerful orators into the congress of the nation. Through the influence of these she has brought forward a population, famed wherever they are known as a body, for their industry, virtue and intelligence. Let them then be multiplied a hundred fold,—

Through all her wild, green mountains;
From valleys where her slumbering fathers lie,
From her blue rivers and her swelling fountains,
And clear, cold sky;

From her rough coast and isles, where hungry ocean
Groans with his surges—from the fisher's skiff,
With white sail swaying to the billow's motion
Round rock and cliff.

Mr. Draper, like almost every other man of worth, was an early riser. Happy the man who is. Every morning, day comes to him with a virgin's love, full of bloom and purity and freshness. The youth of nature is contagious like the gladness of a happy child.

He lived respected by all who knew him, and when he died his townsmen came up in a body to his funeral—a spontaneous offering of their respect and love to the virtues and memory of the deceased.

Mr. Draper has left behind him a good name, and numerous descendants. One of his sons was appointed consul at Paris, by General Harrison. Another of his sons, Mr. Simeon Draper, Jr., is one of the first merchants in New York city. Although

the deceased moved, while living, in a comparatively narrow sphere of action, yet he was of that noble class of men to whom New England owes her character for integrity, intelligence, industry, morality and religion.

His career was a beautiful illustration of the remark, that the secret of success in any pursuit, is in that unconquerable perseverance that is roused to greater efforts from the magnitude of the resistance; and overcomes, by assiduous pertinacity, that which can not be subdued by a single effort. In our country, where a thousand paths lie open in which fame and wealth may be obtained, we are in danger of forgetting, that after all, life may be fretted away in futile attempts and ill-conceived enterprises. Singleness of purpose and ardor of application are necessary to the complete success of any cause; and neither talent nor genius can win its proper meed unless guided and controlled by them. In language which it may not be irreverent here to quote, the race is not always to the swift nor the battle to the strong; but the powerful mind, endowed with the mightiest gifts of its Creator, if it turns aside to pluck flowers by the way, or seek a path of less sinuous direction and smoother surface, may, like Atalanta, be surpassed by the regular, though slower advances of diligent competitors. In the fierce conflict of life we have no time to lose in returning for a new start; and if our path is crowded with dangers and difficulties, we must overcome them by the indomitable sway of a determined will.

JONATHAN PLATT.

WHO are the lower classes? The toiling millions, the laboring man and woman, the farmer, the mechanic, the artisan, the inventor, the producer? Far from it. These are nature's nobility. No matter whether they are high or low in station, rich or poor in pelf, conspicuous or humble in position, they are surely the "upper circles in the order of nature," whatever the fictitious distinction of society, fashionable or unfashionable, decree. It is not *low*, it is the highest duty, privilege or pleasure, for the great man and whole-souled women to earn what they possess, to work their own way through life, to be the architects of their own fortunes. Some may rank the classes we have alluded to as only relatively low, and, in fact, the middling classes. We insist they are absolutely the very highest. If there be a class of human beings on earth who may be properly denominated *low*, it is that class who spend without earning, who consume without producing, who dissipate on the earnings of their fathers or relatives without being any thing in and of themselves.

The highly respected individual, the subject of this notice, was born at Bedford, Westchester county, New York, on the 13th of October, 1783.

In the year 1793 his father's family emigrated to the then "far west," and settled upon the Susquehanna river, in the present town of Nichols, and county of Tioga, the whole region being then a wilderness.


Jonathan was the oldest member of the family, and was subject to many of the trials and hardships incident to new settlements, which was probably the means of invigorating him for the toils and hardships of subsequent life. His early years hav-

ing been employed in clearing the land, at the age of twenty-three he commenced a clerkship in a store at Owego, New York. A few years afterwards he engaged in the mercantile business in the same place. This occupation he pursued for many years, connecting with it trade in lumber and plaster on the Susquehanna river.

Mr. Platt was one of the first directors of the Owego bank, and was afterwards president of that institution. This office he held until two or three years ago, when he disposed of his stock, and retired from the concerns of the bank to a most delightful residence in the vicinity of the village, where he is now, in the enjoyment of a happy competence and justly respected, passing the evening of his life.

Brought up among the stern features of the wilderness, and from his earliest days having been inured to toil, Mr. Platt never enjoyed the advantages of what is called a liberal education. But he possesses that which in the career of life is of far more importance, namely, common sense and an enlightened public spirit, being also in the full sense of the word an "honest man."

JACOB COLLAMER.


 HE subject of this sketch had none of the early advantages which parents, mistakenly perhaps, are usually so solicitous to secure for their children, and owes nothing to adventitious circumstances of birth or fortune; though, if ancestral virtue is a just cause of pride, there are few who can boast a nobler escutcheon, for his *propositus* was one of the old Puritan stock, who preferred religious liberty in the wilderness to enforced conformity in a palace. Judge

Collamer was born at Troy, New York, and is a son of Samuel Collamer, a native of Scituate, in Massachusetts, and a soldier of the revolution. In his childhood he removed with his father's family to Burlington, Vermont, and was graduated at the university, then at an early age, in 1810. He immediately commenced the study of the law, made the frontier campaign of 1812 as a lieutenant of artillery in the detached militia in the service of the United States, and was admitted to the bar in 1813, having accomplished his course of preparatory, collegiate and professional study, without any other pecuniary means than such as his own industry supplied him. From the time of his admission to the bar until the year 1833, he practised his profession in the counties of Orange and Windsor with marked ability and success, under all the disadvantages of a competition with the eminent counsel by which the bar of those counties was then distinguished. In the last named year (having in the meantime been often an active and influential member of the legislature of Vermont) he was, without solicitation or expectation on his part, elected an associate justice of the supreme court, and was continued upon the bench, discharging his judicial duties with much credit, and to the general satisfaction of the profession, until the year 1842, when he declined a reëlection. In 1843, he was elected to represent the second congressional district of Vermont in the congress of the United States, was reëlected in 1844 and 1846, and in 1848, much to the regret of his constituents, upon whom the eminent ability of his congressional career had reflected so great credit, he declined to be again a candidate.

In March, 1849, he was nominated by President Taylor as postmaster-general, which office he now holds.

As his parents were poor, he found it extremely difficult to raise funds to pay his expenses at college. He was reproved by the president one day for appearing in the recitation room without shoes. He procured a pair, and for the sake of economy carried them to the door of the recitation room, and then put them on. Such were some of the difficulties in the way of education thirty-five years ago.

CHARLES MARSH.

E was born at Lebanon, Connecticut, the 10th of July, 1765, but removed with his father's family to Vermont, before the commencement of the revolutionary war. His father, Honorable Joseph Marsh, was one of the leading whig gentlemen of Vermont during that struggle, and was for several years lieutenant governor of the state. Charles Marsh was graduated at Dartmouth college, in 1786, and studied the law under the venerable Judge Reeve, of Connecticut, and commenced the practice of his profession at Woodstock, Vt., in 1788. He was an active, studious, and successful lawyer for the full period of fifty years, and, during a large part of that time, it may justly be said, he was regarded as standing at the head of the bar in the state. It is not, however, so much to his professional position we desire to direct attention, but to the position he has long occupied as a distinguished patron of all the great benevolent enterprises of the day, and the liberality of his benefactions to those objects. The board of commissioners for foreign missions, the American Bible society, the American Colonization society have long known him as among their most efficient, devoted, and liberal members; and these and kindred asso-

ciations commanded his prayers and support during his life.

Running parallel to this was his devotion to the cause and progress of liberal science. He was a member of the board of trustees of Dartmouth college for *forty years*, and therein was particularly efficient and influential in the memorable controversy of that institution with the legislature of New Hampshire, and in which the independence and integrity of the college was ably and successfully vindicated, to the permanent good of sound learning in the land.

Mr. Marsh was ever disinclined to holding any official position, but his association with those men of high public character in New England, who link the revolutionary epoch with the present generation, was intimate and influential, and his memory is identified with theirs. He was induced to serve one term in congress, and, while there, he was associated with Judge Marshall and Washington, with Henry Clay, and others, in the first formation of the American Colonization society.

Mr. Marsh was appointed district attorney of Vermont by General Washington, and held that office until the accession of Jefferson.

In his social and Christian relations in private life, few men have commanded so large a share of attachment and respect, or exercised power, influence, or example to more wholesome effect. His house was ever the home of the most generous hospitality. Having lived the life of a Christian, gentleman, philanthropist, and patriot, worthy of the good puritan stock from which he sprung, and having filled as well the measure of his usefulness as of his days, he is now gathered to his fathers "in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in its season."


He died at Woodstock, Vermont, on the 11th of January, 1849, aged eighty-three years.

In reviewing the life of this great and good man, we are forcibly struck with the truth of the following elegant remark by Webster:

“Political eminence and professional fame, fade away and die with all things earthly. Nothing of character is really permanent, but virtue and personal worth. They remain. Whatever of excellence is wrought into the soul itself, belongs to both worlds. Real goodness does not attach itself merely to this life, it points to another world. Political or professional fame can not last forever, but a conscience void of offence before God and man, is an inheritance for eternity. *Religion*, therefore, is a necessary, an indispensable element in any great human character. There is no living without it. Religion is the tie that connects man with his Creator, and holds him to his throne. If that tie be all sundered, all broken, he floats away, a worthless atom in the universe, its proper attractions all gone, its destiny thwarted, and its whole future nothing but darkness, desolation and death. A man with no sense of religious duty is he whom the scriptures describe—in such terse, but terrific manner—as “living without God in the world.” Such a man is out of his proper being, out of the circle of all his duties, out of the circle of all his happiness, and away, far, far away from the purposes of his creation.”

The widow of Mr. Marsh and four of his seven children survive him. Among them is the greatly respected Hon. George P. Marsh, representative to congress from Vermont.

PATRICK W. TOMPKINS.

 ABOUT forty years ago, somewhere in the woods near the line between Tennessee and Kentucky, in a log cabin sixteen feet by eighteen, which was already occupied by a brood of ten or twelve children, was born a youngster, the hero of our sketch. In his infancy, he was fed on hog and hominy, and the flesh of such "wild varmints" as were caught in the woods. At twelve years of age, he was put out to work with a neighbor as a farm boy, and drove oxen, hoed corn, raised tobacco in summer, cured it and prized it in winter, till he was seventeen years old, when he took to making brick; to which he added the profession of a carpenter; and by these successive steps in mechanical arts, he became able, by his own unassisted skill, to rear a house from the clay pit or from the stump, and complete it in all its parts, and to do it, too, in a manner that none of his competitors could surpass. His panel doors are to this day the wonder and admiration of all the country, in which they continue to swing on their hinges. He never saw the inside of a school-house or church till after he was eighteen years old. By the assistance of an old man in the neighborhood, he learned, during the winter evenings, to read and write, while a farm boy. Having achieved these valuable acquisitions by the aid of another, all his other education has been the fruit of his own application and perseverance. At the age of twenty-one, he conceived the idea of fitting himself for the practice of the law. He at first procured an old copy of Blackstone, and having, after the close of his daily labors, by nightly studies in his log cabin, mastered the contents of that compendium of common law, he

pursued his researches into other elementary works. And having thus, by great diligence, acquired the rudiments of his profession, he met with an old lawyer who had quit practice, or whose practice had quit him, with whom he made a bargain for his scanty library, for which he was to pay him \$129 in carpenter's work; and the chief part of the job to be done in payment for these old musty books, was dressing and laying down an old oaken floor and doors, at \$3 per square of ten feet. The library paid for, our hero dropped the adze, plane and trowel, and we soon after hear of him as one of the most prominent members of the Mississippi bar, and a noble statesman and orator. "I heard him one day," says one, "make two speeches in succession, of three hours in length each, to the same audience; and not a movement testified any weariness on the part of a single auditor, and during their delivery the assembly seemed swayed by the orator as reeds by the wind."

"The poor farm boy is at the present time a member of congress, from Mississippi. His name is Patrick W. Tompkins. He is a self-made man, and his history shows what a humble boy can do, when he determines to TRY.



ULYSSES WARD.

A MORE worthy man than Mr. Ward is seldom found. He was born in Montgomery county, in the state of Maryland, on the third day of April, 1792. His parents were natives of London, England, from which place they removed to this country about the year 1770.

Although deprived of the usual advantages for obtaining a liberal education, even in the elementary branches—having had but five months' schooling altogether—Mr. Ward was early impressed with the necessity and importance of acquiring such knowledge as would qualify him for usefulness in society; and therefore earnestly applied himself in endeavoring to derive, so far as possible, from experience and observation, that information which the more highly favored in point of privileges, gained from books. Sensible, as he ever was, of the peculiar embarrassment caused by the recollection of his destitution of early scholastic training, he did not suffer it to discourage him; on the contrary, this reflection seemed to increase his ardor, and to induce him to use the more diligently those talents which his Creator had bestowed upon him. "Outward matter or event fashioneth not the character within, but each man, yielding, or resisting, fashioneth his mind for himself." Thus, by perseverance and industry, the difficulties which surrounded Mr. Ward were to a considerable extent overcome; and when his boyhood had passed, he was tolerably well prepared for the duties subsequently devolving upon him.

At the age of nineteen, he entered upon his apprenticeship with a bricklayer of Georgetown, D. C., and at the expiration of his twenty-second year, having served his master faithfully, and attained remarkable proficiency in his business, he went forth inspired with the noble and delightful consciousness that, if blessed with continued health and strength, he would not only be able to procure a livelihood for himself, but also to acquire the means of increased usefulness in the world. He had not learned to regard labor as dishonorable, but rather to look upon it as the ladder by which he must rise. Nor was he disappointed. Deprived as he had been of school advantages, a good trade—valuable to

every young man—was doubly so to him; and by steadily following it, he very soon found resources for supplying himself with books and other facilities for learning, which he could not obtain when a boy. These new opportunities he improved assiduously, and in a few years became a good English scholar. How striking an example of one of his own favorite maxims—"Perseverance will remove mountains!"

A few months before he completed his term of service as an apprentice, Mr. Ward was seriously impressed with a sense of his accountability to Him "in whom we live, and move, and have our being," and felt his obligations particularly in view of the kind care and superintending providence which had been over him and conducted him so safely along "the slippery paths" of his youth. Often has he been heard to repeat with much emotion those beautiful lines of Addison, so expressive of gratitude to the Supreme Being:

"When all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love and praise!"

Cherishing his religious impressions, he at length resolved to devote the remnant of his days to the service of his heavenly Father; and accordingly, after carefully examining and cordially embracing the Christian faith, he united with the Protestant Episcopal church, in whose communion he remained about six years.

Mr. Ward was married on the twenty-sixth day of September, 1816, to Miss Susan Valinda Beall, daughter of James Beall, Esq., of Prince George's county, Md., and with her he has lived in perfect peace and comfort for nearly thirty-three years. The children of these parents are seven in number, and six of them are now living. The eldest daughter is now the wife of Dr. Thomas Feinour, of Baltimore,

Md. The eldest son, Rev. James Thomas Ward, entered the sacred office of the ministry in the nineteenth year of his age, and after serving several congregations in Maryland and Virginia, for about six years, was invited to take charge of the First Methodist Protestant church, Philadelphia, formerly served by Rev. T. H. Stockton. He accepted the invitation, and was regularly appointed to the said church, of which he has now been pastor nearly two years. The second daughter of Mr. Ward is the wife of Rev. Samuel Normont, of Virginia, now residing in Washington. The other children are yet in their minority.

In 1820, Mr. Ward united with the Methodist Church, and has remained in that connection to the present time. He was licensed to preach the gospel in 1824, ordained deacon in 1828, and elder in 1832. As a preacher, his style is plain, his manner earnest and affectionate, and he is generally well received by his congregations, and has done much good in the pulpit. We doubt not that there are hundreds now living, besides many whose spirits have departed from earth, who could bear testimony to the religious benefit they had derived through his humble, but sincere, impressive and useful discourses, and other labors connected with his ministerial calling.

While prosecuting his trade, during many years, and on a very extensive scale, and having a large number of workmen in his employ, Mr. Ward first exhibited his decided favor for the temperance cause, by rigidly excluding the use of all intoxicating liquors as a beverage from his buildings. No one, therefore, who "loved his cups" could find any countenance under Mr. Ward's employ; and it is believed that, operating extensively as he was, his example had a salutary influence not only upon individuals, but also upon the community; for, at that time, his course was a singular one, it being looked

upon as a small matter to "take a glass or so, now and then." But Mr. Ward was convinced of the propriety of his action in this respect, and he fearlessly proceeded, and steadily continued his prohibition of ardent spirits, so long as he remained in business.

In 1830, he became a public temperance speaker, and advocated the total abstinence principle, by presenting able arguments in its favor, and striking facts to illustrate those arguments. Perceiving with painful emotions the fearful desolation caused, as he believed, to a considerable extent, by the use of ardent spirits as a beverage, among residents and visitors of the metropolis of our Union, and feeling the importance of a decided concert of action upon the part of the friends of the temperance cause in a city whence a most powerful influence must go forth to all portions of the country, he exerted himself strenuously in coöperation with said friends, in endeavoring to arrest and check the growing evil. During this period, there was a "waking up" upon this subject all over the land, and we know what was accomplished. A reformation, which will be remembered and felt for centuries, took place; one, which, though not even yet entirely completed, is destined to go on, and on,

"Until the drunkard's voice is heard
O'er this wide earth no more."

In 1845, Mr. Ward established at the seat of government, a periodical newspaper, called the *Columbian Fountain*, which he continued to publish and to edit, assisted a part of the time by his eldest son, Rev. J. T. Ward, for nearly two years. In the columns of this journal he fearlessly and boldly, though calmly and respectfully, exposed the evils growing out of the manufacture, traffic and use of intoxicating beverages. He enjoyed the hearty approval of the friends of the cause throughout the Union, and had the pleasure of receiving numerous

testimonials of the usefulness of his paper. It was through his instrumentality, while conducting this journal, that the establishments for the sale of ardent spirits in the basement of the United States Capitol were prohibited from continuing the traffic there.

Mr. Ward's remarkable industry, his steady application to business, his unswerving integrity of purpose, and prompt performance of duty, together with his indomitable perseverance and energy of character, have been generally observed by those who know him; and Providence has not only blessed him in the respects already named, but also rewarded his diligence with success, in accumulating an ample competency for his own support, besides placing it in his power, during the course of his life, to render aid to almost every religious and benevolent enterprise around him. The exact amount of his contributions to various Christian churches, and to the cause of humanity and common purposes of benevolence, is unknown to us, but we have knowledge of thousands of dollars which he has freely given, while we are assured of his continued willingness thus to bestow according to his ability, so long as he lives.

Being a self-made man, Mr. Ward has ever been the firm friend of the honest youth, struggling to rise by industry and perseverance; and not a few are they who have been the recipients of his liberality, in this, and in other respects. Too much can not be said in favor of one who has thus come up, by his own exertions under God's blessing—come up to an enviable position—a position of true greatness—an eminence upon which he stands and scatters blessings to aid those who are starting up from the same vale, to reach, by the same steps, the same honorable height!

“Honor and shame from no condition rise;
Act well thy part, there all the honor lies!”

Never was there a man in whose history this

couplet was more happily illustrated, than in that of the Rev. Ulysses Ward, of Washington city. Long may he be preserved to honor and bless his race.

ALFRED B. STREET.

POETRY, what is it? A smile, a tear, a glory, a longing after the things of eternity! It lives in created existence, in man and every object that surrounds him. There is poetry in the gentle influence of love and affection, in the quiet brooding of the soul over the memory of early years, and in the thoughts of that glory that chains our spirits to the gates of paradise. There is poetry, too in the harmonies of nature. It glitters in the wave, the rainbow, the lightning and star; its cadence is heard in the thunder and the cataract; its softer tones go sweetly up from the thousand-voiced harp of the wind, the rivulet, and forest, and the cloud and sky go floating over us, to the music of its melodies. There's not a moonlight ray, that comes down upon the stream or hill; not a breeze falling from its blue air, thrown to the birds of the summer valleys, or sounding through the midnight rains its mournful dirge over the perishing flowers of spring; not a cloud bathing itself like an angel vision in the rose bushes of autumn twilight; nor a rock glowing in the starlight, as if dreaming of the Eden-land—but is full of the beautiful influence of poetry. It is the soul of being. The earth and heaven are quickened by its spirit, and the great deep, in tempest and in calm, are its accent and mysterious workings."

The life of a poet is in his works. However his days may glide on, whether peacefully or checkered

by adventures, he lives more in the ideal world which he has created for himself, than in that actual world which is about us all. It is difficult, therefore, to show him as we would wish, before that public into whose ear, as into a confessional, he has been accustomed to pour his noblest thoughts. In this case, too, we are attempting to sketch one who has hardly yet reached the maturity of his years, and whose writings are, we trust, but the first fruits of a still more abundant harvest.

Alfred B. Street is descended from one of the oldest and most respectable families in the state of Connecticut—one which has held its place for more than two hundred years, and enrolled among its members learned scholars and eminent divines. It sprang from an ancient English family, one member of which, Sir Thomas Street, in 1681, was a baron of the exchequer and justice of the common pleas, while some of the name are still found in the church and army in the parent country. In Sussex there is still in existence an old grey ivy-clad edifice, called Street Church, mentioned in the Domesday Survey, and a rectory of Street, in the diocese of Chichester and archdeaconry of Lewes.

The first ancestor of the family in this country was the Rev. Nicholas Street, who was settled at Taunton, in the colony of Plymouth, about the year 1638, and subsequently became the pastor of the first church in New Haven. He was a good theological writer and noted for his piety, learning and eloquence. His son, the Rev. Samuel Street, after graduating at Harvard college, organized a church at Wallingford and became its pastor. His early ministry was cast in those wild and picturesque times when the tomahawk of the savage was ever threatening. Consequently the male portion of his people—half settler, half soldier—listened to his preaching in the little fortified church, with loaded muskets at their backs, and at the breaking out of

King Philip's war in 1675, his house was also fortified. He continued pastor of this church forty-two years, and until his death, which happened in 1717.

The Hon. Randall S. Street, father of the subject of our notice, was the lineal descendant of these two eminent clergymen. He removed with his father, in early life, into the state of New York, and his branch of the family has continued to reside there ever since, but the other branch continued in Connecticut, and is still represented by Augustus Russell Street, Esq., who resides at New Haven.

Randall S. Street studied law at Poughkeepsie, married Miss Cornelia Billings, and settled there for the next thirty years of his life. Such was his standing at the bar, that while still young, he was appointed district attorney of the district composed of the counties of Wayne, Ulster, Dutchess, Delaware and Sullivan, under the old organization of districts, and subsequently he represented the county of Dutchess in congress. He was an eminent lawyer and accomplished gentleman, and among the recollections of the writer of this sketch, is one of a day spent more than thirty years ago at the residence of Gen. Street, when it was the home of hospitality and elegance. In 1824 Gen. Street removed to Monticello, Sullivan county, N. Y., where he died in 1839.

The maternal grandfather of our author was Major Andrew Billings, who married Cornelia, daughter of James Livingston, of the well known family of that name in New York. Cornelia, the daughter by this marriage, who became the wife of Gen. Street, was the mother of the poet.

He was born in the village of Poughkeepsie, and received an academical education at the Dutchess county academy, which stood in the front rank of kindred institutions. Poughkeepsie is well known as one of the most beautiful villages in the state. Situated on the side and summit of a slope that

swells up from the Hudson river, from College hill there is a prospect of almost matchless beauty. A scene of rural and sylvan loveliness expands from every point at its base—the roofs and steeples of the busy village rise from the foliage in which it seems embosomed—the river stretches league upon league with its gleaming curves beyond—to the west is a range of splendid mountains ending at the south in the misty peaks of the highlands—whilst at the north, dim outlines sketched upon the distant sky, proclaim the domes of the soaring Catskills. It was among these scenes that our author passed his childish days—here his young eye first drank in the glories of nature, and “the foundations of his mind were laid.”

When, however, at the age of fourteen he removed with his family to Monticello, he was immediately surrounded with scenes in striking contrast with those of his former life. Sullivan county had been organized but a score of years, and was hardly yet rescued from the wilderness. Monticello, its county town, was surrounded by fields which only a short time before were parts of the wild forest which still hemmed them in on every side. These forests were threaded with bright streams and scattered with broad lakes, while here and there the untiring axe of the settler during the last quarter of a century, had been opening the way for the industry and enterprise of man. Secluded as Sullivan county is in the south-westernmost nook of the state, it would be difficult to find within its bounds another region of such sylvan beauty and wild grandeur. The eye is filled with images that make them an enduring place in the mind, storing it with rich and unfading pictures, and among these scenes, as might be supposed, Mr. Street ranged with a ceaseless delight, probably heightened by the strong contrast before mentioned, between their startling picturesqueness and the soft quiet beauty of those of Dutchess. In-

stead of the smooth meadowy ascent, he saw the broken hill-side blackened with fire, or just growing green with its first crop; instead of the yellow cornfield stretching far as the eye could see, he beheld the clearing spotted with stumps, with the thin rye growing between; instead of the comfortable farm-house peeping from its orchards, he saw the log-cabin stooping amid the half-cleared trees; the dark ravine took the place of the mossy dell, and the wild lake of the sail-spotted and far-stretching river.

Thus communing with nature, Mr. Street embodied the impressions made upon him in language, and in that form most appropriate in giving vent to deep enthusiastic feeling and high thought—the form of verse. Poem after poem was written by him, and being published in those best vehicles of communication with the public, the periodical soon attracted general attention. Secluded from mankind, and surrounded with nature in her most impressive features, his thought took the direction of that of which he saw most, and thus description became the characteristic of his verse. Equally cut off from books, his poetry found its origin in his own study of nature scenes, and in the thoughts that rose in his own bosom. The leaves and flowers were his words—the fields and hills side were his pages—and the whole volume of nature, his treasury of knowledge. This, while it may have made him less artistic, was the means of that originality and unlikeness to any one else which are to be found in his pages.

But while thus employing his leisure in tracing his thoughts in language, Mr. Street was engaged in studying his profession of law in the office of his father, and in due time was admitted to the bar. After practicing for a few years at Monticello, in 1839, he removed to Albany, where he has continued to reside until the present time. In 1841, Mr. Street

married, Elizabeth, daughter of Smith Weed, Esq., a retired merchant of fortune and great respectability of character.

We have spoken of the general characteristics of Mr. Street's poetry, or rather of the peculiar mental training he received, and which gave a direction to his imagination. And beautifully has a writer* in the Democratic Review summed up this view we have given: "Street is a true Flemish painter, seizing upon objects in all their veri-similitude. As we read him, wild flowers peer up from among brown leaves; the drum of the partridge, the ripple of waters, the flickering of autumn light, the sting of sleety snow, the cry of the panther, the roar of the winds, the melody of birds, and the odor of crushed pine boughs, are present to our senses. In a foreign land, his poems would transport us at once to home. He is no second hand limner, content to furnish insipid copies, but draws from reality. His pictures have the freshness of originals. They are graphic, detailed, never untrue, and often vigorous; he is essentially an American poet."

A writer in the American Review remarks thus of his poetry: "The rythm in general runs with an equable and easy strength; the more worthy of regard because so evidently inartificial; and there is often in the frequent minute pictures of nature a heedless but delicate movement of the measure, a lingering of expression corresponding with some dreamy abandonment of thought to the objects dwelt upon, or a rippling lapse of language where the author's mind seemed conscious of playing with them—caught as it were from the flitting of birds among leafy boughs, from the subtle wanderings of the bee, and the quiet brawling of woodland brooks over leaves and pebbles. In the use of language, more especially in verse, Mr. Street is simple yet rich and usually very felicitous. This is pe-

* Henry T. Tuckerman.

culiarly the case in his choice of appellatives which he selects and applies with an aptness of descriptive beauty not surpassed, if equalled, by any poet amongst us—certainly by none except Bryant.”

“Besides his observation, keen as the Indian hunter’s, of all nature’s slight and simple effects in quiet places, Mr. Street has a most gentle and contemplative eye for the changes which she silently throws over the traces where the men have once been. For instance, *The Old Bridge* and *The Forsaken Road*. When he comes to the quiet scenes in America which he has seen and felt, he has passages which in their way, Cowper, Thomson, Wordsworth, or Bryant, never excelled.”

And in England his claims as a poet have been fully recognized. We find his poem of *The Lost Hunter*, finely illustrated in a recent London periodical, and the *Foreign Quarterly Review* speaks of him as “a descriptive poet at the head of his class.” It remarks that “his pictures of American scenery are full of *gusto* and freshness.” The *Westminster Review*, in noticing the collection of his poems by Clark & Austin, says: “It is long since we met with a volume of poetry from which we have derived so much unmixed pleasure as from the collection now before us. Right eloquently does he discourse of nature, her changeful features and her varied moods, as exhibited in “America with her rich green forest robe,” and many are the glowing pictures we would gladly transfer to our pages, in proof of the poet’s assertion that “nature is man’s best teacher.”

Besides the numerous pieces published by Mr. Street in different periodicals, he delivered three very able poems before the Englossian society of Geneva, and the Phi Beta Kappa and Philomathean societies of Union college, from which latter institution in 1841 he received the honorary degree of A. M. A complete and beautiful edition of his po-

ems, in a large octavo volume of more than three hundred pages, was published two years since by Messrs. Clark & Austin, of New York, and has already passed through several editions.


We are writing of one, however, who we feel has only commenced his career. His last publication, *Frontenac, a Tale of the Iroquois in 1696*, has recently been issued in London; and we have no hesitation in asserting that it will stand at the head of American poems. It is no small evidence of Mr. Street's reputation in England, that the distinguished London publisher, Mr. Bentley, to whom this poem was casually mentioned, at once entered into an arrangement with the author to have it brought out by his house. Its descriptions of natural scenery—so bright and vivid—and its sketches of life in the forest and the Indian village, will be something most novel to the reading public abroad. There is a delightful freshness about it which can not fail to charm the readers of the old world.



KENSEY JOHNS.

Behold the western evening light,
It melts in deepening gloom!
So calmly Christians sink away,
Descending to the tomb.

The winds breathe low—the withering leaf
Scarcely whispers from the tree!
So gently flows the parting breath
When good men cease to be.

 HE death of the late distinguished and venerable Kensey Johns, Sen., of Delaware, at the patriarchal age of ninety, although, from his infirmities, a long expected event, has caused regret among a large circle of friends in Philadelphia, as well as in the state which he had served, in the highest judicial capacities, during

the greater period of his protracted and useful life. For a long time chief-justice, and afterwards chancellor, of Delaware, he was distinguished as much for official integrity and ability as for the purity and blamelessness of his private career. A relic of the first and best days of the republic, he could claim the glory of revolutionary recollections, and what is better, of revolutionary services.

At the early age of eighteen, he was a minute-man at Annapolis, in Maryland, and, as we have often heard him describe the scene, beheld, one morning in August, 1777, from his watch on the bay shore, the sad though magnificent spectacle of Howe's fleet passing up the Chesapeake, to land at Elk river and march, through the gore of Brandywine and Paoli, to the capture of Philadelphia. Four years later, in September, 1781, he saw at the little village of Newport, on the Christiana river, the march of the united American and French armies, commanded by Washington and Rochambeau in person, through Delaware, on their way to Yorktown; and, some six or seven weeks later he had the satisfaction to assist the hasty progress of the messenger bearing to congress the glorious news of the capitulation of Lord Cornwallis.

He was the last of the members of the Delaware convention which appointed delegates to adopt the present constitution of the United States; and also the last survivor of the convention that formed the first constitution of the state of Delaware.*

Apart from his own high merits, the venerable deceased was entitled to claim honor from the distinction of various connections and members of his family. Of his three living sons, all are eminent men; the eldest being the present chancellor of Delaware; the second, the assistant bishop of Virginia; the third, the Rev. Dr. Johns, of Baltimore.

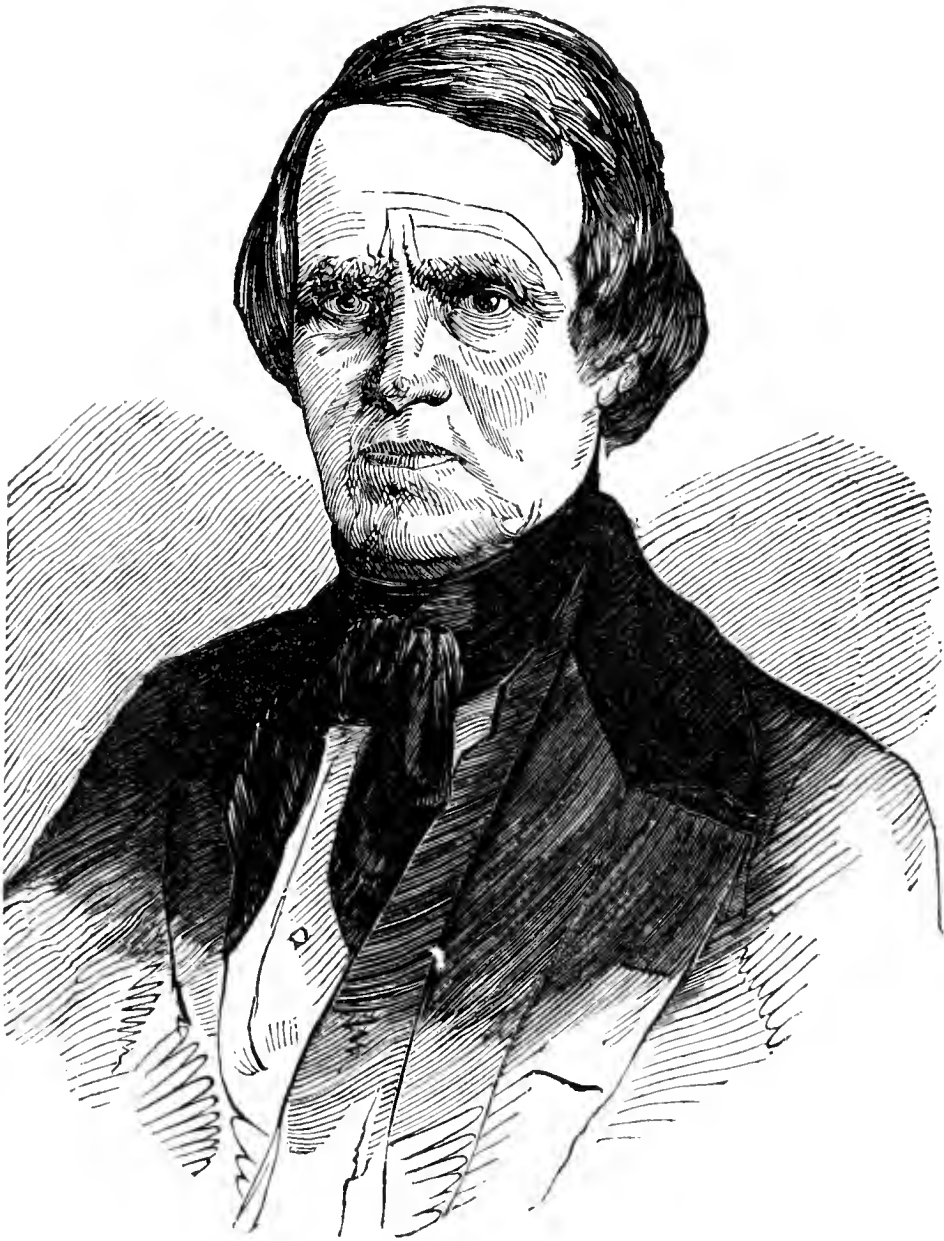
* Delaware was the first state to adopt and ratify the present constitution of the United States.

He was a brother-in-law of Nicholas Van Dyke, so long known and highly respected, as a senator in congress from Delaware; and it is but a few fleeting years since his son-in-law, Major Thomas Stockton, died, while filling the office of governor of the same state.

It is not often that so much solid worth and real distinction go down to the grave united in the same person. It is because Mr. Johns chose to avoid political distinctions, living a public life solely within, and as a servant of, the state of Delaware, in preference to entering the service of the republic, that his death is not at once felt as a loss to the whole country. There are thousands, however, who recognize it as the departure of one of the country's best and purest citizens.

In contemplating the useful life of the departed patriot, we can not but contrast it with that of those who pass off the stage of life and are heard of no more. Why? They did not a particle of good in the world; none were blest by them; none could point to them as the instruments of their redemption; not a line they wrote, not a word they spoke could be recalled; and so they perished, their light went out in darkness, and they were not remembered more than the insect of yesterday. Will you thus live and die, O man immortal? Live for something. Do good and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storm of time can never destroy. Write your name in kindness, love and mercy, on the hearts of the thousands you come in contact with year by year, and you will never be forgotten. No, your name, your deeds, will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind as the stars on the brow of evening. Good deeds will shine as brightly on earth as the stars in Heaven.

The deceased departed this life at his residence, New Castle, Delaware, on the 21st of December, 1848.



Geo N. Briggs

NOW governor of the commonwealth of Massachusetts, was born in the town of Adams, in the county of Berkshire, on the 12th of April, 1796. His father was a blacksmith, who reared his family by the hard labor of his

hands. When George was seven years old, his father removed from Adams to Manchester, in the state of Vermont, where he resided two years; from thence he removed to White Creek, in Washington county, New York, where he resided several years.

At thirteen years of age, George went to learn the trade of a hatter, and worked at it for three years, though in a very irregular manner. He, being the youngest person in the shop or family, it fell upon him to do the errands, go to mill, and do a thousand other daily duties, which younger apprentices were always, in olden time, called upon to perform. He was the drudge. After staying three years with the hatter, he returned home and went to an academy one year, and this may be said to have been all the education he ever received from a schoolmaster, or in a school-house.

In September, 1813, he returned to his native village in Berkshire, with nothing but a small trunk, slung on his back, containing a few shirts and other pieces of clothing. His trunk was given him by his sister-in-law, one of the kindest of women, and one of the best friends he ever had. At Adams, the future governor entered the office of Mr. Washburn, a lawyer of respectability in the county, and commenced reading law, determined to make the profession his occupation for life. He remained in Adams one year, when he removed to Lanesboro,' in the same county, and studied laboriously at his profession for four years, at the end of which time he was considered qualified to commence practice as a lawyer in the courts; and accordingly, in October, 1818, he was admitted to the bar of common pleas.

He was now a young man, 22 years of age, a lawyer and practitioner. Six months before he completed his law studies, he was married; ever since which time he has been the advocate of early marriages, in addition to the other good causes

which he has supported. After having been admitted to the bar, he removed from Lanesborough to his native town of Adams, where he put out his sign and opened an office. He remained in Adams five years, at the end of which time his business was such that he found it would be for his advantage to reside at the shire town of the county; and accordingly he removed again to Lanesborough, where he lived until the spring of 1842, when he removed to Pittsfield, where he has ever since lived.

Mr. Briggs soon found himself employed in an extensive law practice. If circumstances had deprived him of the many advantages which a liberal education gives, nature had, on the other hand, been bountiful in her gifts. She had endowed him with an acute, logical mind, a natural eloquence, and a heart warm with every manly sympathy. He was one of the best criminal lawyers in that part of the state, and was engaged in most of the important cases.

In 1830 he was elected to congress, and took his seat in the house of representatives, in December, 1831. He was but 34 years of age when he entered congress. He continued to represent his native district until the people called him to the gubernatorial chair. He was reelected to congress six consecutive times, and served as a member of the United States house of representatives twelve years. The county of Berkshire, which composed his district, is what politicians call a close county; that is, in it parties were nearly equally divided. During the last twenty-five years, it has been, in about equal proportion, whig and democratic; sometimes electing whig senators and sometimes democratic; but the personal popularity of George N. Briggs, when up for congress, never failed to give for him a decided majority, and to elect him the representative of the free and intelligent yeomanry of the blue hills and green valleys of old Berkshire.

Governor Briggs carried to Washington the political principles and high moral and religious precepts which he had been taught in his native New England. No man was ever more beloved and respected by his associates, of all parties, than he was, while serving as a member of congress. He was reputed to be one of the best presiding officers in the house, and was frequently called to the chair while the house sat in committee of the whole. His knowledge of parliamentary law was extensive, and upon questions of parliamentary precedent his opinions carried great weight.

He was known in congress as a strong advocate of temperance, and his life practically illustrated his deep convictions on that subject. He was instrumental in doing much good by his addresses, example, and advice. His name is held in high and deserved esteem by the friends of temperance in the District of Columbia; for many of them, has his warning voice saved from premature death and a drunkard's grave.

Many of our readers will recollect the interest which was felt in this part of the country, when Mr. Marshall, of Kentucky, through the advice of Mr. Briggs, put his name to the pledge. Marshall is one of the most extraordinary men our country has ever produced. Descended from one of the first families in Kentucky, related to the late Chief Justice Marshall, possessed of a mind of remarkable strength and brilliancy, a musical voice, and a commanding person, he came to congress, for the first time, in 1841, from the Lexington district, in Kentucky. His reputation as an orator and statesman, however had preceded him, though he was yet comparatively a young man. He had served with distinction in the legislature of his native state, and as a popular orator he was second to no man in the state. His appetite for strong drink was early formed; and it grew upon him. At

Washington, amid the excitement and dissipation of the capital, his habit increased until *delirium tremens* ensued. At this moment Gov. Briggs stepped forth to save him. He signed the pledge, and while he remained in Washington, and for two years after, he remained faithful to it. We could go on and relate many anecdotes and reminiscences of Mr. Briggs, which would not be without interest, but the space allotted for this sketch will not admit of it.

While in congress, he served on the committee on post offices and post roads, and during the 27th congress, he was chairman of that committee. While on that committee he advocated a reduction of the postage, and a bill of his passed the house of representatives, reducing the postage on letters to five and ten cents, and abolishing the franking privilege. The bill was afterwards lost in the senate. No one has done more for cheap postage than Gov. Briggs. He was emphatically a useful and highly respected member.

In 1843, he was elected Governor of Massachusetts, and has been reëlected every year since. How he has performed the duties of governor, the people of the state need not be informed. In person he is about six feet in height, has a pleasant, laughing blue eye, and light hair, now tinged with grey. As a man, Governor Briggs is unassuming, kind-hearted, and courteous. He is emphatically a social being. No one can tell stories better, or tell more of them, or will laugh heartier at one told by another, than Governor Briggs. In every relation in life, as a man, a magistrate, a husband, a father, or a friend, we know of not one stain that blots the spotless purity of his life and character.
—*Boston Museum.*

JABEZ D. HAMMOND.

“As the wild flower of the desert springs up, blossoms, and sheds its fragrance upon the summer air, and dies, so man goes forth upon the ocean of life, spreads the ‘wide-expanded sail of hope’ to the waiting breeze, and, with a clear sky, fain would believe that his will be a prosperous voyage.”

MR. HAMMOND, the subject of this sketch, was the son of Jabez Hammond, and was born in New Bedford, Massachusetts, on the 2d of August, 1778. The maiden name of his mother was Delano. His father was a direct lineal descendant in the fourth generation from Admiral Penn, whose daughter Elizabeth, the sister of Sir William Penn, married William Hammond, of London, England, and who, after his death, in 1634, removed, with her son Benjamin, to Boston, where she died in 1640. While still an infant, his father and mother, with a numerous family of children, removed from Bedford, Massachusetts, to Woodstock, Vermont, and were among the early settlers of that town. His father had followed the trade of shoe-making in Massachusetts, but having purchased and moved on a farm in Vermont, he there turned his attention to clearing it up and cultivating for a livelihood. The subject of this sketch, in common with the other children, had few advantages of early culture. In those early periods, the advantages even of a common district school very seldom offered themselves. But notwithstanding the smallness of his opportunities, he gave early evidence that he possessed a mind of no common order. In the fall of 1793, at the age of fifteen, he left his father's house, and commenced the business of teaching a district school in Hartford, a town adjoining Woodstock. He spent a portion of the next year in teaching school in Sharon, Vt., receiving as a compensation four dollars per month.

As he early found himself in the possession of a

larger share of intellectual power than ordinarily falls to the lot of one so young, and as he possessed a physical organization not adapted to the rough pursuits of agriculture, and as his tastes and inclinations all led him to use his mind as a means of living, he turned his thoughts towards obtaining a profession. The summer of 1795 he spent with Dr. Drew, a very respectable physician, near his father's residence, with a view to the study of physic; and during the winter he kept a school in the adjoining town of Windsor, at six dollars per month. The summers of 1796-7 were both spent with Dr. Drew, while the winter of the first was spent in keeping a school at Fort Ann, in the state of New-York; and of the second, in keeping one at Hartford, N. Y., at nine dollars per month. The year 1798 was also spent in teaching school, a part of the time in Salem, N. Y., at ten dollars per month, and a part in Granville, at eleven dollars per month.

The summer of 1799 witnessed him commencing the practice of physic in Reading, Vermont. He, however, soon became satisfied that he had mistaken his profession, and the same year he came to Argyle, New York, where he once more engaged in keeping school. In 1800, he was in Salem, following the same occupation. The summer of 1801 he spent in Canada, and the winter in Vermont, keeping school. In 1802 he is found at Cherry Valley, Middlefield, Newburgh and Montgomery; and in the following year, in Newburgh and Montgomery, in the same occupation. The winter of 1804 was also spent in teaching school, which seems to have closed his career as a teacher. It is believed, that few men living, who have not made school teaching the great business of their lives, can show a longer or more persevering devotion to the art and mystery of communicating knowledge, than Mr. Hammond. This may readily and truly be assigned as one of the causes why he has ever felt and manifested so

deep an interest in the success of common schools, and urged their claims so strongly upon the public mind for consideration.

Mr. Hammond had for some time turned his attention to the study of law, hoping and expecting to find in that a more kindred pursuit than in the practice of physic. In the year 1805, he pursued the study of it, in Goshen, Orange county; and in the spring of the year following, was admitted an attorney in the Orange county court of common pleas. Soon afterwards, he established himself in the practice of law, in Cherry Valley, Otsego county, where he became permanently located for many years, and where he has spent most of his professional life. He was not admitted as an attorney of the supreme court of New York until the year 1809, when he had attained the age of thirty-one years. The year following, he was married to Miss Miranda Stoddard, of Connecticut.

In 1814, after a spirited canvass, he was elected a member of congress for Otsego county; his personal popularity was what contributed much to the successful result. He was a member of the congress that took the responsibility of changing the compensation of the members from a per diem allowance to a fixed salary; but he was, upon principle, opposed to the passage of the bill. His congressional course was firm and consistent, and characterized by that strict integrity that ever marked his conduct on all occasions. For a new member, he acquired and exercised much influence in the national legislature.

So fully did his congressional course meet the approbation of his constituents, that, in the election of 1817, he was elected a member of the senate of the state of New York. The period during which Mr. Hammond was in the state senate, was one of the most active and exciting in the political history of New York. He was of the republican school, but

was a political and personal friend of the late Governor De Witt Clinton. While a member of the senate, he was appointed a member of the council of appointment. This was a curious anomaly of the constitution of 1777. The state was divided into four senatorial districts: southern, middle, eastern and western. Out of each one of these districts, once a year, the assembly nominated one senator; and these four, thus nominated, together with the governor, constituted the appointing power, dispensing, in fact, all the patronage of the state. The manner in which this council was appointed, the individuals who successively composed it, and its course of action, are all detailed with great fidelity in Mr. Hammond's political history of New York. When a senator, he procured the charter of the Cherry Valley bank, which is now, after the lapse of thirty years, in a flourishing condition.

While a member of the senate, and on the 19th of October, 1819, Mr. Hammond experienced a most severe loss in the death of his eldest child and only daughter Maria, a lovely girl, of the age of eight years. This terrible blow, inflicted as it was upon a mind peculiarly sensitive, was of a nature so severe, that he was long in recovering from it.*

"Yet no one feels the death of a child as a mother feels it. Even the father can not realize it thus. There is a vacancy in his home and a heaviness in his heart. There is a chain of association that at set times comes round with its broken link; their memories of endearment, a keen sense of loss, a weeping over crushed hopes, and a pain of wounded affection. But a mother feels that one has been taken away who was still closer to her heart. Hers has been the office of constant ministration. Every gradation of feature has developed before her eyes. She has detected every new gleam of intelligence. She has heard the first utterance of every new word. She has been the refuge of his fears; the supply of his wants. And every task of affection has woven a new link, and made dear to her its object. And when the little innocent dies a portion of her own life, as it were, dies. How can she give him up with all these memories, these associations? These timid hands have so often taken hers in trust and love, how can she fold them on her breast, and give them up to the cold clasp of death? The feet whose wanderings she has watched so narrowly, how can she see them straightened to go down into the dark valley? The head that she has pressed to her lips and her bosom, that she has watched in burning sickness and peaceful

During the intervals intervening between the sessions of the legislature, Mr. Hammond was engaged in the successful practice of his profession at Cherry Valley, where he had a large business which he conducted with great success.

In the spring of 1822, Mr. Hammond removed with his family to the city of Albany, where he continued to reside until 1830. While in Albany he continued the practice of the legal profession, and was engaged in various public employments. The winters of 1825-6, he spent in the city of Washington, having been appointed by the governor, agent of the state to settle and adjust with the general government some claims which the state of New York had against it. The summers of those years were occupied by him in performing his duties as state road commissioner to examine and report a favorable route for a state road.

slumber, a hair of which she would not see harmed. Oh! how can she consign it to the slumber of the grave? The form that not for one night has been beyond her vision, or her knowledge, how can she put it away for the long night of the sepulchre, to see it no more? Man has cares and toils that draw his thoughts and employ them; she sits in loneliness, and all these memories, all these suggestions, crowd upon her. How can she bear all this? She could not, were it not that her faith is as her affection; and if the one is more deep and tender than in man, the other is more simple and spontaneous, and takes confidently hold of the hand of God.

Dr. Cheever, describing the frozen dead at the Monastery of St. Bernard, says, "the scene of the greatest interest at the hospital—a solemn, extraordinary interest, indeed—is that of the Morgue, or building where the dead bodies of lost travelers are deposited. There they are, some of them as when the breath of life departed, and the death-angel, with his instruments of frost and snow, stiffened and embalmed for ages. The floor is thick with nameless skulls and bones, and human dust, heaped in confusion. But around the wall a group of poor sufferers, in the very position in which they were found, as rigid as marble, preserved by the element of an eternal frost, are regularly arranged. There is to be seen the mother and child, a most affecting instance of suffering and love. The face of the little one remains pressed on the mother's bosom, only the back part of the skull being visible, the body enfolded in her careful arm—careful in vain, affectionate in vain, to shield her offspring from the elemental wrath of the tempest. The snow fell fast and thick, and the hurricane wound them up in one white shroud, and buried them.

In February of the year 1828, Mr. Hammond was again called upon to experience a severe domestic affliction in the loss of a little son Jabez, a very promising and lovely little boy of between seven and eight years of age. This was a heavy affliction, and was felt by Mr. Hammond in all its severity. It would seem as if afflictions of this character were sometimes reserved by divine providence for those who were so constituted as to feel them with the greatest degree of intensity. It was long before he recovered from the shock. The following lines were penned by him about the time as expressive of his feelings.

Son, thou hast fled;
Thou wert a green and verdant leaf,
 And *I* am pale and sere;
 Yet *thou* hast fallen, while in grief
I still am lingering here.
 My noble, oh! my darling boy,
 'Thou wert thy father's hope and joy,
 Yet thou hast fled.

Tell me not of it friend—when the young weep,
 Their tears are like warm brine; from our old eyes
 Sorrow falls down like hail-drops of the north,
 Chilling the furrows of our withered cheeks.
 COLD AS OUR HOPES and hardened as our feelings;
 Theirs as they fall sink sightless, ours recoil,
 Heap the fair plain and blacken all before us.

In the year 1831, Mr. Hammond left this country on a visit to Europe. He visited England, Ireland and Scotland, and also Paris and some other parts of France. He returned in the fall of the year much improved in health. During his absence his wife died, of which he received no information until his return. Soon afterwards he visited the southern and western states, spending the winter at the south.

After his return, and in the latter part of April, 1832, he removed to Cherry Valley, Otsego county, where he had spent so long a period of the business part of his life. In the fall of the same year he married Miss Laura Williams, of Woodstock, Ver-

mont. On his return to Cherry Valley he again commenced the practice of the legal profession, and so continued until February, 1838, when he was appointed first judge of Otsego county for the term of five years.

In 1840, he conceived the idea of writing the political history of New York, a task at once difficult and delicate, as it required much study and research, the exercise of a keen discrimination, and great care and nicety in detailing the acts of living characters. The writing of this work was prosecuted during the year 1841, and it was published in two volumes in the following year. The manner in which this work was received by the public, afforded satisfactory evidence that its author had been abundantly successful in the performance of his difficult and delicate task.

In the year 1843, he was reappointed judge of Otsego county. This as also his previous appointment was made without reference to party politics, Mr. Hammond having withdrawn from any active participation in them from the time of his return from Europe.

In 1845, Mr. Hammond had conferred upon him the honorary degree of LL. D. by the trustees of Hamilton college, an honor deservedly bestowed upon him, and truly indicating the high estimation in which he was held by the public. The same year he was also elected regent of the university of the state of New York, an office which he has ever since and now holds.

In 1847, he was solicited to write a continuation of his political history, by adding to it the life and times of Silas Wright. After some hesitation he finally consented to undertake it; and in the following year it was published, making an additional volume to his political history. This was eagerly received by the public, and although necessarily involving a more extensive and minute detail of

the acts of living actors than the former volumes, afforded nevertheless, by the manner in which it was received, the most gratifying evidence that the task, although difficult and delicate, had been most faithfully performed.

In the opening of the year 1849, Mr. Hammond was again called upon to suffer a heart-rending domestic affliction in the removal, suddenly and unexpectedly, and during an absence from home, of his only remaining child, Wells S. Hammond. He was a young man of great worth and promise, and was, and long had been, established in the practice of the legal profession in the village of Cherry Valley. His correct taste, accurate intelligence, strict integrity, amiable and friendly feelings, and prompt business qualifications, had endeared him to the town and county in which he resided, and to large circles of friends in different parts of the state. The more these qualities had displayed themselves the more severe appeared this afflictive dispensation.

In respect to the intellect which has fallen to the share of Mr. Hammond, his acts, the stations he has occupied, and the works he has published, furnish the most abundant evidence. Those, however, who have had opportunities of forming intimate associations with him, would feel that some portion of injustice was done him, if no reference were made to the high moral considerations by which he has been actuated, to the stern and inflexible integrity he has ever succeeded in preserving, even amid the seductive influences of political life, and to the ardent desire he has ever manifested of aiding his friends, and especially of affording to the young every possible facility in making their way upward and onward in life. Numbers of these will continue to bless his name long after he has descended to the tomb of his fathers.

The following touching lines by one of our best female poets, is perhaps unequalled. Those who have experienced the loss of all they hold dear, can not but weep over its truthfulness:

Hide them, O hide them all away—
 Her little cap, her little frock;
 And take from out my aching sight
 Yon curling golden lock;
 Ah, once it waved upon her brow!—
 Ye torture me anew,—
 Leave not so dear a token here—
 Ye know not what ye do!

Last night the moon came in my room,
 And on my bed did lie;
 I woke, and in the silver light
 I thought I heard her cry.
 I leaned towards the little crib,
 The curtain drew aside,
 Before, half sleeping, I bethought
 Me, that my girl had died.

Take them away! I can not look
 On aught that breathes of her.
 O, take away the silver cup,
 Her little lips were there.
 Take the straw hat from off the wall,
 'Tis wreathed with withered flowers;
 The rustling leaves do whisper me
 Of all the loved, lost hours.

The rattle, with its music bells—
 O, do not let them sound!
 The dimpled hand that grasped them once
 Is cold beneath the ground.
 The willow wagon on the lawn
 Through all my tears I see;
 Roll it away, O! gently roll,
 It is an agony!

Her shoes are in the corner, nurse,
 Her little feet no more
 Will patter like the falling rain,
 Fast up and down the floor.
 And turn that picture from the wall—
 Her loving, mournful eye
 Is piercing through my very heart,
 Again I see her die!

O, anguish! how she gazed on me
 When panted out her breath!
 I never, never knew before
 How terrible was death.
 My girl—my own—my only one—
 Art thou for ever gone?
 O God help me to bear the stroke
 That leaves me all alone!

STURTIVANT J. HAMBLIN,

WAS born on Jewell's island, in the state of Maine, on the 18th March, 1817. His father, Almery Hamblin, was a house painter by trade, but was chiefly occupied by farming and fishing, for which purpose he purchased Jewell's island in 1810. This is one of the outer islands in CESCO bay, situated about ten miles from the city of Portland, and is much noted from the many people who resort there to dig for treasures, said to have been there deposited by the notorious pirate, Kidd. Many a frightful and thrilling story has been founded upon the circumstances attending these money diggers, which would furnish ample materials for the novelist. This island is said to contain not only large stores of ill-gotten wealth, but is also supposed to contain mines of gold, silver and copper. This island contains about two hundred acres, has an excellent harbor, and from the unevenness of its surface, having many high hills covered with a thick growth of wood, is said to be the most suitable place of any on the coast for a contraband trade. From this circumstance it is presumed the stories relative to the abundance of its wealth, &c., originated.

Almery Hamblin was the son of George Amory Hamblin, who died January 5, 1839, at the advanced age of 87. He resided in the town of Goshen, in Maine, and was a descendant of James Hamblin, who settled at Barnstable in 1640.

Born amidst such romantic scenery, it is no wonder that the mind of the subject of our sketch was insensibly led to the love of the arts for which he is so celebrated. At the early age of six or seven years he might have been seen with a piece of chalk tracing

the surrounding objects, particularly those places associated with remarkable stories, arranging his characters from imagination.

At the age of seven he lost a little brother to whom he was greatly attached, and by which he was greatly affected. The following day, he was seen to take a piece of chalk and a board and retire to the room where lay the child in the habiliments of the grave. In the course of an hour he returned, having succeeded in obtaining a likeness so correct as to induce his father to procure the materials for its painting, which was readily accomplished. This likeness is still retained in the family as a specimen of the artist's early productions.

On the following year his parents removed to the city of Portland, where his facilities for improvement in his favorite study were greatly increased by his being allowed to attend the Museum free of expense. Having a natural ear for music, he also in a short time learned to play "by ear" on several instruments. In his twelfth year he was employed to paint a family of "Grotesque Negroes," then in the place. For this, which created much sport, he was well remunerated.

About this time he lost his father, and was left to the care of an older brother, with whom as a builder he worked for several years. At the age of nineteen he became acquainted with Mr. Charles Codman, a celebrated landscape painter in Portland, with whom he remained one year, paying a high price for his instruction. But his money failing, he for some time carried on the business of house and sign painting. In his 20th year he married Miss Harriet N. York, daughter of Capt. Reuben York, of Portland. About this time, business being much depressed, he with two of his brothers, purchased a small schooner of about 80 tons burden, with the intention of following the fishing business; but not meeting with

sufficient success, and having experienced much rough weather,* he became dissatisfied and sold his share of the vessel. The proceeds he applied in part pay for a farm in the vicinity of Portland, upon which he settled. But misfortune again followed in his track. The farm was located at the head of a bay, and in order to enrich their land, the farmers were in the habit of procuring the marsh mud. To do this it was necessary to go down the bay about two miles at high water, and leave their boat over the mud until the tide left, when it was loaded and remained until it floated off.

On one of these occasions, during an intensely cold night in the depth of winter, himself and another man, having loaded their boat, as it emerged into deep water, they to their dismay, discovered that owing to its being too deeply loaded, it was rapidly sinking. They labored hard, but the wind blowing fiercely at the time, in spite of their utmost exertions, she went to the bottom. Fortunately they were good swimmers, and in an almost frozen state they succeeded in reaching the shore. They were providentially found senseless on the beach at midnight, by some men who were on a gunning excursion, and the proper means being applied, were resuscitated.

During the first season on the farm, Mr. Hamblin raised a good crop, which encouraged him to make large preparations for the following years. But, alas for human hopes! Being absent from home a few days on business, he returned to behold his house and other buildings in ashes! His furniture, provisions, clothes, &c., were consumed; his fences down, his fields entirely run over, and his crops ruined.

With a sad heart, he sold his farm, and commenced the world anew, the payment of his debts

* He was on George's shoals in that memorable storm when so large a number of fishing vessels and lives were lost on those shoals.

having taken every dollar. He had depended upon an insurance upon his house, but from some flaw in the policy, the company refused to pay the loss.


Being, however, much esteemed by his friends, they furnished him with sufficient means to remove with his family to Boston, Massachusetts. And in 1839, we find him with his wife and children in a strange city, with only five dollars in the world. The second day, however, after his arrival, he obtained a sitter for a small portrait, which gave such satisfaction, that in a short time he had abundance of work.

Thus encouraged, he resolved never again to relinquish his favorite study. He accordingly hired a shop in a business part of the city, and commenced business as a landscape and portrait painter. In this, he has succeeded beyond his most sanguine expectations. Many a hall in Boston and other cities is embellished with his landscapes and portraits of leading men, affording illustrations of the power of perseverance, even under the most disadvantageous circumstances. Thus in seven years he has accumulated a very handsome property, besides honorably discharging every claim against him, and returning the money so nobly loaned him by his friends in the dark hour of adversity.

The last painting of note, executed by him, is the Crucifixion, designed for St. Nicholas's Church, East Boston, for which he received the sum of three hundred dollars. This painting is considered by competent judges, to be equal to any of the kind now extant.

Mr. Hamblin is now in his thirty-third year. His whole time is devoted to the arts, and if his life should be spared, we may safely predict a shining future.

PETER C. BROOKS

 ONE of the most remarkable men of his age, and who accumulated an immense fortune by his own industry, was born in the town of North Yarmouth, Maine, in 1765. He was a nephew of Colonel Brooks, of revolutionary memory, who was afterwards governor of Massachusetts.

In early life, Peter C. Brooks married a daughter of Nathaniel Gorham of Charlestown, the brother of Stephen Gorham, who was associated with Phelps in the Genessee and Holland land purchases. It is stated that Mr. Brooks made the bulk of his fortune in private under-writing. He kept a private insurance company, on the corner of State and Kilby streets—the old house known in revolutionary times as the Bunch of Grapes. This house, which has been pulled down within our remembrance, stood nearly opposite Butcher's Hall, which was the royal custom house at the time of the Boston massacre, in 1770.

His savings were always carefully invested. Security before large profit. He would take mortgages when few capitalists would touch them, on account of the long term of the equity of redemption—then three years.*

He was afterwards president of the New England insurance office, at the corner of Exchange and State streets. Mr. Brooks occupied for years a substantial old-fashioned house in town, on the corner of Atkinson and Purchase streets. In 1839, soon after the nomination of Harrison to the presidency, Mr. Brooks heard that Daniel Webster was going abroad for a few months, and wished to sell his

* New York Paper.

town house on the corner of High and Summer streets.

“What does he ask for it?” enquired Mr. Brooks.

“Thirty-five thousand dollars,” was the reply.

“It is ten thousand dollars more than the house is worth,” said Mr. Brooks, “but if Webster wants to go abroad, he must have the money, I suppose; so I’ll buy the house.”

He accordingly concluded the purchase and moved into the Webster house.

Mr. Brooks’s country house was in Medford, and had attached to it a large and well cultivated farm. He died in the 84th year of his age.

Mr. Brooks has left four sons and three daughters. The eldest son, Edward, resembles in his frugality and close attention to business, William B. Astor. Another son, is a wealthy merchant of the city of New York. One of the daughters married Edward Everett, who was governor of Massachusetts from 1836 to 1838, minister to the court of St. James, under the Harrison and Tyler administration, and late president of Harvard university. A second daughter is the wife of Rev. Dr. Frothingham, a learned and eloquent clergyman of the unitarian denomination. The third daughter married Charles Francis Adams, the son of John Quincy Adams.

During the period of his long life, the deceased practiced most untiring industry, and every good quality that can distinguish the citizen and the man. He was several times elected to the legislature of Massachusetts; in which body, though not a public speaker, or an ostentatious *figurer*, he was regarded as a man of practical sound sense, and as a patriot sincerely devoted to the institutions of his country. He was modest in his demeanor, kind to all; and no man who accidentally came in contact with him, would have supposed he was the possessor of millions. As he was modest and unpretending, so was he proof against the artifices of the

sycophant and flatterer. He had no vanity to gratify, no ambition to indulge.

In all his intercourse and relations with the world, he maintained for himself the characteristics of a man. His vast estates were the result of honest industry, perseverance, and economy. He died honored and beloved by the citizens of Boston—by the people of his native town—by all who knew him.



OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.



FEW centuries ago, the clergy were entrusted with the care of the health of the community, either because the healing art was held in such respect that it was thought derogatory to its dignity to suffer laymen to perform the high duties of so noble a profession, or because the lucrative nature of a medical monopoly was as well understood by the church in the dark ages, as it is by the college in these enlightened times. The faculty, however, flourished in the cloister, and the learned monk and the skilful leech were one and the same person. A great deal of good, and, no doubt, a certain quantity of evil, resulted from the combination of the two vocations; of the good, it is sufficient to remember that the clergy acquired a two-fold claim to the gratitude, and also to the generosity, of the public; of the evil, we need only reflect on the extent of the influence conjoined—of the priest and the physician—to tremble at the power as well as the result of their coalition. We know not, however, whether this evil may not have been counterbalanced, in some degree, by the ad-

vantage of the superior opportunities afforded the medical divine, of distinguishing the nature of moral maladies combined with physical, or confounded with them; and of discovering the source of those anomalies in both, which puzzle the separate consideration of the doctor, and the divine. Plato, indeed, says that "all the diseases of the body proceed from the soul;" if such were the case, physic should prefer the service of theology to the ministry of nature. But the quaintest of authors, and at the same time most orthodox of churchmen, dissents from the opinion of the philosopher. "Surely," he says, "if the body brought an action against the soul, the soul would certainly be cast and convicted, that, by her supine negligence, had caused such inconvenience, having authority over the body." Be this as it may, Time, the oldest radical, who revolutionizes all things, has remodeled the constitution of physic: the divine has ceased to be a doctor: and Taste, no less innovatory than Time, has divested the former of his cowl, and the latter of his wig; but science, it is to be hoped, has gained by the division of its labors, as well as by the change of its costume.

Oliver Wendell Holmes was born on the 29th of August, 1809. He is the son of Abiel Holmes, a distinguished clergyman, who died in 1837.

His paternal grandfather was David Holmes, a physician, and a captain in the army during the old French war. His maternal grandfather was the Hon. Oliver Wendell, a descendant of the Wendells of Albany, and who married Mary Jackson, the daughter of Edward Jackson, of Boston.

Dr. Holmes studied one year at Phillip's academy, Andover, after which he graduated at Harvard, in 1829. He studied medicine in Boston, and completed his medical education by a residence of several years in Europe, where he had access to all the principal hospitals, and acquired that practical professional knowledge for which he is so celebrated.

In 1836, he commenced practice in Boston, and in two years afterwards, he was chosen professor of anatomy and physiology, in the medical institute connected with Dartmouth college.

In 1840, Professor Holmes was united in marriage with Miss Amelia Lee Jackson, daughter of the Hon. Charles Jackson, by whom he has had three children, two sons and a daughter. In that year he resigned his professorship at Dartmouth, in order to reside permanently at Boston.

In 1847, he was chosen Parkman professor of anatomy and physiology in the medical school of Harvard college, which office he now holds.

AMOS DEAN,

CELEBRATED as a lawyer, and so well known as the principal originator of the first Young Men's Association in America, was born at Barnard, a wild and remote region of Vermont, among the mountain pines, on the 16th of January, 1803. At that time, the silence of the dense forest had scarcely been broken. Not a mark of cultivation was to be seen upon it; and the bear and wolf lived unmolested. The few hardy settlers that were there, dwelt in log houses, the only guide to which, in most cases, was marked trees, or the coiling smoke which ascended from their rude chimneys.

His father was born at Hardwick, Massachusetts, in April, 1767, and twenty years afterwards emigrated to Barnard. The maiden name of his mother was Rhoda Hammond; she was the daughter of Jabez Hammond, and was born at New Bedford, Massachusetts, April 1771. In 1778, she removed with her parents to Woodstock, Vermont. She is

the direct lineal descendant in the fifth generation, from Admiral Penn, whose daughter Elizabeth, the sister of Sir William Penn, married William Hammond of London, England, and who, after his death in 1634, removed with her son Benjamin to Boston, where she died in 1640.

The parents of Mr. Dean were married in 1801, and it was soon after that event that they settled on the wilderness spot where he was born. His father purchased the land, then an unbroken forest, in an uneven, hard-favored, rocky township, for the stipulated sum of a hundred pounds sterling. A very small portion of the purchase money was paid down, and it required many years of patient industry to realize the remainder. In due time, however, the whole of the farm was cleared and paid for; and who can portray the satisfaction with which the venerable owner surveyed the fruits of his industry! The secret of his success was that he was not ashamed of being thought poor.

It will be readily imagined that in such an isolated spot, the opportunities of mental culture were of the most slender kind. Hence the subject of our sketch enjoyed no early school facilities. It was, however, his good fortune to be blessed with a mother of high intelligence and a superior mind. Having in her early years been a school teacher, she carefully fostered the strong inclination manifested by her son for the acquisition of knowledge.

“How sweet is the recollection in after years of a mother’s tender training! It were well that to a mother this duty should be confided, if it were only for the delicious pleasure of musing upon it after many long years of struggle with the cold realities of life. Who is there that finds no relief in recurring to the scenes of his infancy and youth, gilded with the recollection of a mother’s love and a mother’s tenderness? And how many have nobly owned that to the salutary influence then exerted

they must affectionately ascribe their future successes, their avoidance of evil when no eye was upon them, but when rested on the heart, the warnings, the prayers, and tears of a *mother* !”

Warriors and statesmen have their meed of praise ;
 And what they do or suffer men record ;
 But the long sacrifice of woman's days
 Passes without a thought—without a word ;
 And many a holy struggle, for the sake
 Of duties sternly, faithfully fulfilled—
 For which the anxious mind must watch and wake,
 And the strong feelings of the heart be stilled—
 Goes by unheeded as the summer wind,
 And leaves no memory and no trace behind !

A subsequent attendance upon a district school during the winter months for several years, enabled young Dean to acquire the rudiments of a common education. He also had access to an old town library ; and ardently loving knowledge for its own sake, he there acquired a great portion of that historical lore for which he is now so celebrated. How truly says Channing :

“ It is chiefly through books that we enjoy intercourse with superior minds ; and these invaluable means of communication are in the reach of all. In the best books great men talk to us, give us their most precious thoughts, and pour their souls into ours. God be thanked for books ! They are the voices of the distant and the dead, and make us heirs of the spiritual life of past ages. Books are the true levelers. They give to all who will faithfully use them, the society, the spiritual presence of the best and greatest of our race. No matter how poor I am ; no matter though the prosperous of my own time will not enter and take up their abode under my roof—if Milton will cross my threshold to sing to me of Paradise ; and Shakspeare to open to me worlds of imagination and the workings of the human heart ; and Franklin to enrich me with his practical wisdom, I shall not pine for intellectual companionship, and I may become a cultivated

man, though excluded from what is called the best society in the place where I live."

In his eighteenth year, while laboring upon the farm, he managed to learn the Greek and Latin languages. His plan was to write his daily lesson on a piece of birch bark, which he kept in his hat. What a lesson does this teach to our young men, who, with every advantage, accomplish so little. What industry, what perseverance did the conduct of this youth evince. With no complainings of fatigue, with no duty neglected, he worked in silence, and in the face of every difficulty he achieved a moral triumph. While many were sporting their precious time in idleness and dissipation, he was digging down for "wealth of bright and burning thought," and discovering treasures of more value than rubies.

Having earned sufficient money by teaching school during the winter, Mr. Dean spent a short time at the academy in Randolph, Vermont.

In 1825, being desirous of entering the senior class of Union college, a difficulty presented itself, which was, that his father was legally entitled to his services on the farm until the age of twenty-one. The point was, however, amicably settled; the consideration being, a release to the father of all claim the son might have to the property as heir at law. Mr. Dean has frequently alluded to this as one of the best bargains he ever made in his life.

Having graduated with honor in 1826, Mr. Dean returned to his native town. In the autumn of that year, on the invitation of his maternal uncle, the Hon. Jabez Hammond, (author of the Political History of New York,) he removed to Albany and entered the office of the latter as a student of law. Of the kindness of this relative Mr. Dean has frequently spoken, observing, that had it not been for his substantial aid, the many trials and difficulties which presented themselves never could have been

surmounted. Had every man possessed of the means, imitated this example, how much talent might have been discovered! How many gems made visible by their glittering, would have been collected! How many mines of beauty and richness would have appeared!

In May 1829, Mr. Dean was admitted an attorney of the supreme court of the state of New York; since which period he has continued to reside at Albany; and with what success in his profession it is needless to say, as the numerous important cases with which he is constantly entrusted will speak for themselves.

In April, 1833, Mr. Dean delivered the annual address before the Albany institute. The subject was the philosophy of history. The address was printed and extensively copied by the press. It was in the fall of that year, that his attention was drawn to the principle of association, for the purpose of social, moral, and intellectual improvement; and he succeeded in getting up, and establishing upon a permanent footing, the Young Men's association for mutual improvement, in the city of Albany. This is justly claimed to be the first institution of the kind, that ever existed in this country. Of the fruits which it has already borne, and of the many prominent public men, who, but for its beneficial influence, would have remained in obscurity, it is unnecessary to speak.

Mr. Dean was its first president, and reëlected for a second term. The institution has been incorporated, and is in a very flourishing condition, and associations of a similar character are now in operation in nearly all the cities and villages in the state.

In 1840, Mr. Dean presided at a convention of Young Men's associations of the state of New York, held at Utica. The result was, an organization of the whole into a state association, of which Mr.

Dean was elected preident, and he delivered the first annual address.

Some years since, Mr. Dean delivered before the Albany association, a very interesting course of lectures, on the subject of phrenology. The lectures were published, and furnished an ample theme for discussion, among that class who are apt to condemn every thing that is new. In 1839, he had published in Boston, the *Philosophy of Human Life*, being an investigation of the great elements of life. This was a very elaborate work, but adapted to a class of readers and thinkers, not very numerous in this country. He also published a very valuable practical work, entitled a *Manual of Law*, for the use of business men.

On the 5th of October, 1840, Mr. Dean delivered before the State Agricultural society a eulogy on the occasion of the death of the late Jesse Buel, and which was afterwards printed by the society. In July, 1840, he delivered the first annual address before the senate of Union college.

In the fall and winter of 1838 and 1839, he was instrumental, with some others, in establishing the Albany Medical college. At the commencement of that institution, Mr. Dean received the appointment of professor of medical jurisprudence, a department in which he has continued to lecture at every term since its organization. In 1840, Prof. Dean published a *Manual of Medical Jurisprudence*, designed solely for the use of the classes attending his lectures.

On the 14th of September, 1842, Prof. Dean was married to Miss E. Joana Davis, of Uxbridge, Massachusetts.

Mr. Dean has long been a liberal patron of literature and the arts. He is one of those who do not believe that to eat, drink and sleep, to pace around in the circle of habit, and bend the whole soul in the pursuit of wealth, is life; but that knowledge,

truth, beauty, goodness and faith alone, can give vitality to the mechanism of existence; and that the laugh of mirth which vibrates through the heart, the tears that freshen the dry wastes within, the music that brings childhood back, the prayer that call the future near, the doubt which makes us meditate, the death which startles us with mystery, the hardship that forces us to struggle, the anxiety that ends in trust—are the true nourishment that ends in being.

We will conclude this sketch with the observation, that “a good name, founded on real worth of character, is of more value than riches; and better is it for a young man to begin the world penniless, with this in possession, than to be the owner of large estates, and the inheritor of paternal fame, with neither the disposition nor the ability to maintain them. There is no truer maxim than this, that every man is the maker of his own fortune. He can not become wise, nor good, nor great, by proxy: and the earlier he is made to believe, and act upon the truth, the better.”



FRANK HASTINGS HAMILTON.

DOCTOR HAMILTON, was born at Wilmington, Vermont, on the 10th of September, 1813. Four years afterwards, his parents removed to Schenectady, in the state of New York, where his career may be said to have commenced. After pursuing the usual preparatory studies, under the superintendence of a most excellent teacher, now a distinguished divine in the city of Brooklyn, he was matriculated a member of the sophomore class in Union college. This was in 1827, he being then

only fourteen years of age. In college, although his standing in all the departments of learning was good, he did not distinguish himself, except by his proficiency in the classics. The gentleman from whom the materials for this sketch were obtained, was a fellow student with Frank, and chiefly remembers him as a pale and pensive boy, who loved retirement, and who appeared to take no interest in the rude sports of his companions. During the intervals of study he might frequently be seen rambling solitarily about the fields, or gathering specimens in botany and mineralogy, for which sciences he had, even at that time, an ardent love.

Having graduated with honor in 1830, he entered the office of Doctor John G. Morgan, surgeon to the state prison, at Auburn, N.Y. Here, with the exception of occasional absences in attending medical lectures, he remained three years in the diligent prosecution of his professional studies. During the whole period, while at home, he was in daily attendance on the prison hospital. Here he had constant opportunity, which he did not fail to improve, of witnessing and participating in the dissection of the human subject. With such enthusiasm did he devote himself to the acquirement of knowledge, that he repeatedly made drawings in oil, and of the size of life, of almost every part of the human body. With such zeal and industry, to have failed in being an ornament to his profession would have been a miracle.

Doctor Hamilton was licensed to practice medicine and surgery, by the Cayuga county medical society, in 1833. Two years subsequently, he received the degree of M. D., at the university of Pennsylvania.

While a student in Auburn, his medical preceptor, Dr. Morgan, gave many lectures on anatomy, on several of which occasions, the subject of our

sketch added a *demonstration*, or recapitulated the preceptor's lectures before the class. Such was his success in this first attempt at teaching, that when shortly afterwards Dr. Morgan accepted a chair at the Geneva medical college, by request, he himself gave a course of lectures on anatomy and surgery with great approbation to a class of sixteen. On repeating the course on the following year, the class increased to thirty-one.

These private lectures were continued until 1838, and so great was the reputation he had acquired by them, that in 1839, without any solicitation on his part, and much to his surprise, he was unanimously appointed by the regents of the university of the state of New York, to fill the vacant chair as professor of surgery in the college of physicians and surgeons of western New York.

Here, while he was little more than a boy, he found himself associated with such men as Romeyn, Beck, James Hadley, James McNaughton, and others, and was in all his intercourse with them, honored with their highest confidence and respect.

In 1840, Professor Hamilton received and accepted an invitation to the professorship of surgery in the medical college at Geneva, the duties of this station he discharged with great ability for eight years. Having, however, in 1846, accepted the same professorship in the new medical college at Buffalo, and after filling both stations for two years, he in 1848, resigned the chair at Geneva, for the purpose of devoting himself to his profession and the professorship at Buffalo. He is now dean of the medical faculty of the university of Buffalo, and surgeon to the Buffalo hospital of the sisters of charity, the duties of which station he performs with his characteristic energy, and with great and growing popularity, besides attending to a large and steadily increasing city practice.

In addition to his other labors, Dr. Hamilton has

found time to write occasionally for the press. He is the author of an excellent monograph on the subject of strabismus, and of a caustic and powerful pamphlet vindicating the science of metaphysics against the doctrines of Gall. He has written numerous articles for the medical journals, and reported a great variety of interesting and important cases in surgery.

During the year 1844, he visited Europe, taking in his way nearly all the principal cities of the continent and of the British islands, for the purpose of examining the hospitals and of enlarging by purchases the museum of the Geneva medical college. On his return he published an account of his observations in about twenty successive numbers of the Buffalo Medical and Surgical Journal. These papers are full of interest and well worthy of a studious perusal.* He has cultivated general litera-

* In an account of his visit to Palermo, Sicily, he says: "It can not be supposed that in such a country the science of medicine has made much progress. Medical students go abroad to receive their education, and although several physicians and surgeons in Palermo deservedly hold a high rank, yet they complain of the successful rivalry of the priests, and the 'Salassatori.' The priests, or what is equivalent, his holy relic, often obtains the credit of the cure, even when a regular physician is employed. The Salassatori are found in almost every street; the shops being indicated by a barber's pole, two large copper basins and a horse tail; occasionally, also by a vile painting representing a Seneca, throwing blood like a jet d'eau from a dozen orifices. Within, is a swarthy Sicilian, who will furnish you salves for ulcers, cancers and tumors, will leech and pull teeth, will bind up your wounds and mend your bones, will bleed you by the ounce, will shave, cut hair and point your imperial. These are the veritable representatives of the ancient barber surgeons, whose ensign in the twelfth century was a pole wrapt with a red roller, supported by two basins; of which honorable fraternity the great Pare boasted himself a member, and from which the present royal stock of surgeons are lineal descendants. It is therefore that I have examined the more in detail these establishments, one of which I entered and explored entirely to my satisfaction; which done, I requested the surgeon to bleed me. 'How many ounces, Signore?' 'Six.' 'Where?' 'In the arm.' Immediately I was divested of my coat—my hand was made to grasp the top of an upright rod, supported by three legs—my sleeve was turned up smoothly and tenderly above the elbow—the blood red fillet was then applied in a most artistical manner, a spear pointed lancet selected from the arsenal, and already was the thirsty weapon glittering in the air, when I withdrew my arm, and declared myself satisfied. It was as a *pupil* and not as a patient, that I had entered the office of the descendant of my fathers. Francesco paid him the two carlini, and we went on."

ture more perfect than most of his brethren, and all the productions of his pen, besides being full of thought and vigor, are specimens of neat and tasteful composition.

Dr. Hamilton is of about a middling stature, of tolerably robust health, with a frame well knit and compacted, of a nervous temperament, quick in all his motions, and one whose whole appearance indicates mental and bodily activity with extraordinary powers of endurance.

As a man, he is possessed of great amiability of temper, remarkably agreeable in his unreserved intercourse with his friends, and full of sparkling and glowing conversation, enriched with varied anecdotes and great information on all subjects. His habits are singularly unostentatious, and his manner of life simple and abstemious. He is also a consistent member of the presbyterian church.

As a lecturer he possesses qualities of the very highest order, having received from nature the most favorable endowments, in a capacious and ready memory, a lively imagination, and a fluent speech, all of which he has sedulously and successfully cultivated. In his lecture room he never uses paper, and it is believed that his lectures are not written. Yet he never hesitates for an idea or for a word. He never, or very rarely, finds it necessary to repeat a sentence, but from the beginning to its close, his lecture flows on as a steady and transparent stream. He has the power of presenting every thought at the first stroke, with a clearness which stupidity itself, if it can not assent, can not fail to comprehend; and what is most of all remarkable in him, is the singular ease with which he infuses into his otherwise dry anatomical discussions, an interest derived from his anecdotes of surgical practice, that arrests and chains the attention of all his auditors.

As a practical operator, it is believed he has no superior of his own age.

In 1835, Dr. Hamilton received the prize for the best essay on the fevers of the western country. It was published in Drake's Medical Journal, at Cincinnati. At the time he had never been west of Rochester, and had seen scarcely any cases of the class of fevers upon which he wrote. His only object in contending for the prize, was to get the \$25, of which he was then much in need.

In 1840 Dr. Hamilton had accumulated by his own exertions, a handsome fortune, but lost it in speculation, besides incurring a considerable debt. But although cast down, he was not destroyed, for with the energy of a determined will, he commenced retrieving his losses; and unlike so many others, scorning to avail himself of the benefit of the law, he has, it is believed, succeeded in discharging every obligation.

It has been truly said that all the young men have to be ruined once—if they begin rich or prosperous. Nothing but a miracle can save them. They either get married before they can afford the luxury of a wife—or fail, and then, and not till then, are they good for any thing. Men are not made by coaxing. They seldom thrive long on sugar plums. To be men they must rough it. And the sooner they begin the better. Oaks are rooted in wind and storm. Oaks therefore are trustworthy. Hot-house plants come up in a few days—and perish accordingly.

Look about you, and you will hardly find an eminent or rich man, who has not been at some period of life a bankrupt either in health or property. Such men, having learned by God's providences the value of what they have lost, being undiscouraged, have always found themselves strengthened by their fall.

JOHN K. HALE

AS a descendant of the great and good Sir Matthew Hale; the family in England being now represented by Robert Blagden Hale, member of parliament for Alderly Walton, Gloucestershire. Of such a stock, the family in this country are justly excusable in occasionally exhibiting to their friends a family memento of their celebrated ancestor, in the shape of an old volume of sermons, now in the possession of Horatio Reed, Esquire, of Greene county, New York, one of the Hale family, in which is the *veritable autograph of Sir Matthew Hale*. As it is considered the common property of the family, it frequently changes its locality, but never its family guardians.

The mother of John K. Hale was a daughter of

the late Doctor David Jones, of North Yarmouth, Maine, who was a student of the patriot Warren, and was by the side of that hero when he fell at Bunker Hill.

His paternal grandmother was a Knowlton, a sister of Colonel Knowlton, who fell at the battle of Cowpens, during the revolutionary war. His paternal grandfather was cousin to Captain Nathaniel Hale.

John K. Hale was born in North Maine, in 1807, but spent the early portion of his life at Portland, in that state. In 1828, he married a daughter of J. Hall, Esquire, of the latter place, and is consequently a brother-in-law, by marriage, of the eccentric John Neale, of Portland, whose wife and Mrs. Hale are sisters.

Mr. Hale had the good fortune to study law under that sound jurist, the Hon. William G. Angel, the present chief judge of Allegany county, New York; and it is needless to say how much honor he has done to his worthy preceptor.

Residing at Hornellsville, in Steuben county, in the successful practice of his profession, he was, in the winter of 1848, elected to the house of assembly, by the whigs of the third district. Of the manly and independent course pursued by him while in that body, it is not necessary to refer, as his votes are on record, and will speak for themselves. It will be sufficient to say, that he has uniformly manifested an interest in all measures connected with the *real* prosperity of the country.

He is a ready debater, and possesses a large fund of miscellaneous information. To this is added a ready wit and a high sense of humor.

He has traveled much, both by land and by sea, having many hair-breadth escapes. Hence his knowledge is not only derived from books, but is the fruit of his own experience.

ROBERT SEARS,

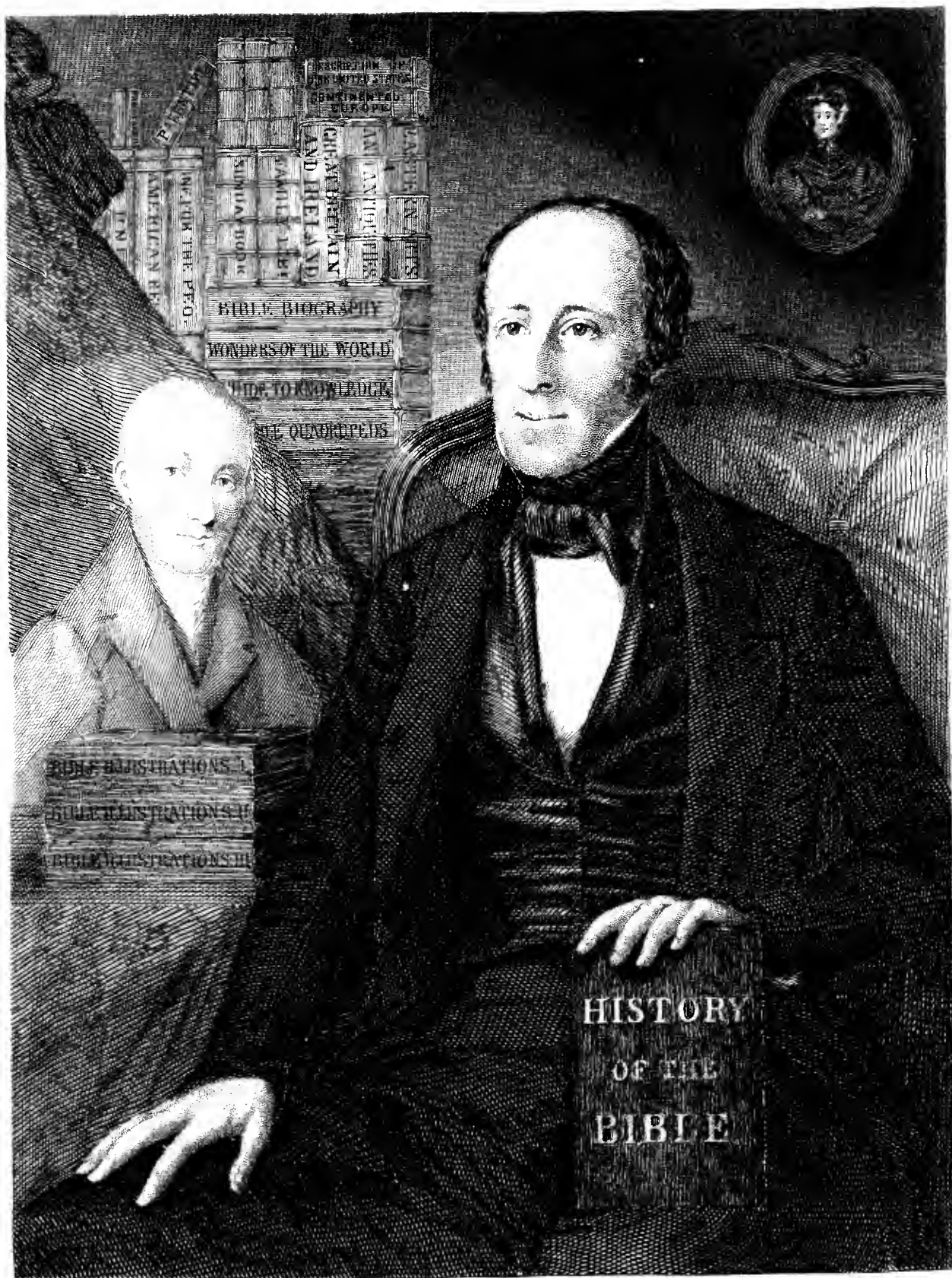
PUBLISHER of useful and moral works, has accomplished more real good than many whom the world calls great, but whose path has been strewn with the bones of slaughtered multitudes.

How great is the responsibility of the man who publishes a book! and who shall trace its remote consequences for weal or for woe!

Unlike those of many of his contemporaries, the works published by Mr. Sears contain no impurity of sentiment—no serpent lurking beneath flowers. In his writings we do not find debauchery deified, and crime portrayed as a species of school for the education of beauty and virtue. Unlike certain favorite foreign authors of the present day, he does not hold up passion as the crowning charm of an angel; riot as the condition of social happiness; sin as a misfortune which never entails its ills upon its offspring; monsters as the universal specimens of the human species; intrigue, violence and wantonness as the sole enjoyment of human activity. “O that all men holding such positions would reflect upon the awful responsibility, and consider how great is the power of written thought.*

Mr. Sears was born in St. Johns, New Brunswick, on the 28th of June, 1810. He had struggled up, through the laborious scenes of seven years’ appren-

* What the Russians think of authors may be collected from a plate, in which part of hell is represented. In the foreground are suspended two kettles; in one of them is a robber, in the other an immoral writer. Under the kettle of the latter Satan is busily engaged in making a rousing fire, whereas under the bandit there is nothing but a heap of dry wood, and he seems to be enjoying a comfortable warmth. The author, who has lifted up the lid of his kettle a little, casting an envious glance at the robber, complains to the devil that he torments him more than so vile a criminal; but the devil fetches him a thump on the head, and says, “Thou wert worse than he, for his sins and misdeeds died with him, but thine continue to live for ages.—*Kohl’s Russia and the Russians.*



Yours Respectfully,

Robert Sears.

ticeship. and, with a mind strengthened by a solid English education, always kept in view the great end of his life;—that hope, to convert the gloomy press into an engine of immense good, to make it a messenger of knowledge to many hundred thousand homes, and have the children of a future age say of him, this was not the hero of the sword, but the apostle of the printing press.

How did he accomplish it ? In the spring of the year 1832, he started in business, and supported his family by printing cards and circulars. The cholera came, and with it the universal panic and the tottering of all public confidence. He was forced to close his shop, and take to his journeyman life again.

Still in this time of unobtrusive toil, a great vision of usefulness opened upon him. While working at the press and case, he determined to become a publisher. Without capital, without the praise of pompous reviewers, without friends—save the generous few attracted by his unyielding virtues—he made up his mind to be the publisher of useful books.

He calmly laid his plan, and in the silence of the night, after the day's work was over, matured it into shape. He determined to pursue the only legitimate method of publication—to advertise his works, place them thoroughly before the people, and leave the people alone to decide on their merits.

The cholera passed, and he resorted to his press and types once more. In the short intervals snatched from severe labor, he compiled a chart, entitled, *The World at One View*, placed it in type, published it in one broad sheet, advertised it for twelve and a half cents, and was rewarded by a sale of about 20,000 copies.

This was a good beginning. *The Family Receipt Book* was next published, met with a rapid sale, and the young publisher began to widen his plans, and concentrate his resources for greater efforts.

Undismayed by the sneers of the idle and thoughtless, the cold approbation of doubtful friends, he then projected a work in three large volumes, copiously adorned with engravings, and entitled, *Pictorial Illustrations of the Bible*. This required immense labor, and, more than capital, the confidence of the public. The young publisher had it. For pressing steadily onward, after an interval of several years, he issued this work in the fall of 1840—risked his all on it, staked every cent in advertising it to the whole Union, and sold 25,000 copies. Decidedly a triumph for the journeyman printer of yesterday!

Then he began his grand mission of teaching to nations and to man, by the medium of books, intended to be useful and popular, and made to speak through the eye to the heart, by appropriate and vivid pictorial illustrations.

It is that branch of art known as *wood engraving*, which, by its peculiar qualities, especially presents itself as a great medium of pictured thought. It is cheap, available, effective. It can be printed with the pages of a book, and with the same press. It is capable of rich lights, and deep shadows, far beyond the power of copper and steel. Robert Sears has called to his aid this branch of art, and showed its powers in his *Pictorial Illustrations of the Bible*.

The name of Robert Sears began to grow in the minds of the people, and the homes of the land learned it by heart in his numerous works.

We might draw large deductions from the life of Robert Sears, but that life speaks for itself. It says to every young man in the union, behold the fruits of unswerving integrity, unstained morals, unyielding enterprise. It shows, conclusively, that one man, aided by his own hand, may emerge from a printing office, and gather the harvest of his long years of toil, in the approbation of a whole people. It asserts, that with no capital, but a common school education, a firm heart, and an honest pair of hands,

a young man may carve himself a glorious way to usefulness and fame.

Mr. Sears published several months ago his greatest work, *The Pictorial Domestic Bible*. We can not but wish him success in it, for his whole heart is engaged in the enterprise; he has brought the honestly acquired wealth of years to the task, and nerved his soul to its successful issue. It is a book for the pulpit, the home, the closet. In it we behold the Bible of our faith, glowing with pictures that reveal to us, at a glance, the life, the history, the poetry of the Bible. It is a glorious field—a holy task.

Chance may produce a *notorious*, but never yet did chance produce a GREAT MAN. No man can be wise or good without labor. Robert Sears is a firm believer in this stern truth, and upon this basis, he has arisen to usefulness and fame. He is above all sect or party. His creed is simple—it can be understood at a glance, for it is LOVE.

We must confess that this Robert Sears is no ordinary man. His books have become household treasures in the towns and farms of New England. The printed results of his research and industry, have enlightened the log cabins of the west, and penetrated with benevolent light, the rude homes of Texas. Throughout Canada, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and the British possessions in North America, he is widely and favorably known as the pioneer of a better age, in this home literature, adapted for the sanctities of the fireside.

Even the queen of Great Britain has welcomed his labors with royal applause, and stamped his books with more than royal approbation—with the good wishes and the smile of a woman and a mother.

It must be gratifying to Mr. Sears to reflect that the intelligence of the kind wishes and deserved approval of Victoria, was conveyed to him in an official letter, written by her request.

An effective contrast might be drawn between Robert Sears and his granduncle, the Rienzi of the revolution, and who was by his opponents nicknamed KING SEARS. The latter is seen in the dawn of the revolution at all points, now marshalling his soldiers on New York battery, now scattering into atoms the infamous tory press of Rivington, now boldly advocating the assembling of a continental congress. A sturdy man, nursed into familiarity with danger on the broad ocean, he gathers the people, becomes their oracle, prepares the way for Washington and the signers. Altogether, such a man as the Almighty sends to do a great work, and then retires from the stage.

The descendant, Robert Sears, emerges from the shadows of a printing office, becomes the publisher of a people, and sends copies of all his works to queen Victoria, grand-daughter of George the III, whom King Sears successfully resisted on all occasions. The sovereign of the same nation, which opposed our entrance into the family of nations, is happy to receive American books from a descendant of a revolutionary hero.*



WILLIAM M. CORNELL.



HIS gentleman, in whom are united the professions of physician and divine, reminds us of the following pleasant anecdote:

The late Doctor Channing had a brother, a physician, and at one time both resided in Boston. A countryman in search of the divine, knocked at the physician's door, when the following dialogue ensued:

* Lippard.

Does Dr. Channing live here?

Yes sir.

Can I see him?

I am he.

Who, you?

Yes sir.

Why, you must have altered considerably since I heard you preach.

Heard me preach!

Certainly, you are the Dr. Channing that preaches ain't you?

O! I see you are mistaken now. It is my brother who *preaches*. I am the doctor who *practices*.

Mr. Mason was born on the 16th of October, 1802, in the town of Berkley, Massachusetts. His father, who was a physician, was William Cornell of Swansey, Massachusetts. His mother was Abigail Briggs of Berkley, in the same state. His paternal grandfather was, Stephen Cornell, and his grandmother was Sarah Buffington. His maternal grandparents were Thomas Briggs and Sarah Philips.

Mr. Cornell, the subject of this notice, graduated with honor at Brown university, in 1827. He studied theology with the Rev. Thomas Andros of Berkley, and the Rev. Timothy Davis of Wellfleet. He was installed pastor of the Congregational church in Woodstock, Connecticut, on the 15th of June, 1831. In January 18th of the following year, he married Miss Emeline Augusta Loud of Weymouth. In August, 1834, he left Woodstock, and was installed as pastor of the Evangelical Congregational church in Quincy. The pastoral charge of this church he resigned in 1839, on account of ill health and the failure of his voice. When somewhat recovered, he commenced a family school, in which, for three years he was very successful. In 1842, he removed to Boston, when still being unable to sustain the duties of the pastoral office, he directed his attention to the study of medicine. After spending

some time in the Tremont medical school, under the care of Drs. Bigelow and Reynolds, Holmes and others, he attended two courses of lectures at Harvard university, also one at the Pittsfield medical institute. At the latter institution he received the degree of M. D. in 1845, and is now in the successful practice of his profession at Boston.

Dr. Cornell is the author of several popular works. Among them is one entitled, Consumption Prevented, which has passed through many editions. Another work, The Sabbath made for Man, was received with high favor by the religious community. For three years he edited a monthly periodical, entitled The Journal of Health and Practical Education. This invaluable work has done much in disseminating a knowledge of physiology and the laws of health. Professional engagements have, however, compelled him to relinquish it.

The doctor is truly a self made man, having with a perseverance seldom equaled, pressed forward through difficulties which would have discouraged one less determined. Acting in his capacity of minister and physician, he has proved a true comforter to the afflicted sons of humanity. Would that there were more Christians among the medical fraternity; for what consolation can the professional atheist afford in the dying moment, and who, when the coffin lid is nailed down, *pretends* to believe in the doctrine that death is an eternal sleep, and that the survivors will *not* meet the departed again in the glorious Paradise above.

CHARLES BRODHEAD COVENTRY.

FOURTH son of the late Alexander Coventry, M. D., who died at Utica, N. Y., in December, 1831, was born in the town of Deerfield, near the city of Utica (then Fort Schuyler,) on the 20th of April, 1801. During his early years, ill-health confined him much to the house, and placed him more immediately under the charge and care of his affectionate mother, to whom he was strongly attached, and whose death, when he was but thirteen years of age, left an impression which time will never efface. From that event until his eighteenth year, his residence was chiefly in Utica, where, during a portion of the time, he attended the grammar school, the residue being spent in his father's office. In 1817, the latter having formed a partnership with Doctor J. McCall, young Coventry was released from his confinement in the office, having laid in a stock of miscellaneous knowledge by the perusal of the books of a large library to which he had had access. During the three following seasons he was engaged in working on his father's farm at Deerfield, attending school in the winter.

His feeble health not permitting him to continue his agricultural pursuits, and the large family of his father rendering it necessary that he should rely on himself, in the autumn of 1820, he took the school in the district where he resided and engaged in teaching. At the expiration of the term, he embraced an opportunity afforded him of prosecuting his classical studies, as an assistant in a school in Utica. He remained there until the spring of 1822, when, with impaired health, he returned to his father and commenced the study of medicine. He attended, during several winters, the lectures of the

college of physicians and surgeons of western New York, at Fairfield, the intermediate time being spent in prosecuting his studies in the office of his father. In the spring of 1825, he received the degree of M. D., in the above institution. His thesis was on the subject of *purulent ophthalmia*, which had recently appeared in western New York. It was published in the New York Medical and Surgical Journal. During that year he entered into business with his father, which connection continued until the fall of 1830.

In the summer of 1828, Dr. Coventry was appointed lecturer on materia medica in Berkshire medical institution. The best evidence that the duties of this station were discharged satisfactorily was, that the chair of obstetrics was added to that of materia medica the next season.

Professor Coventry continued to lecture on these two branches during the year 1829-30-31. That period, spent in the beautiful valley of Pittsfield, where he enjoyed the hospitality of its citizens, has often been referred to by him as the most pleasant in his life.

In the spring of 1829, he was united in marriage with Clarissa, eldest daughter of the late Honorable Medad Butler of Stuyvesant, Columbia county, New York,* by whom he has had eight children, six of whom are now living. In the summer of 1829, he had a severe attack of hemorrhage of the lungs, which for a time threatened his life. After several repeated attacks, he was determined to try the effects of a change of climate. Accordingly at the close of his lectures in the autumn of 1830, he removed to the city of New York, where he continued to reside until December, 1831, when having lost his eldest child he was summoned to the sick bed of his father, who died on the 22d of that

* She is the sister of Honorable B. F. Butler, N. Y.

month. Circumstances connected with the settlement of the estate, requiring his presence at Utica, at the earnest solicitation of his friends, he was induced to return to that city, which he did in 1832. On the appearance of the cholera in that year, Professor Coventry was sent by the common council of Utica, to investigate the nature and character of the disease. He subsequently made a lucid report on the subject, which was extensively published in the newspapers. His large and increasing practice soon compelled him, although reluctantly, to dissolve his connection with the medical school at Pittsfield.

In 1839, after repeated solicitations, Professor Coventry accepted a professorship in the medical institution of Geneva college, and he is the only one of the original founders remaining in that institution. There he lectured on *materia medica* and obstetrics until 1840, when the faculty having reorganized, he received the appointment of professor of obstetrics and medical jurisprudence. Its number of students in the institution that year was 195.

In 1846, on the chartering of the university of Buffalo, Doctor Coventry was appointed professor of physiology and medical jurisprudence, which situation he continues to hold, the lectures being in the summer, and not interfering with the duties at Geneva college.

Owing to a renewed attack of his former disease, he in January, 1848, accompanied by his wife, visited Europe, and was in Paris during the three memorable days of the revolution. He was one of the deputation of American citizens that called on the provisional government. After spending five weeks at Paris, he and his lady visited London and Liverpool, thence returning to the United States. This voyage proved beneficial to his health, but the death, during the absence of both her parents, of his eldest daughter, an unusually interesting child

of twelve years of age, will ever cast a sadness over that period.

There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there!
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair.

The air is full of farewells to the dying,
And mournings for the dead;
The heart of Rachel for her children crying
Will not be comforted!

Let us be patient! these severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapors:
Amid these earthly damps;
What seem to us but dim, funeral tapers,
May be Heaven's distant lamps.

She is not dead—the child of our affection—
But gone unto that school,
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
She lives, whom we call dead.

Professor Coventry has been a frequent and able contributor to the leading medical journals, and his addresses delivered before various medical societies, most of which have been published, are too well known to require a particular notice.

He was one of the earliest and most active advocates for the establishment of a state lunatic asylum. As early as 1834, he introduced a series of resolutions, which were passed by the medical society of the county of Oneida, urging the subject on the consideration of the legislature, etc. How much does the community owe to such men, who live for others as well as themselves.

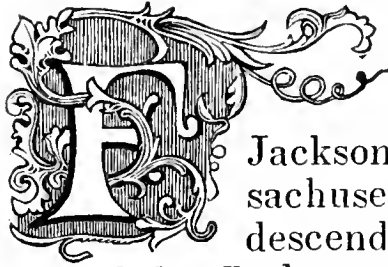
Professor Coventry was one of the original board of trustees appointed by Governor Seward, and was on the committee appointed to draw up a plan of organization for the asylum. He was also appoint-

ed a member of the new board, to which situation he has been successively reappointed until the present time.

What is more humiliating to the pride of man than a glance at the interior of an insane asylum! The exhibition of broken constitutions, decayed faculties, and shattered intellects, added to the general squalid wretchedness that pervades the scene, presents the most gloomy picture in the catalogue of human woe. Philosophy hath no balm to mitigate the distress, or soothe the agony of the torn bosom that contemplates the awful curse. Friendship bleeds in vain. Love immolates itself to no purpose; and the tears of sympathy fall as profitless as the dews of Heaven into the burning crater of Etna, or on the frozen hills of Caucasus. We may muse in sadness over a spoiled harvest and desolated country which marks the foot of ruthless ambition—or pause in melancholy silence at the sight of hopes blasted by some more humble robber—yet there is a commingling of other feelings in the soul that serves in some degree to soften the sharp edge of bitterness. We can speak comfort to the heart steeped in anguish, and vent reproaches on the monster who can still reflect and feel—and even beneath the awe-inspiring scourge of the conqueror, we still indulge the pleasing dream that he can be reached either by the potent arm of justice, or the all-persuasive power of eloquence. But who can reach the insane, where the divinity, though not dead, lies wrapped in the dark folds of corruption?

In 1846, Professor Coventry united with the Protestant episcopal church, thus showing himself, unlike too many of his professional brethren, a firm believer in the beautiful doctrines of the Christian religion.

CHARLES T. JACKSON.



FROM a very interesting biographical sketch in the Detroit Advertiser, it appears that Dr. Jackson was born in Plymouth, Massachusetts, June 21st, 1805, and is descended on the father's side, from one of the Jacksons who came out with Morton, the secretary of the Plymouth colony, and on the mother's side, from the Rev. John Cotton, the first regularly settled clergyman of Boston. His father was an enterprising merchant of Plymouth, engaged largely in navigation. When but twelve years of age, it was Charles' misfortune to lose his parents, both of whom died within a month of each other.

At this time, he was attending a private school at Duxbury, conducted by the celebrated Dr. John Allyne, where he remained three years. He was removed from this place by his guardian, to a mercantile house in Boston, where he remained one year, and though faithful in his business relations, acquired no taste for the mercantile profession. So much did he dislike this business, that he left it against the wishes of his friends, and put himself under the private tuition of the Rev. Samuel Dean, of Scituate, who was distinguished for his knowledge of the classics. He remained here about two years, when having a strong taste for mathematics, he placed himself with Levi Fletcher, the preceptor of Lancaster academy, a gentleman distinguished for his attainments in this science. He continued with this gentleman, as his private pupil, for about two years, keeping up, by close application during this period, his classical studies. Mr. Kingsbury succeeded Mr. Fletcher as preceptor of the academy, with whom he remained one year, devoting himself

to the study of Greek. He had now completed the whole course of college studies under private tuition, and determined to enter the third term of the Junior year at Harvard university, but was dissuaded by his friends on account of ill health. To recruit his health, he travelled on foot through the states of New York and New Jersey, in company with several distinguished naturalists, among whom were Baron Lederer, McClure, Leseur, and Troost, making scientific observations and collecting objects of natural history. Upon his return to Boston, he entered Harvard university as a student of medicine, and pursued his studies with Drs. James Jackson and Walter Channing. After studying a year, by the advice of his physician, he devoted one summer in traveling in Nova Scotia, making the first mineralogical and geological examination of that province, in company with his young friend, Francis Alger, of this city. An account of their researches was published in the *American Journal of Science*, in 1827-8. Upon his return, he pursued his studies with great enthusiasm, so that he soon took the lead at the dissecting room and the hospital. For a time, the collateral sciences were laid aside, and his whole powers were devoted to the study of medicine. He graduated in the spring of 1829, and received from the Boylston medical society the premium for the best dissertation upon a medico-chemical subject. In the summer of the same year, he again visited Nova Scotia, chartering a vessel for the purpose of procuring an abundant supply of minerals for his friends in Europe, whom he was preparing to visit. In the autumn of 1829, he embarked for France, and spent three years in the university there, engaged in the study of medicine, and in attending lectures in the Royal school of mines, at the academy of Sorbonne, and the college of France. He also traveled on foot through Switzerland and Tyrol, and spent two months at Vienna, studying the cho-

lera, (that dreadful disease having broken out one week after his arrival in that city,) in company with Dr. John Furgus, of Scotland. These gentlemen made the first dissections of subjects who had died of cholera, in Vienna, and it is believed the first made in Europe. From Vienna he traveled to Trieste and crossed to Italy, where he made a pedestrian tour through the country to Naples, and around the island of Sicily, becoming familiar with Vesuvius and *Ætna*, as well as with the works of art in that interesting country. In his journey, he was engaged actively in the study of the mineralogy and geology of the countries through which he passed, and in collecting specimens. He returned to France, and traveled on foot through the volcanic regions of Central France, visiting the mines, furnaces and manufactories in that portion of the country.

He arrived at Paris on the 16th of June, 1832, at the time of the bloody insurrection of the people to put down the government of Louis Phillippe, and assisted in taking care of the wounded at the hospital of St. Antoine, under the charge of Professor Berard, his private instructor. During the summer of this year, at the request of the *internes*, he gave a course of private instructions and lectures in surgical anatomy, the cholera furnishing abundant subjects for experiment. In October of that year, furnishing himself with a select French library of medical works, and abundance of chemical philosophical apparatus, he returned to New York in the packet ship Sully. It was on this passage that he explained and illustrated to Mr. Morse the principles of the magnetic telegraph, which subsequently resulted in the adoption of that system of communication. On his arrival at Boston, he established himself in his profession, as physican and surgeon, in which he soon became eminently successful,

especially in surgery, for which his experience and studies in France had fitted him.

In 1834, he married Miss Susan Bridge, daughter of the late Nathan Bridge, a successful merchant of Boston. He continued the practice of medicine with much success, devoting his leisure hours to medico-chemical researches—to analytic chemistry, mineralogy, and occasionally making geological excursions in this and the neighboring states. The latter researches soon attracted the attention of the governments of Maine and Massachusetts; and in 1836, he was commissioned simultaneously, without previous request, by Governors Dunlap and Everett, of these states, to make a geological survey of Maine, and of the public lands of Massachusetts, in that state.

He drew up a plan which was finally adopted, for the geological survey of the state of New York, and resigned the appointment of state geologist, conferred upon him by Gov. Marcy, preferring to engage in the geological survey of Maine, that state having been but little explored. He completed the survey of public lands, made two reports to Massachusetts and three reports to Maine, when the boundary troubles absorbed the money in the treasury of the latter state, and prevented further appropriations for the completion of the survey. Before leaving the capital of Maine, he received the appointment of state geologist of Rhode Island, and completed a geological and agricultural survey of that state in a single year, and published an octavo report, with a geological map of the state. Before the completion of this survey, he was commissioned by Gov. Paige, of New Hampshire, to make a geological survey of that state, and he completed it in three years—publishing in 1844, a large quarterly report, illustrated by a geographical map, sections and views, with contributions on metallurgy, and for the improvement of agriculture.

He has also made many private surveys of mines for companies of individuals, and established a laboratory for the instruction of young men in analytical chemistry.

He made the first mining surveys on Lake Superior, spending two summers on the shores of that lake, and has lately received an appointment from the United States of geologist, for the survey of the mineral lands in the northern peninsula of Michigan. He has made and published in his reports, more analyses of minerals—was the first discoverer of chlorine in meteoric iron, and has discovered a number of new mineral species. He has been, and is consulting chemist to numerous manufacturers—is employed in the exploration of mines, and as the assayer of ores and metals for this state. His vegetable physiology and chemistry, connected with agriculture, have been eminently practical, and have tended in no small degree to improve that art. His laboratory is always open to the instruction of pupils in practical chemistry, whereby exact knowledge is diffused over the country, to say nothing of his numerous courses of lectures.

But the great event of Dr. Jackson's life, is his discovery of etherization. No other discovery, with the exception perhaps of vaccination, can vie with this in the extent to which it has prevented human suffering.

Previously to Dr. Jackson's experiments, the inhalation of sulphuric ether to such a degree as to produce unconsciousness, had been universally regarded by all the authorities on the subject, as highly dangerous. Orfila and other writers on toxicology, had ranked it among poisons. A case of dangerous stupor of thirty hours duration and several cases of death, together with many other effects of an alarming nature, had been recorded in books as having been produced by that agent. In this state of opinion among physicians and men of science, Dr. Jackson was led from his knowledge of its proportions, to conjecture with admirable sagacity that the bad effects which had followed its inhalation were due, not to the ether itself, but to the want of a proper admixture of atmospheric air, and to the acids and alcohol which he knew the sulphuric ether of commerce to contain. This conjecture he verified by an experiment made upon himself in order to ascertain its effects upon the human

system—an experiment which, for boldness and deliberate courage, has no parallel in the history of science. He, while entirely alone in his laboratory, inhaled sulphuric ether from a cloth which he had moistened with it, and applied to his mouth and nose till he became unconscious. In a few minutes he recovered his consciousness, and neither then nor afterwards suffered any ill effects from the experiment. He observed for a short time *before* and *after* the period of unconsciousness, a peculiar state never before conceived to be possible in health, or safely producible in any condition of the body, to wit, a total loss of sensibility to external objects, and an apparently complete paralysis of the nerves of sensation, while he retained at the same time entire possession of consciousness and the other intellectual faculties. Subsequently, in the winter of 1841–2, he inhaled sulphuric ether for relief from the very distressing and dangerous effects of an accidental inhalation of chlorine, and experienced, in addition to the effects just described, entire though temporary relief from pain. From these two experiments and numerous others in which he inhaled sulphuric ether in smaller quantities, and in all instances without any unpleasant consequences, he inferred that it is *safe* to inhale that substance to such an extent as to produce unconsciousness, and that when inhaled to that extent it has the power to produce *total insensibility to any degree of pain*.

He subsequently communicated these experiments and the conclusions he had drawn from them to several persons, and urged, though without success, two of them to make trial of sulphuric ether to prevent the pain of extracting teeth. He intended, when he should have leisure from the engrossing labors connected with his geological surveys, to institute further experiments, and to subject his discovery to a practical test himself. Before, however, having opportunity and leisure to do so, he instructed, on the thirtieth of September, 1846, Mr. W. T. G. Morton, a dentist of Boston, how to apply the ether, and induced him to test, under his direction, and with an express assumption of all the responsibility of the experiment, its power to destroy the pain of dental operations. On the same day Mr. Morton, following the directions he had received, extracted a tooth from a patient under the influence of the ether, without causing him any pain, and thus verified Dr. Jackson's induction, so far as the extraction of teeth is concerned. The next day Dr. Jackson obtained the consent of Mr. Morton to go to the surgeons of the Massachusetts general hospital and request them to apply it in their surgical operations. Several severe operations were performed at that institution in the months of October and November, without any suffering on the part of the patients; and thus fully verified Dr. Jackson's induction respecting the power of ether to destroy pain.

In a few months the knowledge and application of the discovery were diffused throughout the civilized world. No discovery ever excited at its announcement, more astonishment and enthusiasm. Dr. Jackson's name is known all over the continent of Europe as a great benefactor of the human race. Authors have dedicated their works to him, and recently Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, president of the French republic, has, as a reward for the discovery, conferred upon him the cross of the legion of honor—the only instance in which this high distinction has ever been conferred upon an American citizen.

DAVID BRYANT,

BORN on the 6th of January, 1801, at Bradford, New Hampshire, was the eldest of eight children. His father, Benaich Bryant, was born in 1772, at Plaistow, New Hampshire; he was a cooper by trade, but in 1779, he bought 160 acres of wild land in Bradford, and followed the business of farming. He died in 1845, aged seventy three.

The respected mother of Dr. Bryant still survives in the enjoyment of fine health, and resides with him in Boston.

His paternal grandfather was David Bryant. He was born at Plaistow, N. H., in 1736, and was a farmer. He was much honored, and filled numerous public offices. He died in 1810, in his seventy fourth year.

His maternal grandfather, Daniel Cressey, was born in Beverley, Massachusetts, where he resided until he attained the age of twenty-one. He then took up arms in defence of the colonies, and was in many battles with the French and Indians. His hardships and sufferings were almost unparalleled. On one occasion he and several of his company, were surrounded by the Indians at the Great Ox Bow, where they remained several days without any food, except a little scout dog which hunger compelled them to kill and eat. At last, after many unsuccessful attempts, they discovered a place where the river could be forded; and passing over in the stillness of the night by the aid of stakes and poles, made good their escape. Although frequently exposed to the most imminent danger, he was so fortunate as not to receive a single wound during the whole of the campaign. After

the conquest of Canada, he returned to his native town, where he resided for several years. He then removed to Hopkinton, N. H., and thence in 1777, to Bradford, being the fourth settler in that town. After holding many offices, he died in 1817, aged eighty-six. His wife died the same year, and at the same age. Their ancestors were of considerable note in Europe.

The education of Dr. Bryant was limited to a very irregular attendance at distant periods, at a county district school; and although study was his delight, yet, the circumstances of his father imperatively required his services on the farm.

At the age of twenty, having a taste for mechanics, he hired himself to a carpenter at Quincy, Massachusetts. Having quickly learned the trade, he removed to Boston, where he followed that business until 1840. His past experience and personal practice then enabled him to assume the profession of an architect, in which he succeeded beyond his most sanguine expectations.

Mr. Bryant has ever been an able advocate of the rights of the artizan and the producer; being always ready to respond to their call, and serving them in every capacity at their assemblages.

In 1838, Mr. Bryant was employed by the government to superintend the erection of four light-houses. In 1839, he was appointed temporary inspector of the customs. He has likewise held other offices. He is a striking illustration of the final success of perseverance.

AMASA J. PARKER.



CONNECTICUT was the native state of this distinguished gentleman. He was born at Sharon, in the parish of Ellsworth, Litchfield county, on the second of June, 1807. His father was the Reverend Daniel Parker, who was pastor of the congregational church of Ellsworth parish. His ancestors were of the good old puritan stock of New England, and had resided in the western part of Connecticut for several generations. His paternal and maternal grandfathers, Amasa Parker and Thomas Fenn, both served in the revolutionary war, and were respected for their integrity and moral virtues. The latter was for twenty years a representative in the state legislature, and a magistrate. They lived and died at Watertown, in that state.

The Reverend Daniel Parker was a graduate of Yale college. He married Miss Anna Fenn, daughter of Thomas Fenn, Esq., and was for almost twenty years a settled minister at Ellsworth.

In 1816, the reverend gentleman removed to Greenville, Greene county, New York, and took charge of the academy at that place. It was at that place, that the subject of this memoir, then only nine years of age, commenced the study of the Latin language. After remaining there two years, he spent a like period at the Hudson academy, and subsequently three years in the city of New York.

Judge Parker was the eldest son, and, ever eager to learn, pains were taken with his education; his father devoting the most constant attention to it, and securing him the instruction of the most careful instructors and professors in the country.

As all those acquainted with him may readily

infer, no man was ever more completely and critically instructed, in a course of classical education, than himself. To a thorough knowledge of the dead languages, was added an acquaintance with modern tongues, and belles-lettres, as well as the more severe studies of mathematics.

At the age of sixteen, he had completed the usual course of collegiate study, although not within the walls of a college, being precocious in intellect, as well as in stature.

In May, 1823, as its principal, he took charge of the Hudson academy, an incorporated institution, subject to the visitation of the regents. During the four years which he remained at its head, the academy enjoyed a high reputation, and was in a most flourishing condition. His age was not then mature, and his pupils, scattered over the state, were afterwards surprised to learn, that their preceptor was younger than many of themselves. During this time, the argument was used by the academy at Kinderhook, a rival institution, that the principal of the Hudson academy was not a graduate of a college. To obviate any such objection, Mr. Parker availed himself of the opportunity afforded by a short vacation, to present himself at Union college, in order to take an examination for the entire course, and to graduate with the class. This he did, and took his degree of bachelor of arts, in July, 1825.

During the latter part of his term at the Hudson academy, he was entered as a student at law, in the office of that sound jurist, John W. Edmonds, then residing at Hudson, and since circuit judge of the first circuit, and justice of the supreme court.

At the age of twenty, in the spring of 1827, having resigned his charge, Mr. Parker retired to Delhi, Delaware county, for the purpose of pursuing his legal studies, in the office of his uncle, Colonel Amasa Parker, a practicing lawyer of eminence at that place. He continued there until his admission to

the bar, at the October term, in 1829. He then formed a law partnership with his uncle, which lasted over fifteen years, during which period they were engaged in a most extensive practice.

Immediately on his admission, he entered the higher courts, as an advocate; and, taking upon himself that branch of the business, he was for many years much abroad, at the neighboring circuits, and at the terms of the common law and equity courts.

Delaware county having for forty years been strongly democratic in its politics, Mr. Parker was early in life engaged in the great political struggles of the day. In the fall of 1833, at the age of twenty-six, he was elected to the state legislature, where he served on the committee of ways and means, and in other important positions, during the winter of 1834. In 1835, he was elected by the legislature a regent of the New York state university—a rare honor for so young a man—this distinction never having been before conferred upon one of his age.

At the age of twenty-nine, he was elected a member of the twenty-fifth congress, to represent the congressional district composed of the counties of Delaware and Broome. It is here worthy of remark, that at both elections he ran without opposition, the opposite party deeming it useless to bring a whig candidate into the field against him.

While in congress, he served upon several important committees, and his speeches were upon the public lands, the Mississippi election question, the Cilley duel, and other great subjects of the day, all of which may be found in the Congressional Globe. His speech on the knotty points involved in the Mississippi election case, was pronounced, by men of both parties, to be one of the best logical speeches they had heard for many years.

In the fall of 1839, he was a candidate for the office of state senator, in the third senatorial dis-

trict. The canvass was a very excited one, owing to the fact that a United States senator was to be elected by the next legislature, in the place of Mr. Tallmadge. Very great exertions were made, and about fifty thousand votes were polled. The result was, the election of the whig candidate, the late General Root, by a very small majority.

This defeat of Mr. Parker was, without doubt, a fortunate event for his professional reputation, as it enabled him to prosecute the practice of his profession with renewed energy and success, until he was appointed to the bench, on the 6th of March, 1844.

On accepting, with hesitation, the appointment of circuit judge, he repaired immediately to the city of Albany, where he continued to reside during his term of office. The duties of the office were very laborious, and required the most constant application. As circuit judge in the common law courts, and as vice-chancellor in the court of equity, the whole of his time was occupied, and heavy responsibilities devolved upon him.

In addition to the ordinary business of his district, the anti-rent difficulties added much to his labors. He commenced his civil calendars with questions of title, and at the oyer and terminer, the most painful duties were imposed upon him, in punishing violations of the public peace. His labors at the Delaware circuit, in 1845, will not soon be forgotten. He found in jail about a hundred and ten persons, under indictment. At the end of three weeks, the jail was cleared, every case having been disposed of, by conviction or otherwise. Two were sentenced to death, for the murder of Sheriff Steele, and about fifteen to confinement, for various periods, in the state prison: for the lighter offences, fines were in several cases imposed. The course pursued by Judge Parker, met with general approbation. After the adjournment of the court, the military force was discharged, peace was restored, and in no

instance has resistance to process since occurred in that county.

No criminal trials in the state were ever surrounded with such difficulties, or more imperiously required the exercise of firmness, caution, energy, and promptness. The following summer the degree of LL. D. was conferred upon Judge Parker, by Geneva college.

On the 27th of August, 1834, Judge Parker was united in marriage with Miss Harriet L. Roberts, of Portsmouth, New Hampshire.

The judge received from his father no patrimony, except his classical education. The means of acquiring his professional education, he obtained by his own industry, as a teacher. He has always applied himself with great industry to his profession, and has ever relied on his own energy for success. By these exertions he has been able to surmount every obstacle, and to attain his present elevated position. His term of office as circuit judge, terminated with the constitution, and at the first periodical election held under the new constitution, the little boy who commenced learning Latin at nine years of age, was elected justice of the supreme court of the state of New York.

His election was considered as a most triumphant vindication of the policy of committing the choice of judicial officers to the people. He was elected in the third judicial district, although in the seven counties which compose it, an adverse influence had been at work. It was thought that great prejudice existed against him, on account of the duties his office compelled him to perform at the Delaware trials—yet his majority over the opposing candidate was nearly six thousand, embracing many of all parties, who came forward to cast their influence in favor of a candidate who had kindly, but firmly, enforced the execution of the law.

As a magistrate, Judge Parker has always evinced

great firmness and independence. During the five years he has served upon the bench as circuit judge and justice of the supreme court, it has fallen to his lot, more than to that of any other judge in the state, to preside at the trial of causes in regard to which there was a very excited state of public feeling.*

* It will probably be expected, that in connexion with this sketch, some reference should be made to the recent exciting trials, growing out of the failure of the Canal Bank, and during which Judge Parker presided on the bench. The author of this work, has been in Albany from the time of the decision, and as an indifferent spectator, has watched carefully the expressions and changes of public sentiment in relation thereto. Scarcely two months have yet elapsed, and the sentiment is changed, and few who are competent to judge, can now be found who do not honestly admit the correctness of the decision.

The failure of the bank and the trial of Theodore Olcott, its former cashier, for perjury, the nature of the defence, together with the progressing investigation before a committee of the senate, created the most intense excitement, which daily increased. In charging the jury, it became necessary for the judge to decide a question of law, growing out of the peculiar character of the defence, of importance in the case, though not necessarily controlling the result. It was a question never before presented on a criminal trial, and the correct decision of which, required discrimination and the careful application of general principles. It was also a question requiring careful consideration, and which fortunately there was ample time to bestow on it, before the decision was made. In deciding the question in favor of the defendant, Judge Parker must have known full well, that he was hazarding the loss of a popularity rarely enjoyed by a judicial officer: that a just judgment upon the question decided, or upon the motives which dictated that decision, could hardly be expected in a community so excited by losses, and so determined upon the punishment of the accused. It has been with truth observed, that when the passions of a people are aroused, and they seek redress for a real or supposed injury, they will not always await the slow progress of the administration of justice. Prompted by good nature and generous impulses, or hurried on by passion or prejudice, they often commit a greater wrong than the crime they seek to punish; and the excesses that have been committed in some of the states of the union under the well known appellation of Lynch law, has already stained indelibly the pages of our history.

There is no position that calls for a higher degree of moral courage, than that of the bench, especially under the system of an elective judiciary: and in a case where the judge feels it to be his duty to decide an important question of law in favor of the accused, surrounded by an incensed community, and when the defendant has enjoyed a respectable standing in society.

Such was the situation of Judge Parker, on the occasion referred to. The path of duty, however, lay plain before him, and he had the moral courage to pursue it. The attack speedily followed. In a city where he has resided for years, universally esteemed for the purity of his life, the amiability of his character, and his ability as a judge, he was sud-

denly assailed and denounced; and a portion of the local press either followed or led the assault. But the recoil is already apparent. It needed but time to reflect, and candor to acknowledge the error of a hasty opinion. Even during the heat of excitement, those beyond its influence were ready to do justice. Letters were addressed to Judge Parker, from the chairman of the Judiciary Committees of both the branches of the state legislature, then in sessions, expressing a concurrence in his opinion of the law, and approving the firmness of his course. The following letter from the Hon. Samuel J. Wilkin, the distinguished chairman of the judiciary committee of the senate, is so happily and justly expressive, that we extract it from the newspapers of the day.

SENATE CHAMBER, Albany, March 8, 1849.

HON. A. J. PARKER:

Dear Sir—I noticed a few days since in one of the papers of this city, some articles impugning your decisions in the recent exciting case of the *People v. Olcott*; and feeling, in common with every citizen, a deep interest in the faithful and upright administration of the law, I was induced to turn my attention to the proceedings of the trial referred to, and to your decisions on the points of law arising on its progress. The result of my examination has been an unqualified approval of your decisions. Any other determination would, in my humble opinion, have been a departure from well settled legal principles.

I rejoice, as a citizen, the more in the decisions you have made, since they manifest, that under the present mode of choosing judicial officers, the fears entertained by many, that established legal principles might yield to popular excitement, are not likely to be realized; and allow me to express the belief, that when the present excitement justly produced by most flagrant acts of delinquency, shall have subsided, your decisions will stand fully vindicated by those who now condemn them. But whether thus vindicated or not, your stern adherence to law (so necessary to the security of personal rights,) surrounded by popular excitement, will furnish additional cause for respect, to those who are best acquainted with your personal and judicial character.

Presuming that the opinion of a member of the profession, although humble, might not, under existing circumstances, be unacceptable to you, I have taken the liberty to state it.

I am, sir, with great respect,

Your humble servant,

SAML. J. WILKIN.

A select committee of the Assembly, before whom the subject was brought, state in their report in regard to the charge to the jury on the trial of *Olcott*, that "they have examined the charge of Mr. Justice Parker, and they are well satisfied that when the present local excitement shall have passed away, and even now, beyond the reach of its influence, public opinion will award him the full credit of having declared the law of the case honestly and fearlessly, regardless of personal consequences."

These letters and the report are from gentlemen entertaining political opinions differing from those of Judge Parker. Honest men of all parties prize the firm and faithful administration of justice as above all mere partizan advantages and attacks, based upon hastily formed opinions; upon our judiciary, are sincerely to be deprecated. We can not



Amos Libbey

better close this sketch than by quoting the following extract of a letter written by Andrew Stewart, Esq., to Lord Mansfield:

"When the freedom of inquiry now contended for happens to be improperly used, it will be found that the mischief carries along with it its own remedy. The most valuable part of mankind are soon disgusted with unmerited or indecent attacks made either upon judges or individuals; the person capable of such conduct, loses his aim; the unjust or illiberal invective returns upon himself; and the judge whose conduct has been misrepresented, instead of suffering in the public opinion, will acquire additional credit from the palpable injustice of the attack made upon him."

NOTE.—The author would gladly have avoided any allusion to so delicate a subject, but his duty as a biographer dictated a different course. He has therefore given his own views, which he believes embrace an impartial statement of the facts, and for which, of course, he alone is responsible.



AMOS PILSBURY,

SO celebrated throughout the whole country, as a prison-keeper and successful manager of convicts, was born at Londonderry, New Hampshire, on the 8th of February, 1805. His father, Moses C. Pilsbury, was a native of Newbury, Massachusetts. His mother was the grand-daughter of the Rev. John Cleaveland, who, for more than half a century, was pastor of a church in the town of Essex, Massachusetts. His paternal grandfather fought at Lexington and Bunker Hill, and continued in the service of his country until the close of the war.

Moses C. Pilsbury, the father of our subject, was emphatically a self-made man, and his life affords a striking instance of the power of perseverance. Taken from school in his tenth year, he worked with his father, who was a blacksmith, and on the farm, until he was twenty-one. On that day he left home with but one copper in his pocket, but with a heart full

of hope and a strong determination to conquer every obstacle. Traveling between thirty and forty miles on foot, he arrived at Newburyport, where he engaged to work for a month at haying. For this he received eight dollars, to which, by working nights, he added two dollars more. At the end of the month, therefore, he was in possession of ten silver dollars; and this was the capital of the man, who subsequently acquired a good education and a handsome property; who faithfully served his country as an officer in the last war with England, and who, since that time until his death, was engaged in public business, discharging all his duties with accuracy and fidelity. He was the first warden of a prison who caused the prisoners to earn more than their own support; and, to his honor be it said, he was the first prison-keeper who introduced the practice of reading the Bible daily to the prisoners assembled. In the language of a celebrated writer on prison discipline, "Mr. Pilsbury was the founder and head of improvements in our prisons, at least in the New England states." He died at Derry, New Hampshire, in June, 1848, aged seventy years. He was much beloved, and his death was much lamented. Few men have attained a higher reputation for integrity and Christian philanthropy. With a heart overflowing with kindness to his fellow man, it was no wonder that his memory is cherished. What power is there in gentle words!

Amos Pilsbury attended school and worked on the farm until his thirteenth year, when his father, having been appointed warden of the New Hampshire state prison, removed with his family to Concord, in that state. The next season, Amos was sent to the academy in Concord; he was a diffident and dull scholar. At the close of the first term, the teacher complained that his pupil had not made such progress as was desirable. For this,

Amos received a reprimand from his father, who told him that, unless he could make up his mind to apply himself more closely, he should be under the necessity of putting him to a trade. To this, Amos replied, that he would rather learn a trade than be kept at school. The very next day, being fourteen years of age, he found himself apprenticed to the tanning and currying business, in a neighboring town. He served a regular apprenticeship of four years, remaining with his employer until the failure of the concern. He then went to Littleton, Mass., where he worked for six months in the large establishment of Benjamin Dix, Esquire. His object was to become perfect in his trade, being determined to become a finished workman before offering himself as a journeyman.

From Littleton he proceeded to Boston, seeking employment in all the large establishments in that vicinity; but owing to the market being overstocked, business had become dull, and the result was, that our young mechanic was offered but a trifle more than common laborers' wages. His mind was at once made up; and with his characteristic energy, he resolved that he would never work a day at a business, the knowledge of which had cost him so much time and labor to acquire, unless he could command a better remuneration. He returned home, and went to school. Soon afterwards, in April, 1824, he accepted the offer of his father to become a watchman or guard of the prison, of which the latter was warden, and here commenced his career in the management and government of prisons, for which he is so justly celebrated, and which has continued to be the business of his life.

At this time he was but nineteen years of age. Having performed the duty of guard for about a year, he was, with the approbation of the governor and council, who were inspectors of the prison, appointed deputy warden.

On the resignation of his father in June, 1826, Mr. Pilsbury, at the request of the governor and council, remained with his successor until the December following.*

In November, 1826, Mr. Pilsbury was married to Miss Emily Heath, daughter of Mr. Laban Heath. They have had five children, two only of whom are now living. Mr. Pilsbury continued to reside in Concord and its vicinity until the summer of the next year, at which time his father and himself were solicited to take charge of the new state prison then erecting at Wethersfield, on the Connecticut river, about three miles from Hartford. In July, 1827, he commenced as deputy under his father as principal warden of that institution. The younger Mr. Pilsbury removed the prisoners from the old, or Newgate prison, to the new establishment, which was completed in the fall of that year. The following notice of the application to the elder Mr. Pilsbury, to take charge of the Connecticut state prison, is from the report of the Prison discipline society for 1827.

"If the directors shall be so happy in the appointment of a warden as to secure the services of Moses Pilsbury, Esq., formerly warden of the prison in New Hampshire, to whom they have applied, and who has the subject now under consideration, we confidently anticipate the best results from this experiment on the penitentiary system in Connecticut."

From the report of 1828, we take the following extract:

"Moses C. Pilsbury, the warden of the new prison at Wethersfield, in addition to the provision which he makes on the sabbath for public worship, regularly reads the scriptures to the assembled convicts every morning and evening, and in their behalf offers prayers to the Father of Mercies. He is, besides, faithful in counsel, affectionate in sickness, and

* The estimate placed upon his services at that time, as deputy warden, may be seen by the following extract from a communication of the Hon. David L. Morrill, who was then governor of the state, he says: "The experience and ability of Amos Pilsbury, acquired under the instruction of his father, were such as to enable him not only to assist but to inform a newly appointed warden; and that during the time that he was deputy warden he became intimately acquainted with his conduct and ability to perform the duties of deputy warden, and was well satisfied that he was a faithful and efficient officer, and highly useful to the institution."

lovely in his Christian sympathies towards those committed to his care, without losing any thing in his prompt and successful attention to business and discipline. He mingles authority and affection in his government and instructions, so that the principles of obedience and affection flow almost spontaneously towards him from the hearts of the convicts."

Moses C. Pilsbury continued warden of this prison until April, 1830, when his son was appointed to fill his place. The directors in their report to the legislature of May, 1830, speaking of his resignation, say:

"It ought to be stated that when Mr. Pilsbury was first appointed, he gave us distinctly to understand that he should hold the office but for two years, which term he has more than accomplished."

"He left the charge of the prison on the 21st day of April, 1836, and his son Mr. Amos Pilsbury, who had been deputy warden from the commencement, was appointed to be warden. In selecting him, we were influenced principally by the consideration that he was familiar with the discipline and routine of business, although he had not been acquainted with the financial concerns or the accounts. We should, for many reasons have been better satisfied with a person of maturer age. We hope, however, he may be found to possess qualifications which will outweigh the objections arising from his youth."

It was perhaps not strange that the directors had doubts of his ability to maintain the institution in its then flourishing condition. But Mr. Pilsbury, although distrusting his own capacity for the situation that had been so well filled by his father, took the place of warden with a determination that if energy, hard labor, and constant personal attention to the duties of his office could prevent it, neither the interest nor the reputation of the institution should suffer on account of his *youth*.

The condition of the prison and the results of the two first years of his administration of its affairs, convinced a majority of the directors and the public generally, that Mr. Pilsbury's *age* did not disqualify him for the responsible place to which he had been called. Gov. Peters in his message to the legislature, May 1832, says:

"The friends of the penitentiary system, have great reason to rejoice at the flattering results of the Connecticut state prison during the past year. After paying every expense incurred for the support and management of the establishment, there remains a balance in favor of the institution of eight thousand seven hundred and thirteen dollars fifty-three cents; of

which sum six thousand five hundred dollars have been paid into the state treasury."

"Should the concerns of the prison continue to be managed in the present faithful, prudent and skilful manner, it is a fair presumption that hereafter there will be an annual net gain to the state from the institution of ten thousand dollars."

"The importance of maintaining the penitentiary system is too great, in a moral and humane, as well as in a pecuniary point of view, to escape the attention of the legislature; and it cannot be necessary to urge perseverance in pursuing an improvement, in the penal police of our state, which was so happily commenced and which has been followed with such signal success."

A personal difficulty, which had occurred soon after his appointment, with one of the directors, and which had been very annoying and unpleasant to Mr. Pilsbury, resulted in his removal from office in September, 1832.

A thorough investigation was, at his own request, immediately instituted into the affairs of the prison and its management, by a committee appointed by the legislature of the state, the chairman of which was the Hon. John Q. Wilson, now, and for many years a resident of Albany. The committee made a report to the legislature at their next session; and so well satisfied were the people and the legislature of the injustice done to Mr. Pilsbury, that he was not only reappointed, but a resolution was passed directing the treasurer of the state to pay to him the expenses he had incurred in defending himself against the charges of his opponents, and four hundred dollars in addition thereto, for his own time.

Mr. Pilsbury was reappointed in June, 1833, having been absent just nine months. The condition of the prison during his absence, and at the time of his return, may be gathered from the following extracts from the report of the directors, May, 1834.

"It was at once apparent that the high state of discipline, which had previously prevailed there, was very much impaired; the prisoners were noisy, bold, and disobedient. The want of firmness and energy in the administration of the rules of the institution, had produced among the prisoners a state of insubordination approaching to anarchy."

"The prisoners continued openly and boldly to declare, in the face of the directors, their determination not to submit to any control unless they were heard in the selection of a warden. This disorderly and mutinous conduct of the prisoners was the result of a conspiracy, which the

directors have reason to believe was known to and countenanced by some of the officers of the prison.”*

“The convicts appeared to be in the habit of fully communicating with each other; of passing and repassing from the different shops, and of arranging plans of united operations. The under keepers were permitted to trade with the convicts, to deliver them money; and for what is termed over work, the contractors were allowed to provide them with articles of food, fruits and other delicacies, in direct violation of the rules of the prison. A great number of newspapers in which the affairs of the prison were discussed, were found in the cells and workshops. Such indulgencies necessarily resulted in the utter subversion of order, and a total disregard of all law and authority.”

“The directors had no hesitation in reappointing Mr. Pilsbury, who had been removed from the office of warden, which he had previously held for a number of years, and under whose government the discipline of the prison had acquired a very high and deserved degree of celebrity. Some very serious charges had been preferred against him by a member of a preceding board of directors, and the investigation instituted thereon by the legislature, resulted in a complete refutation of the charges, and in furnishing additional and honorable evidence of his fitness and capacity for the office. He has had charge of the prison since the 6th of June last, under the careful supervision of the directors, and they are now gratified to be able to say that the present condition of the prison, its strict and admirable discipline, and the pecuniary results of his administration, prove abundantly that their confidence was not misplaced.”

“The task of recovering such an establishment from a downward course, and of bringing it into profitable operation, was attended with great difficulties and discouragements.”

“At the present time the pecuniary affairs of the prison are in a very prosperous condition.”

During Mr. Pilsbury’s absence from the prison, one of the keepers had been murdered by two of the prisoners, for which they were afterwards tried and executed. In the short space of *nine months*, one of the most flourishing institutions in the country, had been nearly ruined by mismanagement, resulting from the change that had taken place in its government.

From this time to January, 1845, nearly twelve years, Mr. Pilsbury remained as warden, to the great satisfaction of a large majority of the people of

* An English paper in allusion to this want of discipline in prisons, has the following sarcastic hit at the *mis-managers*:

The scene is within a prison. One of the gentlemen convicts smoking a cigar in a warm bath while the warden brings his chocolate—another is having his hair cut *a la mode*, and the following conversation goes on between a turnkey and a convict in a dressing gown and slippers, smoking a meerscham, and drinking now and then from a mug placed upon a fashionable *teppoy* at his side:

“The governor wishes to know, sir, what exercise you will take to-day—whether you will pick a little oakum, or take a turn on the mill for a short time?”

“Oh! give my compliments to the governor, and say, I shan’t come out to-day, I don’t feel very well.”

Connecticut, uninterrupted by the political changes that frequently took place, notwithstanding that he was during the whole of that time surrounded by men who had, for sinister purposes, manifested great hostility towards him. An interesting volume might be made out of the incidents that occurred during this period of his life, but we will content ourselves with a *few* of the many extracts from the reports and publications of the time, shewing the estimate placed upon his services as a public officer.

Mr. Pilsbury having made the Wethersfield prison superior to any similar establishment in the country, next turned his attention to the improvement of the county jails. He encouraged the building of new prisons in each of the counties of the state, and through his recommendations, the legislature authorized him to pay from the *surplus earnings* of the state prison, one thousand dollars to such counties in the state as should build a jail on the plan of the new prison at Hartford; and he soon had the satisfaction of knowing that Connecticut possessed, not only the MODEL STATE PRISON, but the best county jails in the country.

The following extract, referring to county prisons, is from the fourteenth annual report of the Prison discipline society, published at Boston, in 1839.

"In this good work of a thorough reformation in her county jail, Hartford county has taken the lead. Her old prison, where so many unfortunate beings have received the finishing touch in their education in vice, is converted by its present owners into the busy workshop. A commodious prison has been erected in its stead upon the general plan of the state prison at Wethersfield, with such alterations and improvements as the experience and skill of the very intelligent and able superintendent of that institution could suggest." "However well constructed a prison may be, and however admirable the system introduced therein, complete success can scarcely be expected, unless a keeper be employed who has imbibed his knowledge at the fountain head, who has received a practical education under our accomplished instructor, (Amos Pilsbury) at Wethersfield."

The 15th annual report in 1840, observes:

"From the cash on hand, the warden (Amos Pilsbury) proposed to the last general assembly to pay \$1000 to each county in the state which

would build a county prison on the plan of that in Hartford. A committee of the legislature reported in favor of the measure, and accompanied the report with a resolution, (which passed,) to carry the measure into effect."

"It is probably the most important measure which has ever been adopted in this country for the improvement of the county prisons. Amos Pilsbury and his father, when they shall see in future time the bearings of this measure in promoting the improvement of county prisons, not only in Connecticut but throughout the land, will never lament the pains they have taken, and the economy they have used, to obtain favorable pecuniary results in the Connecticut state prison."

We afterwards find Mr. Pilsbury engaged in improving the condition of the insane poor, especially that of the *insane prisoners* under his care. In a communication to the directors in 1841, he suggested that the surplus earnings of the state prison should be employed in erecting and supporting an establishment for *criminal* and *pauper* lunatics. This was sent to the legislature and referred to a *joint committee*; from the able report of which is the following extract:

"If the state should adopt the humane suggestion of our respected warden of the state prison, which has been referred to your committee, and which does honor to his head and his heart, the additional sum which would be required to sustain the institution hereafter, would be comparatively small indeed."

A writer in the Philadelphia Courier, in 1840, says:

"We have frequently felt as if we were doing a great good to the public by citing the condition of the Connecticut state prison, as an institution which has shown the world two important results. 1st. That corporeal punishment is not necessary. 2d. That a state penitentiary, with proper management may not only be supported without expense to the commonwealth, but may be rendered a source of profit. Capt. Pilsbury, the estimable and able superintendent, has the true system of management. It is the mild system, viz., that which appeals to the better instead of the worst feelings of human nature. He seldom punishes, but when he does he takes especial pains to show the criminal that he regards him as an unfortunate human being, not as a brute. Here is the mistake made in other prisons. We speak advisedly. We have visited and studied as many penitentiaries as any man of our age. Ever have we considered prison discipline as an important study for human society."

Capt. Pilsbury, on one occasion, was told that a prisoner who had been recently committed had sworn to kill him, and that he had actually sharpened his razor for that purpose. Without hesitancy, he sent for the man to come to his office. "I wish you to shave me," said the warden; and seating himself added "here is all the apparatus." The man plead a want of skill. "Never mind," said the warden, "you are not intractable, you will soon learn, and I intend you to perform my toilet daily."

The man, with trembling hands, went to work; he performed the shaving poorly, for he was wholly disarmed, and was trembling more from fear, blended with growing confidence for the warden, than from a continuance of his fell purpose to take his life. When asked the next day by the warden why he did not cut his throat when he was shaving him—as he said he would do—exclaimed, “may God forgive me, but I did intend to kill you if I could have found an opportunity; but now my hatred is broken down.”

The following in relation to the same incident, is from Miss Martineau’s *Retrospect of Western Travel*, published in London, 1838:

“Capt. Pilsbury is the gentlemen who, on being told that a desperate prisoner had sworn to murder him, speedily sent for him to shave him, allowing no one to be present. He eyed the man, pointed to the razor and desired him to shave him. The prisoner’s hand trembled, but he went through it very well. When he had done the captain said, “I have been told you meant to murder me, but I thought I might trust you.” “God bless you, sir! you may,” replied the regenerated man. Such is the power of faith in man!”

Neither of these versions are wholly correct, the circumstances as narrated to the writer by a person who was then connected with the prison, were these. A desperate fellow of the name of Scott *alias* Teller, was sent to Wethersfield, for fifteen years; he had previously been confined in Sing Sing and other prisons. He was determined not to work or submit to any rules. Of course Captain Pilsbury treated him accordingly. He very soon cut one of his hands nearly off, on purpose to avoid labor; but his wound was immediately attended to, and in less than one hour afterwards, he found himself turning a large crank with *one* hand; it was then that he declared he would murder the warden on the very first opportunity. Soon after this, the regular barber of the prison being sick, and Scott who had, it was said, when young worked at that trade, was directed by the deputy warden to take the place of the barber, and shave the prisoners throughout the establishment. Mr. Pilsbury on going into the shop soon afterwards, was told by one of the assistants, that the prisoners did not like to be shaved by this man, he had behaved very bad since he had been an

inmate, and they were afraid of him. Mr. Pilsbury immediately took the chair and directed Scott to shave him as related above.

From that moment he became one of the best behaved convicts in the prison, and remained so until Mr. Pilsbury left it, in November, 1832. Soon after the appointment of a new warden, Scott tried to escape, and murdered one of the keepers. For this crime he was hung, at Hartford, in 1833.

In 1837, the directors of the Connecticut state prison, say,

“That nothing has occurred during the year to diminish the confidence hitherto expressed, in the good discipline and proper management of the institution, nor to detract from its former high reputation. By referring to the warden’s report, the income of the prison for each year, since it has been in operation, may be ascertained together with the disposition, which has from time to time, been made of the income. From this full and interesting document we clearly see the importance of a systematic and uniform course of management, that it is easy, in a short time, so to impair the discipline of the prison, as not only to diminish its income, but to require years of good management for its restoration. The income of the prison annually increased from its first establishment at Wethersfield, until the year 1832, when unfortunately a change was made for a short time, of the officers of the institution, and consequently *of its discipline*. The annual income was then suddenly reduced from \$8,713.53 to \$1500. Since then the income has again yearly increased, until it now nearly equals that of any former period.”

In the report of the same officers to the legislature, in May, 1842, they remark,

“We should do injustice to the warden of the prison, if we should omit to bear testimony to his superior qualifications for the arduous and responsible office which he holds, and has so long held to the great satisfaction of a large majority of the people of the state, discharging all his official duties with great ability, with fidelity to the state, with humanity to the prisoners, and to the unqualified acceptance of the directors; to his unrivaled skill and singular fitness for the station which he holds, that the gratifying results in the management of the Connecticut state prison are mainly attributable.”

A writer, in his suggestions on prison management says,

“The elder Mr. Pilsbury, was the acknowledged founder of the improved system of prison discipline, at least so far as New England is concerned. Mr. Pilsbury the younger, was educated under his father’s eye, has carried into operation every principle and rule which his father found so eminently successful in restraining the turbulent scamps, which the law has swept together into a state prison; he has very much im-

proved on them, and is now, we hesitate not to say, the most perfect state prison warden to be found in the United States."

In speaking of the prison, he says,

"The Connecticut state prison, is, as conducted by Amos Pilsbury, the pride of the state, and fearlessly challenges comparison with any similar establishment in the world."

Extract from the report of the directors of the Connecticut state prison to the legislature, May, 1843:

"In conclusion the directors would be doing violence to their own feelings, did they fail to express their gratification at the admirable manner in which the warden has for a long series of years discharged his arduous duties with credit to himself and advantage to the state. As a thorough disciplinarian, he is believed to be unequalled in the country; and as an able, faithful, energetic public officer, they consider him deserving of the highest respect and commendation."

Governor Hill of New Hampshire, in an article published in 1841, observes:

"Mr. Pilsbury is a great favorite in his native state, owing to the admirable manner in which for twelve years past he has discharged the duties of his office (warden of the state prison at Wethersfield, Conn.) The younger Mr. Pilsbury has done in Connecticut what has been done in no other penitentiary of this country, made it year after year, and *every* year, a source of profit and gain to the state, and maintained a more humane and more effectual discipline in the labors and morals of the convicts, than has ever been presented in any other similar institution of this country."

"As the worthy son of Moses C. Pilsbury, Esq., the most indefatigable and successful warden of the New Hampshire state prison, ever at the head of that institution, Capt. Amos Pilsbury has managed the Connecticut penitentiary at Wethersfield with results such as, becoming a matter of history, have elicited the surprise and admiration of the whole country."

The late Hon. Roger M. Sherman, in a report which has been published, speaking of the Connecticut state prison, makes the following remarks:

"Instead of being a charge on the treasury, it is a source of revenue. In ten years the net earnings, above all expenses, have been sufficient to pay *every expense of its erection*, support, and management, and leave a surplus on hand of over \$10,000. The state, however, is greatly indebted to the Messrs. Pilsbury for their superior skill in conducting the institution. By one who was competent to judge, and had made extensive inquiry in this country and in Europe, they have been pronounced the best prison keepers in the world."

From a report made to the legislature of Connecticut, in May, 1844, by the directors of the state pri-

son, it appeared, that in the *seventeen* years it had been in operation, (during three of which it was under the government of his father,) the income or profits thereof, after defraying every expense for the support and management of the convicts, amounted in the aggregate to the enormous sum of *ninety-three thousand dollars*: and that, with the exception of the interval of nine months, in which Mr. Pilsbury had been removed, as before mentioned, (in which time a loss of nearly \$1,000 had occurred,) the profits had been nearly uniform in each year, while its discipline and other beneficial effects had continued steadily to advance. At this time it was universally admitted, that the Connecticut institution, in regard to its reformatory influences and general good management, was the *pattern prison* of the land, and it was held up far and wide as a model for imitation.

When its pecuniary results for the seventeen years of its existence were compared with those of the former mode, for the same period of time immediately preceding its final abolishment, the consequences were still more extraordinary. From 1810 to 1827, (seventeen years,) the money drawn from the state treasury for the expenses attending the support of the old Newgate prison, over and above its earnings, had been upwards of *one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars*; thus making the difference, or gain, to the state in the maintenance of its convicts during the establishment of the Wethersfield prison, under the management of Mr. Pilsbury, amount to more than *two hundred and eighteen thousand dollars*. And the directors further observe:

“This immense saving we conceive to be comparatively but a small item, when we consider the incalculable benefits resulting from the moral reformation of the convicts.”

From these large earnings of the Wethersfield prison, more than *forty-three thousand dollars* was paid into the state treasury; *fifteen thousand dollars*

was expended in new buildings and improvements to the prison itself, and the balance appropriated towards *the erection of county jails throughout the state*, and for other purposes.

The publication of this report caused a great sensation. It excited attention not only in Connecticut, but throughout the Union. That the labor of convicts in a prison should be sufficiently productive for its own support, although rarely attained, could be comprehended and satisfactorily understood; but that it should yield such an ample, direct and tangible revenue, besides, as to be sensibly felt in defraying the ordinary expenses of a large state government, was a new and astonishing feature in civil polity. It was so viewed and by common consent Mr. Pilsbury was looked upon as an extraordinary individual. In the language of a well-known citizen of Massachusetts, addressed to the writer of this sketch—

“No other man in this, or any other country, has ever shown *such* results for so long a course of time, so far as my knowledge and observation extends, as Amos Pilsbury.”

A newspaper article at the same time remarked :

“It is seldom a man finds his right place in the world, but it is quite certain that Mr. Pilsbury has found his, as the manager of a prison.”

His character was established—his talents acknowledged. The Wethersfield prison, and its warden, became objects of interest abroad, as well as at home. The most eminent men of the day courted the acquaintance of Mr. Pilsbury, and sought his correspondence, in which he soon became extensively engaged. A communication from the honorable John W. Edmonds, at that time one of the inspectors of the Sing-Sing prison, New York, possessed peculiar interest, was published at Hartford, in September, 1844, and was extensively copied. Its great length forbids its introduction here.

After having directed its concerns and been connected with its management nearly *eighteen years*, Mr. Pilsbury left the Wethersfield prison on the first day of January, 1845. For financial prosperity and every other excellence, it had not at that time its equal in America. His last report to the directors (being *for only nine months* of the fiscal year,) contains the following paragraph:

"I herewith hand you my report of the income and expenditures of the institution for the nine months ending December 31st, 1844. It will be seen by the several statements annexed, that the nett profit during this time is six thousand one hundred and seventy-three dollars and thirty-nine cents; that I have paid into the state treasury the sum of *ten thousand dollars in cash*; that the institution is entirely *free of debt*; and that I have passed over to my successor in office, in cash, property and accounts, \$22,636.54, for which I hold his receipt."

Mr. Pilsbury then moved to Albany, on the invitation of the commissioners appointed by the legislature of the state of New York to construct a penitentiary. He engaged with them in that enterprise, and when the buildings there were so far completed as to allow the confinement of prisoners therein, was, without solicitation on his part, unanimously appointed by the city and county authorities its superintendent for three years, with almost unlimited powers.

The commissioners, the city and county of Albany, and the state of New York at large, are much indebted to Mr. Pilsbury for the prosperous prosecution and consummation of a design, which, although in one sense local, was intended to produce, and *is* effecting, a revolution in the prison management of the whole state. It is the pioneer of a new system which will ultimately prevail throughout that great commonwealth.


In relation to this subject, a distinguished individual, whose life has been devoted to the study of prison discipline, not only in his own but in foreign lands, and who has personally inspected and seen all the prisons of any note in Europe as well as those of America, remarks:

“It will make a difference *of a million of dollars*, in my opinion, to the state of New York, whether Mr. Pilsbury’s services are secured as a prison keeper for that state or not. His high qualifications would be of great consequence in the first place to the county of Albany, and through the county of Albany as the great centre, to all the other counties of the state.”

Mr. Pilsbury is now at the head of the Albany institution, having recently been reappointed for a second term. With the citizens of that important capital he is extremely popular. The benevolence and philanthropy of his character are known and felt in every community of which he has been a member. The authorities of Albany with a wise discrimination appreciate his value, as has been evinced by two consecutive, unanimous and unsolicited appointments of three years each to the station he holds, and on the last occasion by a large and voluntary addition to his salary. These acts, among a people distinguished above others for the bestowment of office entirely on political grounds and for political considerations, are high evidences of his worth. Men of all parties have united in paying tribute to his talents, and nothing could be more deplored by them than the loss of his services. Mr. Pilsbury on his part has fully reciprocated this feeling of attachment and confidence by declining several advantageous offers from other quarters.

He is now in his forty-fifth year, in robust health, with a fair prospect, in this respect, of ability for future usefulness. His personal appearance and manners are highly prepossessing. None can approach him without soon being conscious of the presence of a superior man.

ELTON R. SMILIE.

 HE subject of this sketch was born August 17th, 1820, at South Reading, Massachusetts. He is descended on his father's side, from an ancient Scotch family. His maternal ancestors were English. Doctor David Smilie,* his grandfather, was born at Dunstable, New Hampshire, in 1759. After completing his medical education, Dr. David settled in Peterboro', New Hampshire, where he has been engaged in successful practice down to the present time, gaining more than usual celebrity in the treatment of chronic complaints. And although now fairly entered upon the last stage towards the final completion of his century of life, he remains hale and hearty in the full enjoyment of all his faculties, which he still holds capable of improvement under the patronage of a retentive memory.

John Smilie, the father of Dr. Elton, was born in 1791, and was the third child of his parents. He early exhibited a strong taste for mechanics, which he has since pursued in many of its departments with success. And notwithstanding the trials and disappointments attending the life of an invalid, he has been enabled to secure a competence with the esteem of his fellow townsmen. Dr. Elton R. Smilie, his son, received his early education in the public schools and junior departments of the Baptist seminary, then in successful operation in his native place, under the charge of Professor Stevens, and Messrs. Heath and Carter, and designed to prepare students for the ministry. He afterwards continued his preparatory studies alternately at Hancock, New Hampshire, and his native village. When pronounced competent by his instructors, to enter the

* The original way of spelling his name was Smellie.

sophomore class, he was induced to forego his collegiate course and commence at once the study of medicine, as that was the profession he intended to follow.

He accordingly entered his name with his grandfather, completing his professional studies under the tuition of Professor McClintock, now of the Philadelphia college of medicine, and received his degree in course at the Castleton medical college, when entering upon his twenty-second year. Immediately after his graduation he commenced the practice of medicine in Derry, New Hampshire, and continued his residence there three years, during which time he made many valuable improvements in surgical instruments, among which may be enumerated his needle for closing up cleft palates, seton and autopsical needles, obstetrical instruments, &c. These inventions have gained for him a high reputation for ingenuity, both at home and abroad, with the compliments of many distinguished members of the profession.

He also perfected a method for producing artificial petrification, which can be practically applied to remove one of the strong objections to city burials; and from its powerful qualities as an antiseptic, when free from mechanico-chemical combination, it is susceptible of being made useful in a variety of ways. From Derry he removed to Northampton, Massachusetts, hoping that a change of air and scenes might restore his health, which had become gradually undermined from fatigue and over anxiety attendant upon his duties. But from the unfavorable character of the season selected for the change, he soon became so reduced in health as to be obliged for a time to renounce practice altogether. After leaving Northampton he suffered from a long continued attack of typhus fever. On his recovery he again engaged in the practice of his profession in Boston, Massachusetts, where he still resides.

While a resident of Derry, Dr. E. R. Smilie, claims to have been the first discoverer of the anaesthetic property of ether, from its administration in combination with opium. But laboring under the impression that insensibility was produced through the agency of the drug, by being brought in direct contact with the circulating fluid from the elasticity of the vapor employed, he overlooked in a measure the true cause, and attributed the novel effect to the combination, which he immediately described to his medical friends.

In the spring of 1846, being engaged in conversation with J. Clough, M. D., upon the advantage that would be derived from painless surgical operations, he recommended the use of the above combination he had previously tried, to aid in the extraction of teeth. But from the then apparent hazard likely to be incurred by the experiment, it was not ventured upon until the succeeding fall, when Dr. S. published in the *Boston Medical and Surgical Journal*, for October, 1846, an account of its effect upon the animal system. And on the thirteenth of November, the month succeeding, sold his right and title to the discovery to W. T. G. Morton, who has since claimed to be the original discoverer.

The numerous friends of Dr. Smilie claim that the earliest application of ether combined with opium, was made by him in 1844, although no account of it was published at the time. A written statement, however, concerning it was subsequently given by Dr. Alvan Blaisdell, a well known dentist of Boston, and which fully substantiates the claim. At the same period, another statement, corroborative of the same facts in all their essential particulars, was made by Dr. John Clough, a dentist well known in Boston.

As heretofore remarked, the first printed announcement of the discovery of the application of ether in surgical operations was made in Boston by Dr. E. R. Smilie, and it attracted great attention in the medical world. It was communicated by him, and published in the *Boston Medical Journal* of October 28, 1846.

In November, 1846, the next month after the above announcement was made, Dr. Smilie, who had been advised to take out letters patent for this discovery, sold out his interest to W. T. G. Morton; with the stipulated agreement, however, that the right to use it in his own practice should be reserved to Dr. Smilie, as will be seen by the contract, of which the following is a copy.

"Whereas, E. R. SMILIE, of Boston, in the county of Suffolk, and state of Massachusetts, has alleged that he has heretofore applied an ethereal solution of opium, (by inhalation,) in surgical operations, and has made application for a patent therefor and has assigned his interest therein, and in the discovery, so far as it is susceptible of being secured by a patent; now, therefore, in consideration thereof, I, W. T. G. MORTON, do hereby license and empower the said E. R. Smilie to use the said ethereal solution of opium, (as set forth in his specification for a patent,) in the surgical operations of his practice.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my signature and seal, this thirteenth day of November, A. D., 1846.

(Signed,) W. T. G. MORTON. [Seal.]

Witness, CALEB EDDY."

On the 17th of May, 1848, Dr. Smilie delivered an address before the class of the Castleton medical college, "on the history of the original application of anaesthetic agents." This was done in accordance with the invitation of the professors of that excellent institution; and was afterwards published at their request and that of the class.



FORDYCE HITCHCOCK.

Child! in whose rejoicing heart
 The cradle scene is fresh—the lulling hymn
 Still clearly echoed; when the blight of age
 Withereth that bosom, where thy head doth lay—
Wilt thou forget? Wilt thou be weary!

WHAT a scene of moral beauty is beheld
 when a child is seen administering to the
 comforts of his aged parents. And with
 truth has it been said, “I defy you to show me
 a son that has discharged his duty to those who

cherished him in infancy, who ever permanently failed in the honest and laudable pursuits of life."

The subject of this sketch affords an admirable illustration of the truth of the above remark. Now a prosperous merchant of New York, his aged parents, an impotent brother, and a maiden sister, have long found in him, alike a staff to old age, and a support in affliction.

Mr. Hitchcock was born at Danbury, in the state of Connecticut; and being one of a large family of children, was early thrown upon his own resources, both for his support and education. Many were the hardships he underwent; but he persevered through them all, and in the darkest hours, he ever "looked towards the light."

In 1842, he removed to New York city, and in the following year, he became manager's assistant in the American Museum. In this capacity he served for eight months, after which, on the departure of Mr. Barnum, the proprietor, for Europe, he assumed the entire management of the concern.

His quick and ready judgment enabled him to see, at a glance, the result of everything connected with his business, together with all its various bearings; and seeing them, his untiring energy and indomitable perseverance carried through every measure he adopted, and brought in a golden harvest to the treasury of that establishment.

On his retirement from the Museum, he carried with him the best wishes as well as the most hearty sympathies of every person connected with it, as was attested by the presentation to him, by the wealthy proprietor and employees, of a service of splendid silver plate.

As a merchant, his habits of industry, and urbanity and benevolence can not fail of ensuring success.

SAMUEL GREGG.

"Oh, if people would take as much pains to do good as they take to do evil—if even the well-disposed were as zealous in the beneficence, as the wicked are energetic in doing wrong—what a pleasant little clod this earth of ours would be for us human crickets to go chirping about from morning till night!"

DOCTOR GREGG, a man who has lived more for others than for himself, was born at New Boston, New Hampshire, in 1799, of respectable parentage. His father, a man of more than ordinary endowments, and a great mechanical genius, was of Scotch-Irish ancestry.

His son, the subject of this sketch, was left motherless at a very early period, he being the youngest of six children. In his boyhood he gave indications of great powers, and in this respect the expectations of his friends have not been disappointed. The community in which he has lived, and among whom he has acted so well his part, and has become so extensively known as a highly respectable practitioner of both schools, will readily award him this meed of praise, for his energetic efforts in furtherance of the public weal. The point on which turned his literary and useful career, was an accident by which one of his lower limbs was severely fractured, and which disabled him for a more laborious occupation.


He received an academical education preparatory for college; but having arrived at that age when the energies of the mind should be put forth in the pursuit of some useful profession, he directed his attention to the study of medicine. He received his medical degree at Dartmouth college, New Hampshire, in the autumn of 1824. He then entered upon a career of allopathic practice at Medford, a few miles from Boston, Massachusetts, where for

about fifteen years he has enjoyed a very extensive practice.

In 1837, he formed an acquaintance with Doctor Vandenburg of the city of New York, then pre-eminently before the public as a setter forth of the new theory of homæopathy; and from the favorable impression which Doctor Gregg then received of the utility of the new school theory in the healing art, he has indefatigably devoted his time and abilities in the practice and propagation of the new school doctrines; and from the first adoption of his favorite system, maintains his opinions which no sophistry of the old school men can shake, although for nearly a year, he was the sole advocate of his adopted theory. He has thus practically sustained the correctness of the principle, amid the jeers, and ridicule of his professional cotemporaries, until he has now attained to an enviable distinction in the medical profession. His professional attention has ever been equally assiduous, or even greater to those unable to compensate him for his services, than to those who are affluent, on the philanthropic principle, that the *poor are less able to be sick*. In politics, he has always been a staunch, but retiring advocate for the Jeffersonian principle of freedom of thought, and equality in privilege, but, a contemner of all political demagogues of whatever name, or party. Doctor Gregg was married to Miss Ruth Wadsworth Richards, daughter of Mr. Luther Richards of New Boston, New Hampshire, and from this union, sprang ten children. From this number, six survive, one son, and five daughters. The mantle of the father has not fallen upon the son in the choice of a profession. Samuel Wadsworth Gregg, choosing for himself the pursuit of a mercantile course, as one more congenial to his taste, and affording a greater scope to the more than ordinary aptitude which he exhibits in the counting room. He is a young man having entered his 22d year, o

fine exterior, and possessing that urbanity of manners, which will give him currency in any rank of society. Doctor Gregg is not unmindful to the Giver of all good, that He has given him a happy family of children, rich in endowment of mind, and person, giving the cheering prospect, that as they go onward, fulfilling the great purpose of life, they will descend to the grave, leaving a stainless reputation worthy the memory of their progenitors.

WILLARD IVES,

F Watertown, Jefferson county, New York, is a man whose history, simple and unpretending, is identical with that of a large class of the most useful members of society. He is, in the best sense of the word, a farmer. Blessed with a competence which places him beyond the apprehension of want, the owner of extensive and valuable farming lands lying contiguous to the flourishing village of Watertown, he prosecutes the occupation of agriculture with his own hands, thus giving a practical repudiation to the anti-republican assumption, that labor is degrading, and at war with true dignity. That the sympathies of Mr. Ives are preëminently with the producing classes, is evidenced, not, as in too many instances, by mere empty professions, but by the high force of practical example.

The subject of this notice is of New England extraction. His grand-father, Mr. Jotham Ives, born in Cheshire, Connecticut, in 1743, removed, early in life to Torrington, Litchfield county, where he spent his days, almost exclusively, in agricultural pursuits. His third son, Titus, was born in December, 1778. In 1801, (at the early age of twenty-

three) Titus Ives removed to Watertown, New York, and selected the lands now occupied by the subject of this notice, which he made his permanent home. The fertile and wealthy region now known as the black river country, was, at that time an unknown wilderness; and to Mr. Ives belongs the credit of having been one of the pioneers by whose perseverance and energy; pleasant fields and thriving villages have been carved out of that unbroken wilderness.


Willard Ives, the subject of this notice, was born July 7, 1806, at the place of his present residence. He was limited in the means of education to the indifferent common schools afforded by a new country, and, in the humble district school-house, (with the exception of a short time spent at an academy in Lowville,) his education was commenced and completed. He was married December 27th, 1827. Devotedly attached to the faith and discipline of the Methodist denomination of Christians, he was selected, in 1846, by the Black River conference, to represent them in the World's convention, held that year in London. In the discharge of the duty so assigned him, he visited Europe, and spent much of the year 1846 abroad. After his return, he was chosen president of the Jefferson county agricultural society, a position for which his close attention to agricultural science has peculiarly qualified him, and the duties of which he has discharged with marked ability.

In 1848, his friends presented his name to the public as a candidate for congress. He was always, from his earliest political action, strongly attached to the principles of the democratic party; and like the great mass of that party, in this state, found himself unable to concur in the recommendations of the Baltimore convention. The county of Jefferson, forming the 19th congressional district, is of doubtful political complexion, having been, for the

last ten years, represented more than one half of the time by a whig member. In the campaign of 1848 the supporters of General Cass for the presidency drew off from the old democratic organization in the county about two thousand votes; and yet, with this great defection, such was the popularity of Mr. Ives, that he came within less than three hundred votes of defeating his whig competitor.

As Mr. Ives is still in the prime of life, being only forty-two years of age, a long career of usefulness and honor is undoubtedly before him.

CHARLES P. BRONSON.

 LADY, well acquainted with the circumstances, has furnished us with the following interesting sketch of this distinguished gentleman, whose name, as the originator of a new system of elocution, is familiar to the learned, not only in this country, but in Europe.

“It is not my design to detain the reader with a long account of the first buttons that were made, their substance, form or color. I will relate a simple story, which may wound the pride of some, who have nothing to recommend them but their ancestors and worldly wealth, and which may animate the hearts of others, who have nothing to depend on but their own efforts, and that beneficent Being, who always helps *those* who help *themselves*. The hero of this little tale first opened his eyes upon this delightful world, in a beautiful country town, in the land of steady habits, with a silvery lake laving the base of the hill on which it is situated. His father was a merchant, who conducted his business with great prudence and economy, being satisfied with *small* and *certain* profits. When Charles was about three years old, a destructive flood reduced his father to poverty; but being of that class of men, who are not easily discouraged by apparent misfortune, he purchased a small farm, and with the labor of his hands paid for it. When Charles was about fourteen years of age, the father thought to improve his onward fortune by exchanging his little farm for a much larger one, in that part of Ohio then called New Connecticut. In 1816, he moved with his family of three children to the West; which was at that time considered nearly out of the world—Charles travelled the whole distance, 700 miles, on foot, driving a flock of sheep and nine cows. The

section of land having been purchased without previous examination, was found to be some distance from any house or road.

Nothing daunted, however, the family soon raised and covered a log house, and the father and son commenced clearing the land for cultivation. The reader may judge of the lonely situation of the family, when informed that Charles often heard his mother say, "it is now several months since I have seen the face of a woman." After three years spent in chopping with his own hands, thirty or forty acres of very heavy timbered land, and assisting in clearing off seventy-five, interspersed with hunting, and other incidents of western life, young Charles began to feel an insatiate thirst for knowledge, which the wilderness could not afford; and in the middle of December, 1819, being only seventeen years of age, he bade farewell to all who were dear to him on earth, shouldered his knapsack, and started for New England, with only eight dollars to carry him eight hundred miles, and through college. He traveled through almost unbroken forests for three days. We will not, however, detain the reader with a description of his long and dreary journey over mountains, wading rivers, escapes from savage beasts, or savage men. In February, he found himself one hundred and fifty miles from his destination, (which was Green Mountain state,) with only sixty-three cents in his pocket.

He was now in the western part of Massachusetts. Knowing that this sum was insufficient to defray his expenses to his uncle's in Vermont, with whom he expected to prepare for college, he felt no small degree of solicitude. But he remembered "the widow's cruise of oil, and barrel of meal," mentioned in the good book. He also thought of the anecdote of the sailor boy when he became dizzy in reefing the sails, "look aloft." He betook himself earnestly to prayer. His spirit was tranquilized. Light seemed poured upon his path in floods, and he went on his way rejoicing, being fully persuaded that the Lord will help *them* that help *themselves*. He had not proceeded far in his day's journey, before he overtook a young man, who had been getting a pair of pantaloons cut, but by some means had forgotten to get buttons. Thought our young traveller, "now is the time to replenish my purse." He cast his eyes upon a coat of three years service, which was double breasted, and said to himself, "now if I can sell him these buttons for twenty-five cents, that sum, with what I have, will carry me through. He asked his companion, in true yankee style—"Well sir, what will you give me for the buttons on my coat?" On examining them, the young man replied, "a quarter of a dollar." "Agreed," said Charles, and with his jack knife he cut off the buttons, and handed them over.

"Toward night our young adventurer was overtaken by a peddler, who kindly invited him to ride in his sleigh. He accepted the invitation with grateful acknowledgement, as he was quite lame from having frozen his feet in crossing the Alleghany mountains. Having no buttons on his coat, he was obliged to hold it together with his hands. The pedlar, as a matter of course, inquired all about Charles and his business; whence he *came* and whither he was *going*; to all which questions satisfactory answers were given. Observing young Charles's position, he asked what had become of the buttons on his coat. This question was a poser to the lad. He liked not to talk of his poverty, and he plunged again into a recital of the incidents of western life. He told wolf stories, and deer and bear stories; and ended by telling of killing a bear with an axe, with his own hand; which actually occurred a short time before he left home. He, with some young companions, had wounded a bear, and followed it

the greater part of a day. Toward night, he gave his rifle to one of his associates, (all of whom refused to follow the bear,) and taking an axe, plunged into a thicket where they expected Bruin might be. He had not penetrated far into the marsh, when, jumping over a very large old tree, the bear rose to receive him, with one of those affectionate embraces, which are so unwelcome to the hunter. There seemed to be but a step between him and death. He voluntarily threw his old cap before the infuriated beast, who instantly caught it, and he buried the axe in the animal's skull!

"But this thrilling story did not save him; the agonizing question was again put by the peddler, and Charles felt obliged to tell his story. It melted the heart of his auditor. Tears trickled down his weather-beaten face, and for a few moments both were silent. They soon came to the place of separation. Charles jumped out of the sleigh and thanked the man for his kindness, and was about to proceed on his journey, when the peddler called to him to stop, and take something he held out to him, saying, "Take these, and get the woman where you stop, to sew some on your coat, and sell the rest." The present was a large gross of buttons. He arrived at the end of his journey with as much money as when he met the peddler; having paid his expenses in buttons.

"He had also buttons enough for himself, and several others, till he got through college. He was particular to inquire the name of his benefactor. It was Oliver Kellogg, of Lanesboro', Massachusetts, who, if alive, doubtless remembers the circumstance. This was the beginning of the young man's good fortune. He completed his college course and entered on a long career of usefulness. He is now probably as well known to the American public as any man of his age. Thousands have listened, entranced, at his lectures, to his eloquence, and thousands have blessed God that he was ever born—the writer of this being one of the happy number.

"It appears from accounts published afterwards, that Prof. Bronson met his early friend in the town of Lee, Massachusetts; and Mr. Kellogg's generosity having led him into bad company, he became a drunkard, but the Waslingtonians raised him to the dignity of a man again.*


Among other works, Professor Bronson has published a large octavo volume on Elocution or Mental and Vocal Philosophy; uniting the principles of reading and speaking, as designed for the development and cultivation of both body and mind, in accordance with the nature, uses and destiny of man, illustrated with several hundred engravings. This popular work has reached its thirtieth edition.

* In the summer of 1844, when Mr. Bronson was lecturing at Williams College, he had the pleasure of heading a subscription to procure some clothes for Mr. Kellogg's family, thus paying for the buttons four-fold.



H. Postwick M.D.

HOMER BOSTWICK,

OW a surgeon of distinction in New York city, was born on the 25th of October, 1806, in the town of Edinburg, Ohio. His first progenitors in the United States were John and Arthur Bostwick, brothers, who arrived here from England, and who settled in the town of Stratford, Connecticut. John removed from Stratford to New Milford, and was the second white inhabitant who, with his family, made that village a place of residence. He had seven sons. His third son, Ebenezer, was the father of five sons. The fourth son of Ebenezer, Edmund, had eleven sons, of whom the youngest, Heman, was the father of Homer, the subject of this sketch. Heman was among the first who went into the western country, and settled in the town of Edinburg. But he did not long sojourn in his new abode. Soon after the birth of Heman, his fourth son, he returned to Hinesburg, Vermont, where he still resides. He is by trade a house carpenter. He has been unfortunate in consequence of unavoidable calamities, such as the burning down of his house three times. His narrow circumstances prevented him from giving his son other than a common country-school education.

“ Dr. Homer Bostwick manifested at a very early age a decided predilection for anatomical pursuits. Whenever there happened to be a chicken killed, this juvenile disciple of Esculapius, if the feathered biped could be laid hands upon, would hide it away to dissect it with his pen-knife. When seven years old, he declared his intention to be a doctor. He remained with his father, working about the farm, until he was twelve. He then went to live with his uncle, Robert, a lawyer, in Vergennes. While there he attended school for two years. His father then wished him to enter a cloth manufactory, and acquire the trade. Homer went with much reluctance; but after the lapse of a year, could not be persuaded to remain longer. He then obtained a clerk's place in a country store, but soon went back to the farm. One day, while engaged in hoeing potatoes where the ground was very hard, he suddenly threw away his implement of labor, exclaiming, “ There, Mr. Hoe! I've done with you forever. I'll go and be a doctor.” The next night, to make

good his word, he set out for the town of Whitehall. The weather was very inclement. His father did all in his power to prevent him from carrying his boyish resolution into effect; but in vain. He accompanied his son several miles on the road, at times weeping, and trying to persuade him to return. The boy's answer to his remonstrances was, "I am sorry to grieve you, father; but I must go and seek my fortune. Pray, go home, and let me go my own way. I'll take care of myself. In a few years, if God spares my life, you shall hear that I have been successful; and I will then come home and see you, and you shall share with me all my earnings. So, bid me good-bye, and let us part." The old man at last bade his son farewell, and turned homeward. The youth, with a light, though sorrowful heart, traveled stoutly onward.

He was at that period about sixteen years old. Walking all night through the mire and mud, he reached Vergennes early on the next morning. His funds consisted of precisely fifteen cents; his ward-robe of one shirt, besides the garments that he wore. His breakfast he owed to a hospitable farmer. After this one meal he trudged onward till night, when, overpowered with fatigue, he asked for and obtained lodgings at a small plank house by the way-side, for which, with his supper, he was charged in the morning the sum of three shillings. On making known, however, that his whole worldly wealth consisted of fifteen cents, he was told by his hostess to give her that, and be off for a vagabond. He offered his single shirt in addition, but that was refused. When he arrived at Whitehall, he was very hungry and weary—destitute of money, friends or recommendation. Quite at a loss what to do, he ventured at last to inquire of the keeper of a grocery store, if he did not want a boy. After telling his name and adventures, he succeeded in interesting the grocer, who took him and treated him kindly. In this situation he remained long enough to procure for himself a suit of clothes and sufficient money to take him down to Troy. There he applied for employment to Mr. Pierce, who was the landlord of the best hotel in the place, and fortunately with success. After working here for several months at small wages, he was told by a companion that he could be much better paid if he would go on board one of the North river steamboats. Accordingly he hired as a hand on a boat commanded by Captain Cruttenden; but not liking his occupation, he left it, and went to Hudson. While there he made the acquaintance of a dentist by the name of Parsons."

"One day, while witnessing operations on teeth, he inquired of Mr. Parsons if he could not do the same; adding also, that he had long been desirous of studying medicine, and thought, as he had a great aptitude for mechanics, he might learn to be a good dentist, and thus enable himself to acquire the profession of a doctor. Mr. Parsons gave him some instruction and sold him some necessary instruments; and the next we hear of our adventurer is that he was established as a dentist in Courtland street, New York, where he continued in the practice of dentistry, with excellent success, until May, 1830, when he entered the office of Dr. Kearney Rogers, as a student of medicine, being obliged at the same time to obtain his livelihood by the operation of dental surgery. After remaining there for a year and a half, he left. Soon afterwards he entered the office of Dr. Brownlee, who furnished him with the requisite certificate of his having entered as a student of medicine, on the 23d December, 1832, and continued there until the 1st of March, 1837; and that he had also attended a full course of lectures at the New York college of physicians and surgeons.

"After receiving his diploma, he commenced the regular practice of medicine in the city of New York, on the 15th day of April, 1837, where, until the present time, his efforts have been attended with the most brilliant success. The little fortune he had accumulated as a dentist, was unluckily (or, perhaps, luckily, as the event has proved,) wasted in unprofitable speculations, into which the shrewdest of men are apt to be drawn; and thus he found himself, when on the threshold of his laboriously acquired profession, as utterly without pecuniary means, as when he left his father's house, and breasted the tough billows of life alone. He had, moreover, just become united to the daughter of Henry M. Western, Esq., an eminent lawyer at the New York bar. He was thus supplied with a double motive for effort and exertion. He was moreover, ambitious, determined, courageous. Not content with falling into the ordinary routine of the profession, and acquiring a competence by slow and tedious degrees, he resolved to strike out a new and independent path. Thus was he induced to commence in Chambers street, that useful and excellent dispensary, now situated at 504 Broadway, which has become so well and so favorably known as the New York Medical and Surgical Institute. There he dispensed advice and medicines to the poor gratis, and thither numerous wealthy patients soon resorted. After taking the advice of several friends of high character, he was at length induced, notwithstanding the implied prohibition of the faculty, for the laudable purpose of making the benefits of his dispensary widely known, to advertise its establishment and existence in the public papers. This he did, with the sanction and under the patronage of such men as the Rev. Dr. Gardiner Spring, the Rev. Edward Y. Higbee, the Rev. Dr. W. C. Brownlee, the Rev. Dr. George Potts, Dr. E. Spring, and Dr. David L. Rogers, consulting surgeons.*

Like several other physicians and surgeons of high celebrity, among whom we may mention the gifted Dr. Ricord of Paris, Dr. Bostwick has turned his attention, in a great measure, towards the treatment of that certain class of diseases which makes many patients victims of quacks and impostors. Impressed with the idea of the vast good to be effected, and the mighty relief thereby to be afforded to suffering and sinning humanity, Dr. Bostwick has profoundly studied the subject, and evolved new principles and facts of vital importance.

He has written and published two books, the one a popular treatise, and the other a scientific work, which have already elicited the warmest encomiums from laymen and medical critics. The one is a duodecimo volume, treating of seminal complaints, their causes and cure—and the other an elegant quarto, on the diseases of the genito-urinary organs, profusely illustrated with magnificently colored plates, and entitled to a prominent place in the library of every physician. Of the latter, Dr. J. V. C. Smith, the learned editor of the *Boston Medical and Surgical Journal*, speaks in terms of just and cordial commendation.

As a man, the character of Dr. Bostwick is excellent. He is honorable, honest, and high principled; kind and generous to the poor; a member of


*The acquirements, proficiency and great skill of Dr. Homer Bostwick, have long been acknowledged, both by numerous patients and the most distinguished members of the medical profession. In conclusive evidence of this may be mentioned the recommendation of several of the most celebrated, long established, learned and able physicians and surgeons in our city, whose names were voluntarily and freely appended to a card, urging the appointment of Dr. Bostwick as physician to the city prison.

the Christian church, and a friend of literature. He is rapidly acquiring a fortune by his profession, and well deserves even higher success than he has achieved.

Doctor Bostwick, unlike so many others, while advancing in his own career, has ever had an eye to the welfare of his fellow men; and in so doing he has secured his own happiness. What a worm at the root of all true happiness is selfishness! A selfish man, like the dog in the manger, is neither happy himself, nor does he suffer others to be. While by appropriating every thing to himself, he deprives all around him of the sources of enjoyment, and his feverish anxiety to possess fills his own heart with wretchedness. A noble soul finds pleasure in making others happy; and in enriching them he is made rich himself. Selfishness is the great bane to human happiness, and is the principal thing which the Christian religion is designed to destroy from the human heart. Man should live for man.

E. A. KITTREDGE.

The gush of cool bright waters,
Soft music to the ear,
The laugh of beauty's daughters
And childhood's mingle here;
And age comes looking brighter—
The old man and his wife
Walk up yon hillock lighter
With steps of earlier life.

R. KITTREDGE is a native of Salem, Massachusetts. He was born on the 31st of July, 1811. His father, Benjamin Kittredge, was one of eight sons, five of whom were physicians and surgeons, and all of them of considerable celebrity.

His paternal grandfather was Dr. Jacob Kittredge of North Brookfield, Massachusetts, a man as much celebrated in his day as any in the land.

His maternal grandfather was Jonathan Pellet of Woodstock, Connecticut, a somewhat distinguished agriculturist, who moved to Brookfield before the marriage of the doctor's mother. She was a remarkably handsome woman, and married at the age of seventeen. The father of Dr. Kittredge died from nervous fevers brought on by excessive labor in his profession, at the age of forty-four. His wife survived him only three years.

It had been the intention of the deceased to give his three sons a liberal education, but like many other talented men, being very careless in the collection of his accounts, except for immediate wants, he neglected to settle with his patients as he went along. Owing to this, thousands of dollars were lost to the family by the outlawry of the debts.

At the death of his father, the subject of this notice was only eleven years of age. Soon after that event he went to reside with a maternal uncle, Dr. Gurdon Pellet, at North Brookfield.

After remaining with his uncle three years, he returned to Salem, where he shipped on board the brig Susan, Captain Stephen Burchmore, master, bound for Madagascar. After a tedious passage of 108 days, he arrived at that port much exhausted. He was absent on this cruise about fourteen months, enduring all kinds of hardships. On his return to Salem, he discovered that he was just *fifty dollars* richer than when he started! He had the usual green hand wages, viz: six dollars a month and board—and such board!

Previous to his voyage he spent six months with a Mr. Stamford of Salem, trying to learn to be a cabinet maker. But “the more he tried, the more he couldn't learn.” In spite of all his labor, he could not make a table leg of the simplest kind.

He planed it and squared it, and squared it and planed it, until the leg no longer existed, for he planed it all away.

He next turned his attention to the tanning and currying business, but with no better success. In spite of all his master's shewing, he could not for the life of him, after the hair was off, distinguish the flesh side of a hide from the other. Thus failing in about every thing he undertook, but nothing daunted, he, at the age of nineteen commenced the study of medicine with his uncle, who still lives at Paris in Maine; wisely concluding that although he might not be able to make a table leg, he perhaps could in time learn to fix the broken leg of a patient. At the end of four years, he graduated with honor at Brunswick. He commenced practice at West Brookfield, four miles from his native place, where he immediately entered upon an extensive business. The year following, at the solicitation of friends in that section, he removed to Washington, Vermont. He subsequently removed to Dover, and finally to Lynn, Massachusetts, where he has resided for fourteen years. In Lynn he had a very extensive business until 1845. He then became dissatisfied with the drug practice, having had an opportunity to test the water cure treatment on a child of his own, in a case of the measles, and whose life was thus saved, after trying in vain all the remedies the pharmacopeia could boast. After this, he left for Europe, in order to examine into the hydropathic mode of treating diseases. In the spring of 1846, he returned to Lynn, since which time he has practiced exclusively on the water cure system, and with extraordinary success.

Dr. Kittredge at the age of twenty-one, married Miss Susan, daughter of Nicholas and Rebecca Smith. He has frequently said that it was owing chiefly to his wife that he became a hydropathist, for which, and her other remarkably good qualities,

he feels grateful. They have had six children, four of whom are yet living in robust health, owing to their daily ablutions in cold water, in the doctors' opinion, the greatest, and the only needed medicine in the world.

SALATHIEL ELLIS.



AN there be more genuine satisfaction than to be instrumental in introducing modest merit to the public? for although it has been well said, that in this world talent will always make its way, yet it sometimes takes so long, that talent grows weary of waiting, and gives up the world in despair.

Mr. Ellis is a native of Springfield, and when a child his father removed to St. Lawrence county, New York. Salathiel worked upon the farm until he was about fourteen years of age, during which time, however, his leisure hours were spent in ornamenting the sides of the house, or in carving figures with a jack knife upon the trees. He begged his father to permit him to be a painter, but the old gentleman thought this idea a visionary one. The youth was subsequently apprenticed to a Mr. Webster, a shoemaker. At the expiration of two years, a traveling miniature painter, examining the rough drawings of young Ellis, offered to take him with him and teach him to paint. To this, however, Webster would not agree, as his apprentice was earning him nearly two dollars per day. At the expiration of his term, not having any opportunities of learning at the shop, he returned to his father and entered the academy at Potsdam, where he


became acquainted with R. H. Gillet, Esq., solicitor of the United States treasury.

At the age of twenty-one he married, and soon afterwards entered into partnership with a chair-maker; his part of the business being to paint and ornament the chairs.

About this time Mr. Gillet being brigade inspector, gave Mr. Ellis the colors to paint for a company which had obtained them as a premium. They were much admired, which much elevated our artist. After spending some time at the business of carriage and house painting, he concluded to devote his whole energy to portrait painting. This was in 1834, at which time he had a wife and three children to support. The year following, he went to New York city and studied with Mr. Page, the artist, during the winter. In 1839, having two additional children, and but little improved in his profession, he removed to Ogdensburgh, New York, where he remained for a considerable period with various success; many times beset with difficulties, but always battling them with a persevering spirit.

At length, by the advice of his friends, he in 1842, made New York city his permanent residence, where, as a cameo cutter, &c., he is universally admired. He is justly celebrated for the finish of his work, and the faithfulness of his portraitures. His medalion portraits in plaster are pronounced by competent judges to be equal to the first examples of antique art. Among the finest are those of Alston and Gilbert Stewart, which were modeled for the American Art Union; of Page, the artist, Henry Clay and General Taylor. Among the busts modeled by Mr. Ellis, is a superb one and the only one of the late Silas Wright. We rejoice that he is at last beginning to be properly appreciated.

MOSES B. SMITH.

E was born at Pittstown, New York state, on the 4th of August, 1790, from which place, during his infancy, his parents removed to Burlington, Otsego county. They were among the first settlers of that rough and cold region, having little or nothing to begin with, and like many other pioneers of the wilderness, had to pay for their land by their own industry. They raised a family of nine children, and did all in their power to make them wise and happy.


Moses had the privilege of attending a common school during a few months in the year, the remainder of the time being devoted to the farm. He afterwards, during the winter months, taught school himself. At the age of twenty he commenced the study of medicine, and two years afterwards was married. He received his diploma in 1813, and commenced practice at Homer, Cortland county, New York. In the spring of 1815, he settled in Chautauque, where he contracted for a piece of land and built a house. Here in a thinly inhabited wilderness country, he had an extensive practice. In 1818 he removed to Burlington, his native place, where he followed his profession for about twenty years, and where he held several town offices.

Having from his youth, been of a religious turn of mind, he was much in the habit of studying the scriptures and of reading every religious book which came in his way. He perused most of the deistical works extant, but never lost his confidence in the Bible; and finally embraced the doctrine of the ultimate salvation of our entire race. He then commenced preaching, and becoming entirely absorbed in the doctrines of the ministry, he sold all

his property and resigned his offices, resolving to devote his whole life to the promulgation of his views of the gospel; his only regret being that his early advantages of education did not fit him for a wider sphere of action. He was ordained at Burlington in 1837. Since that period, he has preached at numerous places, and is now engaged at Fairport, Ontario county.

Mr. Smith is now in his 59th year, and is blessed with fine health and a robust constitution.

EPHRAIM MARSTON.

PHRAIM Marston, was born at Falmouth, Maine, on the 30th of July, 1807. His paternal grandparent Ephraim, was a farmer of much worth and respectability; and perhaps the best idea which can be given of him, is to quote the language of one well acquainted with him, who describes him as "a man who was never known to have an enemy." His wife Anna was a woman of a very amiable disposition.

The father of the subject of this sketch was also a farmer, and much esteemed by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance. He married Betsy Wormwell, of Falmouth. By this marriage there were three children, one daughter and two sons.

Doctor Marston, the youngest, was at the age of seven years deprived of his mother. She died on the 6th of September, 1814, aged thirty-six years. His father subsequently married Phebe Waymouth, whose constant kindness fortunately supplied the place made desolate by the dear departed. His father died on the 27th of January, 1846, in his

seventy-ninth year. He was a sterling patriot, and his loss was much lamented among his large circle of friends. His memory will long be cherished.

Doctor Marston is in the full sense of the word, a self-made man, and one who has risen chiefly by his own unaided exertions. Having taught school to defray the expenses of his tuition, he obtained his medical degree at Bowdoin college in 1833. On the 26th of December of the same year, he married Miss Olivia M. Waymouth. Commencing practice in his native place, he remained there until the death of his wife. She died in 1838, in the thirty-first year of her age, leaving two children.

In the autumn of 1839, Doctor Marston removed to Boston, Massachusetts. Although a comparative stranger, he met with such encouragement as would be flattering to the oldest and most skillful physicians.

On the 15th of April, 1841, he married Miss Harriet A. W. Philbrick, a young lady of highly respectable connexions, and possessing a sound and cultivated mind.

Although Doctor Marston, like other benevolent men, has sustained heavy losses in accomodating others, he has nobly stemmed the tide of adversity; and in showing kindness to his fellow man, has himself prospered. He is a skillful physician of very extensive practice, and has, it is believed, few equals. In his character there are many amiable traits. His exertions in the cause of temperance and in restoring fallen man from want and misery to happiness and plenty, can not fail to ensure their reward. And what is more, his principles of piety are carried into practice; for with him true religion consists in visiting the widow and the fatherless, and pouring the balm of consolation into the hearts of the woful and the weary. May such men be multiplied in the land.

E. C. O'NEIL,



NATIVE of Ulster County, New York, was born on the 12th of September, 1822. His father, James O'Neil, emigrated to this country when very young, and was among the first settlers of Ulster. The maiden name of the mother of the doctor, was Temperance Conklin, a member of a very old and worthy family of that name in Dutchess county. She died when he was in six years of age. The occupation of his father was that of a farmer, in which he took great delight, and in which he continued until his death, in January, 1849, at the age of seventy-two. Being anxious that his sons should also become farmers, the subject of our sketch, with his three brothers, remained at home until he had completed his twentieth year. During this period he attended several winters at the Kingston academy, his duties in superintending the farm, occupying the residue of his time. Having a strong inclination for books, he now resolved to study a profession, and selected that of medicine. He studied in the office of O. M. Allaben, of Delaware county, where he soon became proud of the choice he had made. During the three and a half years he studied under Dr. Allaben, he attended three full courses of lectures at the University medical college, in New York city, where he took his degree of M. D. in the spring of 1845. He then entered a hall of pharmacy in the city, for the purpose of gaining a more thorough knowledge of that branch of the profession. He remained there nine months and made a great addition to his stock of knowledge. He shortly afterwards received the appointment of assistant in the Bellevue hospital,

one of the largest in the city. Before the expiration of his term, the ordinance of the common council, relative to the appointment of visiting surgeons and physicians, being changed, it was his good fortune to be placed in the surgical department, where he had the benefit of the valuable advice of Professor Willard Parker. At the expiration of the year, Dr. O'Neil accepted the post of assistant physician, at the lunatic asylum on Blackwell island. On this occasion he received a very flattering recommendation to the common council, from the medical board of the asylum. His ambition was now to gain a knowledge of the diseases of the nervous system, a class of disease so little understood by physicians in general. He was there associated with Dr. McDonald, who in the treatment of insanity, deservedly stands at the head of the profession. His private establishment for the insane, on Long Island, is very celebrated.


In the early part of the present year, Dr. O'Neil, with the brightest prospects before him, resigned his situation at the asylum; but shortly afterwards his health failing, he was strongly advised by his medical friends, to take a country practice. He has accordingly selected the beautiful village of Flushing, Long Island, where should he be spared, his success can not be a matter of doubt.

We conclude this article with the following extract from the New York Sun.

"A very interesting affair transpired on Blackwell island, a few evenings since. The assistant physician of the lunatic asylum, Dr. E. C. O'Neil, having resigned his situation, the officers of the different institutions on the island, held a meeting to express the respect they entertained for the talents of Dr. O'Neil, and their estimation of his character as a gentleman. Mr. T. J. Marshall acted as chairman. Mr. W. B. Mott, on behalf of the meeting, then presented a very beautiful and

valuable silver box to Dr. O'Neil, with a few brief and appropriate remarks. The doctor, in receiving the gift, responded in a very happy manner. The inscription on the box is, 'Presented by the officers of the Lunatic asylum, B. I., to Dr. E. C. O'Neil, as a token of respect and esteem, January, 1849.' Personal acquaintance with the doctor, satisfies us that the box could not have been given into better hands."

JOSEPH BAKER.

ONCORD, New Hampshire, is the native place of this gentleman. He was born on the 13th of June, 1806. He is a descendant of those who left the land of persecution.

When first the lonely Mayflower threw
Her canvas to the breeze,
To bear afar her pilgrim crew
Beyond the dark blue seas.

In early childhood his father removed to Shipton, Lower Canada, where he remained until his son was twenty-one years of age.

Joseph from his earliest days had a strong taste for books and study, which, however, in that country he found very difficult to gratify. But the establishment of a circulating library, of which his father was a member, aided him very much. Still, the means of education, and good teachers, were not to be obtained; and these disadvantages the youth had to overcome by an unwavering perseverance.

On arriving at manhood, he returned to the country of his birth, and then went to Massachusetts, where he remained two years. It was while there he embraced the doctrine of universal salvation.

Losing his health, and after an absence of three years, he returned to the paternal roof, where he found a cordial welcome, and when he succeeded in bringing over the family to his religious views.

Mr. Baker prepared himself for the ministry under the patronage and instruction of the Rev. J. Ward. To this holy office he had long felt an ardent wish, which being gratified, he commenced preaching in 1832, and received an ordination from the Northern association October 3, 1833. He then spent three years in preaching in Canada and the northern part of the United States. During this period, his early habits of self culture and self reliance were of great benefit to him. It has been said that he who spends years in a seminary under able teachers, may be the finished scholar, the erudite critic, and the profound theologian, but he will never feel the energy, confidence of the self-made man.

On the 12th of May, 1836, Mr. Baker married Miss Abzina Ward, the daughter of his patron, the Rev. J. Ward. In her he has found a faithful wife.

Soon after his marriage, dissatisfied with the colonial government of Canada, and foreseeing the troubles which soon arose, he joyfully returned to the land of his birth, where he labored as a preacher in the northwestern portion of Vermont until September, 1845. He thence removed to Madrid, St. Lawrence county, and in 1848 to Glen's Falls, Warren county, New York, the present field of his labors.

In 1841 and 1842, Mr. Baker was a representative of the town of Cambridge, in the legislature of Vermont.

His life has been one of much trial and suffering, but he never gave way to despondency.

And thou, too, whosoe'r thou art,
That readest this brief psalm,
As one by one thy hopes depart,
Be resolute and calm.

Longfellow.

JOHN JENKINS AUSTIN, -

BORN on the 22d of November, 1819, is the son of Orramael Austin, a blacksmith. His mother is a sister of Dr. W. D. Purple, a physician of eminence now residing at Greece.

John remained at home until his 18th year, attending school a portion of the winter, and assisting his father in the shop the remainder of the year.

In his 19th year he entered a leather factory in Broome county, Maine, being wholly dependent on his exertions for a support.

At twenty-one, having saved sufficient money, he entered Union academy in Maine, where he commenced the study of Latin and Greek under Professor Gates, then principal of the institution. Having taught school during the ensuing winter, he continued his studies in the Oxford academy, Chenango county, New York. His money being now all gone, he was compelled again to teach school on the following winter for the purpose of paying his way.

In May, 1843, being in his twenty-fourth year, he entered upon the study of theology (continuing his original and scientific pursuits at the same time,) under the care of the Rev. L. Goodrich, a very excellent man.

During the next year he traveled as a lecturer on temperance and phrenology.

In January of the following year, he accepted an invitation to settle as pastor over the Universalist society in Lebanon, Madison county, New York.

On the 4th of July, the same year, he married Miss Fanny M. Johnson, of Triangle, Broome county, a highly accomplished young lady, and much esteemed by a large circle of acquaintances.

He sustained the pastorate at Lebanon nearly three years in the warm embrace of affectionate friends. In 1846 he resigned and accepted a unanimous invitation to settle as pastor in Newark, Wayne county, New York.

Mr. Austin has contributed largely to several leading periodicals. In 1848, he published *Offerings on Religion*, addressed to the Church Universal, which was warmly received by that denomination, and extensively and favorably noticed by secular and religious papers in many states of the Union.

As a preacher Mr. Austin ranks high. He is of medium height and of a ruddy complexion.



GEORGE M. DEXTER.

IT has been truly observed, that much less of success in life is in reality dependent upon accident, or what is called luck, than is generally supposed. For more depends upon the objects which a man proposes to himself; what attainments he aspires to; what is the circle which bounds his visions and thoughts; what he chooses, not *to be educated* for, but *to educate himself* for; whether he looks to the end and aim of the whole of life, or only to the present day or hour; whether he listens to the voice of indolence or vulgar pleasure, or to the stirring voice in his own soul, urging his ambition on to laudable objects.

A pleasing illustration of the latter is afforded by the life of the subject of this memoir.

Mr. Dexter is the son of Aaron Dexter, a highly respectable physician. After the usual preparatory studies, he entered Harvard college, but left while in his junior year. The ensuing four years he spent as clerk in a mercantile house, where his untiring

industry and strict integrity won for him the respect of all with whom he was connected. He then commenced business for himself, but his health failing, he went abroad for the purpose of recruiting it. Returning in the course of a year, he determined upon becoming a civil engineer, and with his well-known decision, he at once entered the office of the late Mr. Baldwin who was engaged in the construction of the dry docks at Charleston and Norfolk. In the course of the three years he remained with Mr. Baldwin, he became perfectly master of his profession. He was then engaged as assistant engineer on the Lowell rail road, and on the opening of the road, so highly were his services appreciated, that he was appointed superintendent. This situation he subsequently resigned in order to superintend the erection of a large number of houses and other buildings. To this business, in connection with that of a civil engineer, he has devoted his attention for the last fourteen years, and with what success it is needless to state. There have been no striking incidents in his life, but we have selected him as an instance of what can be accomplished by a steady determined will.

DENNIS CHAPIN.

LEYDEN, Franklin county, Massachusetts, was the birth place of this individual. He was born on the 10th of June, 1809. His paternal ancestor in this country, was deacon Samuel Chapin, who came from England and settled at Springfield, Massachusetts, in 1642. His wife belonged to an old family who settled at an early period at Grafton, Worcester county, Massachusetts. The father of Dennis was Elisha Cha-

pin. He was a member of the Legislature of Massachusetts at the revision of its constitution; and held a seat in the council of the state until nearly the close of his useful life, which occurred in 1835.

The first ten years of the life of the subject of our notice, were years of physical suffering and much weakness; so much so, that at the close of that period, he was of exceedingly small stature.

In the summer season his father frequently carried him in his arms from the school house to the plow, and from the plow to the school house, as he desired his services to guide the horse between the rows of Indian corn. At this time he was so weak that he obtained permission of his teacher to study, lying on his back upon the floor, not being able to sit up during the whole of the school hours. Fortunately during the next five years of his life, his physical nature underwent a rapid and vigorous change. From the age of fifteen to twenty-four, he labored more or less upon the farm. While thus engaged it was, that his devotional feelings were aroused, and he loved to contemplate the beauty, grandeur and sublimity of nature. Thus absorbed in the most profound adoration, he would pray in the most fervent manner. The workmen among whom he labored, seeing him thus frequently lost in thought, would often remark to his father, "This is no place for him; you ought to send him to school." The only effect this had was a threat from the father to punish Dennis, if he did not attend better to his work.

At the age of twenty-one he commenced educating himself. He subsequently passed an academical course at Northfield, Massachusetts, a small village on the east bank of the Connecticut river. He afterwards entered Amherst college, Massachusetts, where he graduated after the usual term.

During his collegiate life, his mind became thoroughly impressed with religious things. This de-

cided his future course of action, and on leaving college, after a short season spent in teaching school, he commenced the study of divinity. He was ordained at Wallingford, Vermont, on the 4th of March, 1841. Since that time he has been engaged in preaching in western Vermont, and on the borders of New York.

ELIZABETH BLACKWELL, M. D.

A REGULAR physician, a professional lady, who has recently received a diploma, and who is the first medical doctor of her sex in the United States, is a native of Bristol, England, where she was born in 1820. Her father settled with his family in New York when she was about eleven years old. After a residence there of five or six years, he failed in business, and removed to Cincinnati. A few weeks after his arrival there, he died, leaving his widow and nine children in very embarrassed circumstances. Elizabeth, the third daughter, was then seventeen years of age, and assisted two of her sisters in teaching a young lady's seminary. By the joint efforts of the elder children, the younger members of the family were supported and educated, and a comfortable homestead on Walnut hill was secured for the family. The property which, in the midst of their first difficulties, they had the forecast to purchase, has already quadrupled the price which it cost them.

The enterprise of these young ladies is still further indicated, by the next steps which they severally took. Anna, the eldest, some years ago took up her residence in the city of New York, where she has, until lately, worked at the trade of

periodical authorship, French translation, and composer of music. She is now in England, under an engagement with a publisher there, to translate the whole of Fourier's works. She was selected for this task for her very high ability in French translation, and the excellence of her English style. Another sister, Emily, is teaching a boy's school in Cincinnati, preparing them for college in the departments of mathematics and the classical languages. And Elizabeth, after two or three years hard labor and study in North and South Carolina, and two years more, exclusively devoted to the study of medicine, in Philadelphia and Geneva, has her medical diploma in her pocket.

About five years ago she first entertained the idea of devoting herself to the study of medicine. Having taken the resolution, she went vigorously to work to effect it. She commenced the study of Greek, and persevered until she could read it satisfactorily, and revived her Latin by devoting three or four hours a day to it, until she had both sufficiently for all ordinary and professional purposes. French she had taught, and studied German to gratify her fondness for its modern literature. The former she speaks with fluency, and translates the latter elegantly, and can manage to read Italian prose pretty well.

Early in the spring of 1845, for the purpose of making the most money in the shortest time, she set out for North Carolina, and, after some months teaching French and music, and reading medicine with Dr. John Dickson, at Asheville, she removed to Charleston. Here she taught music alone, and read industriously under the direction of Dr. Samuel H. Dickson, then a resident of Charleston, and now professor of practice, in the university of New York.

Two years ago she came to Philadelphia, for the purpose of pursuing the study. That summer, Dr. J. M. Allen, professor of anatomy, afforded her ex-

cellent opportunities for dissection, in his private anatomical rooms. The winter following she attended her first full course of lectures at Geneva. The next summer she resided at the Blockley hospital, Philadelphia, where she had the kindest attentions from Doctor Benedict, the principal physician, and the very large range for observation which its great variety and number of cases afford. Last winter she attended her second course at Geneva, and graduated regularly at the close of the session. On receiving her diploma she addressed the reverend president in these words: "I thank you, sir. With the help of the Most High it shall be the effort of my life to shed honor upon this diploma." Her thesis was upon ship fever, which she had ample opportunities for observing at Blockley. It was so ably written that the faculty of Geneva determined to give it publication.

It is in keeping with the idea of this story to add that the proceeds of her own industry have been adequate to the entire expense of her medical education—about eight hundred dollars.

She recently left for Paris, with the design of remaining there one or two years, hoping to obtain there still greater facilities for the farther study of her profession than this country affords; especially in the department of surgery, which she has had but little opportunity to see.

She will return when this purpose is accomplished, to practice medicine in all its branches, and will probably settle in the city of New York.

It is to be hoped that her example will be followed, and that we shall soon have a class of female practitioners properly qualified to attend upon their own sex especially, and that the modern fashion of employing *accoucheurs* will be exploded.

The following extract from the writings of Cobbett, although rather coarse, are full of sound sense and will be read with interest.

"I am well aware of the hostility which I shall excite, but there is another subject on which my duty compels me to speak; I mean the employing of *male-operators*, on those occasions where females used to be employed. And here I have *every thing* against me; the now general custom, even amongst the most chaste and delicate woman; the ridicule continually cast on old midwives; the interest of a profession, for the members of which I entertain more respect and regard than for those of any other; and, above all the rest, *my own example to the contrary*, and my knowledge that every husband has the same apology that I had. But because I acted wrong myself, it is not less, but rather more, my duty to endeavor to dissuade others from doing the same. My wife had suffered very severely with her second child, which, at last, was still-born. The next time I pleaded for *the doctor*; and, after every argument that I could think of, obtained a reluctant consent. Her *life* was so dear to me, that every thing else appeared as nothing. Every husband has the same apology to make; and thus, from the good, and not from the bad feelings of men, the practice has become far too general, for me to hope even to narrow it; but, nevertheless, I can not refrain from giving my opinion on the subject.

We are apt to talk in a very unceremonious style of our *rude* ancestors, of their *gross* habits, their *want of delicacy* in their language. But *rude* and *unrefined* and *indelicacy* as they might be, they did not suffer, in the cases alluded to, the approaches of *men*, which approaches are unceremoniously suffered, by their polished and refined and delicate daughters; and of unmarried men too, in many cases; and of very young men.

From all antiquity this office was allotted to *woman*. Moses's life was saved by the humanity of the Egyptian *midwife*; and to the employment of females in this memorable case, the world is probably indebted for that which has been left it by that greatest of all law-givers, whose institutes *rude* as they were, have been the foundation of all of the wisest and most just laws in all the countries of Europe and America. It was the *fellow feeling* of the midwife for the poor mother that saved Moses. And none but a *mother* can, in such cases, feel to the full and effectual extent that which the operator ought to feel. She has been in the same state *herself*; she knows more about the matter, except in cases of very rare occurrence, than any *man*, however great his learning and experience, can ever know. She knows all the previous symptoms; she can judge more correctly than man can judge in such a case; she can put questions to the party, which a man can not put; the communication between the two is wholly without reserve; the *person* of the one is given up to the other, as completely as her own is under her command. This never can be the case with a man-operator; for, after all that can be said or done, the native feeling of woman, in whatever rank of life, will, in these cases, restrain them from saying and doing, before a man, even before a *husband*, many things which they ought to say and do. So that, perhaps, even with regard to the bare question of comparative safety to life, the midwife is the preferable person.

But safety to life is not all. The preservation of life is not to be preferred to everything. Ought not a man to prefer death to the commission of treason against his country? Ought not a man to die, rather than save his life by the prostitution of his wife to a tyrant, who insists upon the one or the other? Every man and every woman will answer in the affirmative to both these questions. There are then, cases when people ought to submit to *certain death*. Surely then, the mere *chance*, the mere *possibility* of it, ought not to outweigh the mighty considerations on the other side; ought not to overcome that inborn modesty, that sacred

reserve as to their *persons*, which, as I said before, is the charm of charms of the female sex, and which our mothers, *rude* as they were called by us, took, we may be satisfied, the best and most effectual means of preserving.

But is there, after all, any thing *real* in this *greater security* for the life of either mother or child? If, then, risk were so great as to call upon women to overcome this natural repugnance to suffer the approaches of a man, that risk must be *general*; it must apply to *all* women; and, further, it must, ever since the creation of man, *always* have so applied. Now, resorting to the employment of *men-operators* has not been in vogue in Europe more than about seventy years, and has not been *general* in England more than about thirty or forty years. So that the *risk* in employing midwives must, of late years, have become vastly greater than it was even when I was a boy, or the whole race must have been extinguished long ago. And, then, how puzzled we should be to account for the building of all the cathedrals, and all the churches, and the draining of all the marshes, and all the fens, more than a thousand years before the word *accoucheur* ever came from the lips of woman, and, before the thought ever came into her mind?

* * * * *

But to return once more to the matter of *risk* of life; can it be that *nature* has so ordered it, that, as a *general thing*, the life of either mother or child shall be in *danger*, even if there were no attendant at all? *Can this be?* Certainly it can not: *safety* must be the rule, and *danger* the exception; this *must* be the case, or the world never could have been peopled; and, perhaps, in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred, if nature were left *wholly to herself*, all would be right. The great doctor, in these cases, is, comforting, consoling, cheering up. And who can perform this office like *woman*? who have for these occasions a language and sentiments which seem to have been invented for the purpose; and be they what they may as to general demeanor and character, they have all, upon these occasions, one common feeling, and that so amiable, so excellent, as to admit of no adequate description. They completely forget, for the time, all rivalships, all squabbles, all animosities, all *hatred* even; every one feels as if it were her own particular concern.

These, we may be well assured, are the proper attendants on these occasions; the mother, the aunt, the sister, the cousin, and female neighbor; these are the suitable attendants, having some experienced women to afford extraordinary aid, if such be necessary; and in the few cases where the preservation of life demands the surgeon's skill, he is always at hand. The contrary practice, which we got from the French, is not, however, *so general* in France as in England. We have outstripped all the world in this, as we have in every thing which proceeds from luxury and effeminacy on the one hand, and from poverty on the other; the millions have been stripped of their means to heap wealth on the thousands, and have been corrupted in manners, as well as in morals, by vicious examples set them by the possessors of that wealth. As reason says that the practice of which I complain can not be cured without a total change in society, it would be presumption in me to expect such cure from any efforts of mine. I therefore must content myself with hoping that such change will come, and with declaring, that if I had to live my life over again, I would act upon the opinions which I have thought it my bounden duty here to state and endeavor to maintain."

ALVAN CLARK.

KNOWN as an inventive genius, was born in Ashfield, in the state of Massachusetts, on the 8th of March, 1804, and is the fourth of ten children. His father was born in Harwich, Cape Cod, where his ancestors had lived from the early settlement of the country. His paternal grandfather and great grandfather had been masters of whaling vessels. In youth his father was accustomed to the dangers and hardships of a sea-faring life, but at the age of twenty-four, he removed from the cape into the western part of the state where he settled as a farmer in the town of Ashfield. His means were limited, but his great industry, frugality and unwavering integrity gave him influence and consequence in the community. His sound judgment and industrious habits made him a valuable member of society, and he was often employed as arbiter and adviser in the affairs of others. Alvan, at the usual age, was sent to the district school, with an intention to qualify him to become a farmer. His proficiency in the school exercises was above mediocrity. When he was eight years old, his father was engaged in rebuilding a saw mill, and soon after in remodeling a grist mill upon a stream near the family mansion. The plans, deliberations and movements of the mill-wrights attracted his attention, and probably induced an early predilection to study the science of mechanics and the arts, which he has pursued with so much success. Mills, clocks, fire-arms and every specimen of handiwork, which came under his observation, were closely inspected, and the designs and ideas of the inventor readily apprehended. By the aid of a turning lathe, which had been erected for the use of an elder brother under the

roof of the mill, and a few ordinary tools, the process of self-training in practical mechanics, which had been commenced with a jack-knife under the paternal roof, was continued with the greatest ardor. The father felt a laudable pride in the indications of the son, but his mother, a woman of great discretion and extensive reading, was unwilling that his attention should be diverted from agriculture. She was desirous that all her sons should be farmers; and having formed an opinion, which observation too often verifies, that inventive geniuses are not always the most successful in life, she thought to encourage his ingenuity would be unfavorable to that thrift which usually accompanies honest industry in the cultivation of a farm. She was the daughter of Elisha Bassett of Dennis, Cape Cod, whom the grandson remembers with a lively interest. He was a man of vigorous intellect, improved by various and extensive reading, and was acquainted with some of the higher branches of mathematics. He removed from the cape and settled in the town of Ashfield, where he lived to a very advanced age, occupied in cultivating his farm, and was frequently employed in surveying lands in his own and the neighboring towns. Notwithstanding the fears of his mother, Clark was determined to devote his energies to the mechanic arts. He early discovered a taste for drawing, and his brother George, who was a youth of uncommon promise, and who died at the age of eighteen, when Alvan was twelve, had predicted that his younger brother would be a painter; for he had carved, with remarkable skill, on the smooth bark of a beech tree in the forest, the figure of a man in the attitude of skating. No opportunity was afforded him to see good paintings; but engravings and the history of art and artists, he regarded with enthusiastic admiration. His elder brother, Barnabas, had worked upon the farm and in the mills until he became of age, after which, he

devoted two years in a wagon maker's shop to learn the trade, at which time Alvan had reached his eighteenth year. Their father then furnished a shop and tools to Barnabas, and Alvan became his apprentice. After the close of the first year, having gained considerable skill in the uses of the hatchet, saw, plane, paint-brush, and other instruments used in the shop, he began to think that he was destined for a higher pursuit. He had heard of Harding's fame, who was born and had friends in that part of the country, and was then practicing the art of portrait painting in Northampton.

Before he was nineteen, Clark abandoned his brother's shop, visited Hartford, where he had heard that engraving was carried on upon an extensive scale, and introduced himself to several engravers, with a view of obtaining instruction, or a situation as assistant; but finding his means inadequate to the required terms, he was obliged to return without accomplishing his object. But this journey was not without use to him, for he there examined the presses, plates, tools, and implements of the engravers studios, and had an opportunity of seeing the printers work, and of asking advice and information from masters and young men in these establishments. This visit strengthened that resolution of purpose, which was the surest presage of success. He procured blank plates, gravers, etching-wax, and requisite materials, and the information necessary for making and using copper-plate ink, returned home, and commenced work as an engraver. Keeping emolument steadily in view, his first attempt was a plate for school certificates or rewards of merit, for juvenile members of country schools. After completing his engraving, press, and ink, his utmost endeavor to print it fairly, proved abortive. Another journey to Hartford, a distance of fifty miles, was performed on foot, and such information obtained, as enabled

him to carry out his design, in the successful printing and sale of his first effort. At this juncture, it was deemed by himself and friends, very important that some further instruction should be obtained, for without it, he could not hope to excel in an art, so difficult to acquire.

He had occasionally attempted drawing and painting portraits from life, and in the autumn of 1823, he visited Boston, where he formed valuable acquaintances, who still remain his friends and patrons. While in Boston he studiously applied himself through the winter, but his proficiency won no marked attention from persons critically versed in the objects of his pursuit. The next spring and summer, he endeavored to obtain employment as a portrait and miniature painter, in Northampton, Albany, Troy, and at Saratoga Springs, but met with but little encouragement. He returned home again in the autumn, and having occasion to send to Boston for colors and brushes, he received them wrapped in a piece of newspaper, which contained an advertisement for engravers. Without delay, he proceeded to Boston, the place designated for enquiry, and found that they were wanted at the Merrimac print works, for calico engraving. He immediately went to Lowell, at that time a part of the town of Chelmsford, where he learned that the work had been put under contract to Mason & Baldwin, of Philadelphia, for a series of years, and that Mason would soon be in Lowell, to assume control in that department, and would want assistance. Upon Mason's arrival, Clark's qualifications were examined, and he thereupon engaged as engraver, for the term of four years. Finding himself fairly settled under the instruction of an intelligent superintendent, with a prospect of gaining support in a respectable art, upon entering his twenty-third year, he married Maria, the daughter of Asher

Pease, of the town of Conway, adjoining to Ashfield; and this connexion was the result of an early, mutual attachment. While employed at Lowell, he found that in transferring dies, where bold, heavy lines lie contiguous to the fine and delicate, the fine work will first fill, become unsound, and break off before the heavy will be raised. To obviate this, the usual mode had been, to scrape or file away the surface, wherever there appeared signs of overworking. Clark proposed to his employer, while deliberating on a case which gave unusual trouble, to coat all the parts upon the soft steel cylinder, and also the bearings or pivots of the cylinder, which are not inclined to fill readily, with asphaltum dissolved in spirits of turpentine, and after drying, to immerse the work in nitric acid, until the exposed parts should be duly reduced, after which, returning the work to the press, the stock would be favorably situated for moulding to the form of the die. This invention, which has proved to be of great use, and other suggestions and improvements of his, gained him credit for superior skill and ingenuity.

Mason relinquished his undertaking at Lowell, at the end of the first year, and returned to Philadelphia, but Clark continued, for a short time, in the employ of the Merrimac company. Having gained the confidence of Mason before he left, he received from him and his partner, a liberal offer to remove to Providence, Rhode Island, and to conduct a branch of their business in that place. After a residence of more than a year in Providence, he removed to New York, and was more or less connected with those eminent mechanics, until the dissolution of their copartnership, and afterwards with Baldwin, for more than six years.

The infant and fluctuating condition of calico printing in this country, rendered his success and means of support from his employment very uncer-

tain. In New York he formed acquaintances with the most eminent artists, and his desire to become a painter again revived. In the summer of 1830, he made a miniature copy of one of Frothingham's fine portraits of an old man. Previous to this, all his attempts had shown the chalky crudeness of the novice, but in this effort he began to perceive the effect of tone. He still found great difficulty in executing from life with the power and effect displayed in this copy. He passed more than three years in New York, deriving a small income from his attention to engraving and other mechanical employments, upon which he depended for the support for himself and his increasing family. He did not, however, neglect any opportunity which presented for examining and studying paintings. His conduct as a man, and his proficiency which he had now made in various branches of science and the arts, recommended him to the attention of men of learning, wealth and taste, but his pecuniary prospects were by no means flattering.

In the spring of 1832, he received a liberal offer from Andrew Robeson, to assist in the engraving department of his manufactory at Fall River. This offer he accepted and removed to that place; and though no patent had been sought or obtained by him for his invention in the improvement of transferring dies, its great utility had now become known. Workmen from Manchester in England, who had been employed there, admitted that it was not before known in England, and that it was there called the American invention; and it now having become an auxiliary in every engraving establishment for facilitating and perfecting a transfer, was proof of its importance. Great secrecy was practiced in the art at this time, and in shops generally closed, so that detection of infringements upon a patent, had one been obtained, would have been difficult. This improvement having been so far regarded as

public property, that it was not deemed expedient to attempt to reclaim it. Thus it fell from the hands of the ingenious inventor without affording him any profit; and his neglect to obtain a patent, which might have been effected, had he made an early application, showed a greater zeal and ardor to make discoveries, than a careful foresight to avail himself of the emoluments to be derived from such a useful invention. By continuing in Robeson's establishment for three years, his pecuniary circumstances were considerably improved, and finding that the miniatures which he had occasionally painted were favorably regarded by persons of observation and taste, he was induced to resume the art of painting. He removed to Boston in 1835, where his efforts have ever since met with adequate remuneration. He had from his youth incidentally devoted much attention to the study of optics, and had made prisms of unusual perfection for the camera lucida. He had acquired in adjusting and tracing outlines with this instrument a skill, which has not been surpassed.

Mr. Borden in his report of the trigonometrical survey of Massachusetts, bestows high commendation upon his suggestion for its application in that work; and the prisms now used in the coast survey were made by Clark. Notwithstanding his acknowledged merit as a portrait and miniature painter, he gave a portion of his time to the study of mechanics, and also to the practice of mechanical arts and science in his workshop, connected with his house in Cambridge. In 1841, his signal invention of the false muzzled rifle was patented. In the course of his experiments for the perfection of this instrument, and in his description of its construction for the purpose of showing its use, he challenged all the prize shooters in the country at the odds of two to one, and soon found opportunities to test the hazard he had incurred by such a

proposal. This challenge was accepted, and journeys of hundreds of miles were made expressly to meet his competitors, where he was well aware that the greatest skill would be brought against him. In seven matches of ten shots on the side of two hundred yards, six resulted in his favor. His frankness, candor and management on his arena won for him the greatest respect from his vanquished opponents, and not one word of abuse or ill nature was received by him on these occasions. In the hands of the late Edwin Wesson, as manufacturer, this rifle has gained precedence over all others; but for all his matches, Clark had made his guns with his own hands. In 1845, and since, he, with the assistance of his son, constructed several Newtonian reflecting telescopes with apertures from five to eight inches; and though successful in resolving the double stars and clusters, well known as tests of such instruments, he soon found, that, however perfect in workmanship, the position of the observer and the least unfavorable condition of the atmosphere rendered their action unsatisfactory, when placed by the side of the refractors.

In 1848, he procured from Paris a pair of discs for an object glass of $5\frac{1}{4}$ inches aperture, at a cost of seventy dollars, from which he constructed an instrument 87 inches in focal length, which was purchased by Mr. Wells, principal of the Putnam free school in Newburyport, for five hundred and fifty dollars. It is furnished with a range of powers from 45 to over 1100, and exhibits clearly the fifth and sixth stars in the trapezium of Theta Orionis, and it is believed that it is the only American refractor, which has ever displayed the close and delicate companion of Zeta Herculis. The sixth star of the trapezium, though connected with one of the most interesting objects in the heavens for the telescope, was overlooked by all observers, until after 1830, and with the exception of the great Cambridge re-




Geo. W. Matsell

fractor, and the one which Clark has lately made, this is the only instrument now in Massachusetts by which it can be seen. In these pursuits he has often spent the whole of the night in testing the power and accuracy of his telescopes, until the morning sun had driven every star from view. He has never attempted to construct or use the micrometer, but this little instrument employed by philosophers in determining with wonderful accuracy, minute angles as a basis for computing the magnitudes, distances and motions of heavenly bodies, has not escaped his particular examination.

Mr. Clark still practices portrait and miniature painting in Boston, and at the same time his love for philosophical experiments, which success or failure does not diminish, leads him to devote his leisure hours to science and the mechanic arts.



GEORGE WASHINGTON MATSELL.

 HIS gentleman has been selected as the well known originator of one of the most perfect systems of municipal police which has ever been successfully put into operation under a republican government. In addition to this, his life has from his early years, been prolific in incident and adventure.

George Washington Matsell, although a native of the United States, is of English origin, on both the paternal and maternal side. His father, in or about the year 1784—then a young English radical, and strongly tinctured with republican prejudices—emigrated to this country, and entered the employ of a mercantile house in Wall street, New York city. We do not know the exact reason for this

change of allegiance, but believe that Mr. Matsell (the name was then spelled Matzell) had made himself obnoxious to the British government by his bold advocacy of liberal sentiments; and, as the affairs of the continent were, at that time, operating rather critically upon the stability of the English throne, it is nowise impossible that a hint of star chamber interference might have hastened his departure.

He returned in nine or ten years, and then married a Miss Elizabeth Constable, a lady in whose veins flowed the blood of some of the first families in the realm, and who is, at the date of this present sketch, still living in the city of New York. After remaining a few years, he returned, and locating his residence in the land of his choice, became, in deed and in truth, an American citizen.

Business relations, connected with property of his own and that of his wife, forced him, however, to cross the Atlantic frequently. And, as at times, Mrs. M. accompanied her husband, one or two of their children, we believe, were born on British soil. The latter years of his life were quietly spent in the city of his early business relations; and in March, 1848, he was gathered to his fathers, sincerely mourned by a large circle of friends and relatives.

The subject of this sketch was born in the city of New York, October 25th, 1811. During the season of extreme boyhood, he might have been termed, possibly, not a bad boy, but certainly a very vigorous shoot of republicanism. He was prompt among his playmates to avenge his own wrongs, or those of an injured school-fellow, and manifested fully an average fondness for the rough sports, and displays of harmless pugilism, then so rife among the youngsters of a city, whose northern limit was not much above Spring street, and when skating on the Collect—now coursed by the track of the Harlem rail road—and stoning larks in the meadows, where Canal street at present stretches from Broadway to the North river, was considered rare fun, for an indulgence in which, many an unlucky truant submitted to school discipline. There are thousands still alive, who remember the desperate feuds existing between the rival factions of juveniles, in those days, and some there are, who still carry the seal and signature of membership, in the shape of a cracked skull or broken arm. The result of this was the then called "fighting streets," where these boy bravos, taking sides, either through prejudice of location

or personal animosity, a fierce, and often, not bloodless warfare, was waged by the parties, in which fists were freely used, and sometimes clubs and stones came in as a reserve corps to settle the question of victory. In these demonstrations, young Matsell, we have reason to suspect, was seldom in the back-ground. The excitement and rough exercise was congenial to his natural activity of temperament; and, while the rude gymnastics served to spread the muscles of his frame, the foundation of a constitution was also laid, upon which at this day, rests a superstructure of almost iron endurance.

At nine years old, we find George W. at work, farming, with a brother-in-law, on Baskingridge, New Jersey. But tilling the soil evidently did not agree with his disposition, for two years thereafter, with the consent of his parents, he commenced an apprenticeship in the art and mystery of a sailor's life, on board the brig Catharine Rodgers, bound for Mobile and Blakely, Alabama. Fifteen days out, the vessel was wrecked on Crab key, and our juvenile navigator with much difficulty escaped with his life.

A residence of several months among the wreckers who made the Bahama and Florida reefs their abiding place, was terminated by his being finally sent to the American consul at Nassau, New Providence, where, for lack of other employment, he busied himself, for small wages, in one of the many salt yards in that vicinity. He finally reached Mobile in a coasting schooner, from whence, after a long interval, during which, we believe, he was, for a while, domiciled among a neighboring tribe of Creek Indians, the truant wanderer pointed his face homeward, in a lumber vessel, which was sailing for New York. He was received by his parents, as one from the dead—by some strange fatality, no tidings of his rescue from the wreck of the Catharine Rodgers, having reached their ears, until he himself conveyed the welcome news in person.

The hardships and mishaps consequent on this trip, would, in most instances, have discouraged a lad so young, from any farther efforts to try his fortunes upon the treacherous wave; but the love of adventure was too strong within to be thus easily repressed, and after a voyage to Charleston, South Carolina, he was regularly indentured (then scarcely in his teens,) as ship boy to the captain of an East Indiaman, and sailed for Canton. This vessel, called the London Trader, made a long but successful voyage, during which the future chief received a series of very useful lessons in the matters of discipline, regularity and subordination.

His was no dainty dieting on board the London Trader, but with fore-castle fare, and subjected to all the usual privations of a sailor's life, the romance of the business settled into stern reality; and on the return of the vessel he felt perfectly willing to adopt some other profession. The young sailor had gained one thing, however, by this roving life, which was to prove of incalculable advantage. He had opened the book of *human nature*, and commenced, while yet a boy, to read it for himself! He had learned to judge of men, not through common fame, but by observation; and although his school was somewhat disagreeable, yet the adverse circumstances under which the lessons were studied, fixed the rules and maxims, thus acquired, more firmly on his memory.

A natural taste for drawing and design, early developed, was the means of procuring, shortly after his return from China, a situation in the establishment of Messrs. Barrett & Tileston, extensive silk dyers and printers on Staten island, where, forgetting his former predilections for the sea, he commenced a new vocation. His business was projecting, drawing and carving the pattern blocks for kerchiefs and other printed silk goods, an art, at that time, but little known or practiced on this side of the

Atlantic. Young Matsell first went to Staten island in 1826, he then being but fifteen years old. His progress was, however, rapid, and although he remained only six or eight years, yet many of his designs are in use at the present day, and acknowledged to be among the most chaste and beautiful extant. While in this business, he also entered, with spirit, into the philanthropic projects of the day, and besides acting as president of the local temperance society of the island, was for a long period a superintendent of the sabbath schools in the vicinity.

In 1834, Mr. Matsell married Ellen M. Barrett, daughter of George M. Barrett, the principal partner in the firm above mentioned, and from this period we date the *public* life of the subject of this sketch. Having removed to the city of New York, and opened a bookstore in Chatham street, the new relation in which he stood to the community seems to have had its effect in rousing the latent energies of the *man*; and with the liberal principles which he inherited most fully, from his parents, it is nowise strange that he entered enthusiastically into the political arena;—a democrat of the straightest sect. Those acquainted with the history of parties in this country very well know the influence excited in years past by the sachems of Tammany, upon the political movements of the day. They will also remember that memorable epoch when, in 1835, the so called locofocos—then but an infant giant as an association—were ejected from Tammany hall. With that portion of the democracy, thus expelled by faction from brotherhood and communion, went George W. Matsell, even in so short a time, a prominent member of a party movement, whose purposes and principles were soon to extend throughout the Union with an almost all controlling power.

Expulsion from the ancient wigwam did not discourage *him*, but foreseeing the result, he, with colaborsers ceased not their efforts in the cause of democratic liberty, until, in 1837, in company with Thomas S. Day, a veteran advocate of Jeffersonian principles, and others, Mr. Matsell had the pleasure of heading the procession of his fellow democrats, on their return to Tammany, where all petty differences being adjusted, the pipe of peace was once again passed around the council fire.

It is not generally known, yet such is the fact, that to Mr. Matsell, aided by a few kindred spirits, the locofoco party is indebted for its extensive and almost perfect plan of partizan organization. We are not at liberty to disclose details, or we might show, how, from an obscure garret in an obscure street in New York city—to which the members of a certain club secretly came, and from which they stealthily departed—has emanated the most powerful scheme of party tactics ever put in operation in this country. From that then unknown conclave, or from a common centre, radiated the incipient impulses of a subtle influence, which has since extended throughout the length and breadth of the land, whether for good or for evil, we pronounce not, but that the originators were pure and patriotic in their intention, is most fully believed.

The same principle has been, more lately applied, by Mr. Matsell to a different object, but with the same success, and we only make this digression for the purpose of indicating the natural inclination of his genius towards schemes of concentrated effort, directed by strict rules of discipline and order.

In the years 1837–8, a lucrative and honorable post in the customs, seems to have had a partial effect in directing the energies of his mind in a new channel. Circumstances had induced him to investigate, with more than ordinary care, the miserable system of police, which, at that time, seemed more calculated to offer security to villany, than protection to the citizen, and it is highly probable, that long before he was placed

officially in immediate contact with the so called conservators of the public peace, his leisure intervals were employed in devising measures of reform.

In 1840, Mr. Matsell was appointed police justice. He was, at that time but thirty-one years old, and the youngest individual who ever received the appointment.

His associate magistrates were Messrs. Parker, Stevens and Merritt. A very short experience upon the bench, served to convince the new magistrate, that the police and the police courts of New York city, were totally inefficient—that malpractices had crept into the administration of both the executive and judicial departments, and that as long as these evils continued, crime would increase, while the safety and quiet of the community, would become more and more insecure with each succeeding year.

Added to numerous other defects and evidences of insecurity, an odious practice had obtained among the more efficient officers, called the pigeon system, a method of operation in detecting crime, which had been borrowed from European police management, but the inevitable result of which is to paralyze the arm of justice, by too close a contact with the mesmerism of rascality. Our space will not permit a full *expose* of this pernicious collusion between officers of the law and known villains, but the main features of the plan are familiar to a great portion of the public. The principle was to set a thief to catch the thief. Among the rogues, large and small, who still had the good fortune to be at large, each officer had his favorite—his tool—his *pigeon*! A compact, for mutual benefit was formed between the two, by the terms of which, the one was to act the part of the spy or traitor, whenever his official partner required his aid, for which double villany the pigeon was promised immunity in his depredations, so far as the *respectable* interference of the officer could avail!

The consequences of such demoralizing and disgraceful alliances, were easily foreseen to be deplorable in the extreme; yet such was the infatuation with which the attaches of the old regime clung to the abomination, that, to this day, it has strong advocates among them, and, in some instances, is even stealthily practiced.

In the midst of all these troubles, perplexities, and evils, Mr. Matsell took his seat among the justices of police, determined that although he might remain unassisted by his colleagues, that a beneficial reform should be accomplished at no very distant day. In the discharge of the onerous duties of his station, he was industrious, energetic, and indefatigable, and ever tempering the administration of penal law with kindness and mercy. Few indeed were the disgraced children of sin and shame, who ever had to complain of unnecessary harshness or insult at his hands. Although not a portion of his duty, yet he made it his business, after the labors of the day had closed, to patrol the more exposed and dangerous portions of the city, frequently in disguise, and many an unlucky leatherhead has received a *meaning* hint, at the discharge of the watch, in the morning, in relation to some carelessness or inattention to the duties of his beat, while on the midnight tour; the astonished delinquent never dreaming that the justice was his own informant.

By a course of observation thus minute and searching, and continued unremittingly through several years, an almost perfect knowledge of the city and its sanitary wants was obtained; the haunts of the dissolute and vicious were ascertained and noted, and a vast amount of information treasured which to the world at large, was as a sealed volume.

Justice Matsell had, meanwhile, made himself familiar with the police organizations of London, Paris, and other European capitals, together with the systems in operation on this continent; and when in the winter of 1843 and 4, an earnest movement was made by the city of New York, for a radical alteration in her municipal laws, so that more adequate protection might be afforded the life and property of the citizen, the tact, talent, and experience of the present chief, were put in active and beneficial requisition.

The frequency of alarming depredations upon property, and the exhibition of brute violence by organized mobs, at short intervals, had fully impressed upon the community the absolute necessity for a more efficient corps, and in May, 1844, a law passed the legislature, establishing the present New York police department. It went into effect in June, 1845.

Mr. Matsell was appointed chief of the new organization, and entered upon the duties of his office with all the zeal, energy, and singleness of purpose for which he is eminently and justly distinguished.

It was a task of no small difficulty. The machine was vast, complicated, and but little understood. Its various details were to be perfected, the materials for its structure procured and properly adjusted, and the experimental trial made in the face of a large array of prejudice, created mainly by those who still adhered to their ancient customs, and sighed at the memory of the flesh pots of Egypt.

But at that particular and critical period, the city of New York was favored with a chief magistrate of more than ordinary sagacity, intelligence, and firmness of purpose, in the person of its mayor, Wm. F. Havemeyer, who with his accustomed penetration, saw plainly the benefits that would result from the successful application of these new enactments, and cordially gave his counsel and coöperation to the task. But with all the aids thus cheerfully granted from the head of the municipal government, the chief of police found a herculean labor before him, and one, which would tax his powers of organization, and maxims of discipline to their full extent. *Nine hundred men* were to be selected from the midst of the citizens, men of good character, and, as far as possible, of intelligence; men of shrewdness and habits of industry and carefulness: and to this body of freeman, were to be applied a system of discipline similar to that of the camp, without the summary process of enforcing obedience, which the military officer possesses.

The difficulties were appalling, but the system finally triumphed, and has been now long enough in existence to establish the universal conviction of its utility, and an acknowledgment of the wisdom and foresight of the master mind to whom it owes its origin.*

Without the military basis of the French, or the perhaps objectionable pension features of the English police, it has nevertheless sufficient inherent elements of power and stability to answer the purposes intended, and although scarcely four years have yet elapsed since the inception and promulgation of the plan, its immense advantages are already apparent to even a casual observer.

And to George W. Matsell, more than to any other one individual, do the public owe this admirable organization. All his energies have been devoted to its perfection—eminently has he been successful. In that success too, rests his principal reward, since he is this day, pecuniarily speaking, a poorer man than when he first assumed the duties of chief of police.

* A full account of the details of this admirable system, kindly furnished by a talented gentleman of New York city, will appear in the next edition of this work.

This organization, under Mr. Matsell, has fully equalled the anticipations of its friends, and the institution will, unless tampered with by unwise legislation, long remain as a monument of his industry, taste and perseverance. Other and perhaps abler heads were engaged in its origin, but to the present chief is the city mainly indebted for the efficiency and good order which characterizes the institution. Through its means a revolution has been effected in the criminal statistics of the largest city in the Union.

Mr. Matsell, although, formerly an ardent politician, has, for some years past, withdrawn in a great measure from party operations; and that this course on his part has been appreciated, may be known from the fact that he has enjoyed, probably more than any one official connected with the city government, the confidence of all parties. Under the rule of nativism, in 1844-5, his intercourse with Mayor Harper was of the most friendly and unreserved nature, and the same may be observed with regard to Mayors Mickle and Brady, the latter of whom, although a firm whig, nevertheless evinced the highest regard for the talents of Mr. Matsell as a municipal officer. In 1848 likewise, when the office of chief of police became vacant by limitation of the term of service, the board of aldermen, of whom the whigs had a decided majority, unanimously confirmed his reappointment, thus yielding a high tribute to the value of his public services. Of the estimation in which he is held by the present mayor, William F. Havemeyer, now in his second term of office, it is perhaps needless to speak, since from him has Mr. Matsell received *two* nominations for the office of chief of police.

Abroad, his name is extensively known, and his correspondence, connected with the official business of the department, not only extends through the Union, Mexico, and the Canadas, but also to the heads of the British police organization and those of continental Europe. This interchange of intelligence is useful to all parties, and will probably increase in importance and piquancy.

In private life, Mr. Matsell is irreproachable.

Strongly attached to his domestic circle, he yet finds but little leisure to indulge in those fireside comforts which would otherwise form the more pleasant portion of his existence. A kind husband and an indulgent father—an upright magistrate and a good citizen—now in the prime of life, with apparently a long career of usefulness before him, there is but small doubt that the character he has thus far sustained will continue as an inheritance beyond all price, and that his name will be remembered among those of whom it is said,

“Lord keep their memory green.”

NOTE.—One night during the past winter, when Mr. Matsell in disguise, was perambulating the city, he was actually arrested, after a severe struggle, by one of the first ward police, who took him for a burglar. The chief suffered himself to be taken to the station house, before disclosing his name. The *denouement* caused unbounded merriment. It is, perhaps, needless to say, that the chief passed a well merited encomium upon the energetic officer.



WALTER BULLARD.

WAS born at Holliston, Middlesex county, Massachusetts, on the 17th of July, 1803. His parents were honest and industrious. His mother was the daughter of John Harris, who came to this country from England, previous to the revolution. He married in America and had three daughters, after which he returned to England on business. While there, the war breaking out, he was compelled to join the army which was sent here, the same which took Boston and burnt Charleston. The mother of Walter was then only seven years old, and she distinctly recollects the horrors of the scene. She was at the window and saw the regulars pass through the streets in which she resided with her mother in

Boston. Her father stepped out of the ranks and kissed her, at the same time informing her who he was. This was the only time she recollected seeing him, for the women and children were soon afterwards removed from the city. Harris subsequently died on his way to New York, after which his widow married again and went to England. The mother of Walter remained at Boston until her thirteenth year, when she went to Holliston, with Asa Bullard, the grandfather of Walter, and with whom she lived until her marriage. She is yet living, at the age of eighty, still retaining the industrious habits of her youth, and justly respected.

The father of Walter, was a blacksmith and farmer, and by his industry accumulated a competency. Subsequently, however, becoming at intervals insane, through the mismanagement of those entrusted with his affairs, he died poor in his eighty-first year.


Walter was one of twelve children, all of whom except one, reached maturity. Five of the boys have had two wives each.

While a boy, Walter worked industriously on the farm and in the blacksmith's shop. He, however, by working too hard, suffered severely for many years from the hip complaint. At a very early age he exhibited considerable talent, and was always asking for the why and the wherefore, before he gave his assent. He was a hard student of the Bible. At the age of fifteen, he engaged in the shoemaking business, in which with very little instruction he soon became proficient, earning \$12 a month the first year, besides his board. During the years he was thus employed, he made great accessions to his knowledge. At the age of nineteen, having made up his mind to become a preacher, he gave up shoemaking and placed himself under a competent instructor; and before two years had

elapsed, he preached his first sermon, before a large congregation. Having, however, become attached to a young lady named Hannah Rockwood, her father refused to sanction the match unless Walter should give up all idea of being a minister. He desired his daughter to marry a farmer, so that she could remain at home with him on his farm. Love prevailed, and Walter resumed his business of a shoemaker. But alas for human hopes! in less than eighteen months, his wife after a dangerous illness, died; she and her infant son were buried in the same grave. This was a truly trying dispensation to the mourning survivor, who with a sad heart, left the scene of his troubles for Utica, where he arrived to begin the world anew, with only a dollar and a half in his possession. After many troubles, he succeeded in procuring a situation as a teacher. In 1828, he gave up his school, and devoted his whole time to the ministry. His first engagement was at Augusta, Oneida county, where he boarded with General David Custis, whose daughter Emily, three years after the death of his first wife, he married. During the first ten years of this latter marriage, they have had six sons, five of whom are yet living.

Mr. Bullard, since his connection with the ministry, has been very actively engaged in the work, besides contributing occasionally to the press. His present residence is at Corning, Oneida county, N. Y. Our limits will not permit us to enter into the details of his eventful life, but they will be referred to on a future occasion.

ELIPHALET NOTT.

 R. NOTT was born in Ashford, Connecticut, June, 1773, of poor parents, and an ordinary destiny seemed to await him. To render this probability a certainty, both his parents died while he was still a boy. His mother, however, was a woman of strong mind and noble virtues, and she lived long enough to leave the impress of her character on her son. He had, by *inheritance*, her gifted intellect.

Thrown upon the world at this early age, he had nothing but good health, a resolute will, and a pair of stout arms, on which to rely. With vague and indistinct longings for something better than the life before him, he yet did not know how to reach it. It is said that when a mere boy he thirsted for knowledge with a desire that could not be quenched; and at length, one day, while laboring in the field, as he saw the physician of the place riding by, his resolution was instantly taken, and, dropping his hoe, he resolved never to be a farmer; and going to the physician, requested to be received as a student. The good doctor, instead of ridiculing the foolish request, seemed struck with the boy's manner and resolution, and advised him to return to his friends and endeavor to prosecute his education.

Soon after, he went to live with his brother, Rev. Samuel Nott, pastor of the Congregational church of Franklin, Connecticut, who still remains there, nearly a hundred years old. Here he acquired some knowledge of the Greek and Latin, and mathematics. In the mean time he taught a district school in the winter, in order to obtain means for his support. In this way he continued to progress until about seventeen years of age, when he took charge of a school in Plainfield. Rev. Joel Bene-

dict, D. D., was pastor of the church at that time—a man of great learning, ability and piety. He taught in the family of Mr. Benedict, and the latter thus became more intimately acquainted with him. He saw in the young teacher indications of greatness, and he took a deep interest in him; and one day told him that if he ever wanted assistance in any project, to come to him, and he would furnish all the aid in his power. In process of time the young teacher fell in love with one of his daughters, and he was not a man to sue in vain. The attachment was mutual, and so one day young Nott went to Dr. Benedict, and reminded him of his offer to help him when he needed aid. The good old gentleman acknowledged the promise, and asked what he could do for him. “I want you,” he replied, “to help me get your daughter for a wife.” The doctor was taken all aback, but clearing his throat with a “hem,” said, “Well, well, take her, take her.” Under his future father-in-law’s tuition he progressed rapidly in his studies, and when but nineteen years of age received the first degree in the arts, from Brown university, Rhode Island.


Young Nott then turned his attention to the ministry, and studied and taught at the same time, thus supporting himself by his labors. Two years after he was licensed to preach, and very soon married Miss Benedict. At that time a youth of twenty-two was very young to be a licensed clergyman, but Mr. Nott’s means did not allow him to postpone the day of entering upon active service.

He, however, labored a year as a missionary—an excellent preparation for the pastoral duties—and then settled in Cherry Valley, in the double relation of pastor and principal of the academy. The latter was the most profitable of the two, for he soon drew a large school about him. He remained here but two years, however, for his eloquence and earnestness and success soon made him widely popular,

and in 1798 he was called to take charge of the Presbyterian church of Albany. Here he remained six years, drawing to his church a large and delighted audience, and affecting all hearts by his appeals.

His star was now in the ascendant, and he ranked among his personal friends the first men of the state. His celebrated sermon on the death of Hamilton was delivered near the close of his ministerial labors. Being elected president of Union college, he accepted; and, from that time on, his history has been identified with the institution whose interests he has managed.

LUTHER BRADISH.

F all those who have occupied high public stations in the gift of the whig party in this state, during the last fifteen years, no man stands higher, or more deservedly so, than Luther Bradish. A gentleman and a Christian, in the highest and best sense of the term—a scholar, a statesman, and a man of extensive and varied attainments in almost every department of knowledge—of the utmost dignity and urbanity of manner, and of a heart ever open and susceptible to the noblest impulses, he is in truth one of whom any community might be proud to claim. Luther Bradish was born amid the Hampshire hills in the glorious old commonwealth of Massachusetts—of a parentage poor, though respectable. His early manhood was devoted to the profession of a teacher of youth in Buffalo, during the war, and afterwards in Jamaica, on Long Island. He was married in Boston, in 1815, to a daughter of the late Colonel Gibbs, formerly of Newport, Rhode Island—a man of wealth and of the highest standing in society.


On the death of Mrs. Bradish, which occurred not many years after her marriage, Mr. Bradish made the tour of Europe, and penetrated as far eastward as Russia; residing at St. Petersburg for several months, and becoming intimate in the highest circles of that splendid metropolis. The winter of 1824 he spent in Paris, where his elegant manners and great accomplishments were fully appreciated by the French and foreign residents of that centre of European civilization.

On his return to America, after an absence of seven years, Mr. Bradish became a resident of Franklin county, where he held large tracts of unimproved land. From this county he was elected to the assembly in the year 1836, and again in 1837. The latter year the whigs having a majority in the assembly, elected him speaker of that body; the duties of which office he discharged in the most admirable manner.

In the year 1838, Mr. Bradish was elected lieutenant-governor of the state, and again in 1840—leading Governor Seward, who was on the same ticket with himself, some fifteen hundred votes in the latter year. As presiding officer of the senate, Governor Bradish may be pronounced, without fear of contradiction, *facile princeps* of all his predecessors and successors up to the present time. His dignity and firmness, combined with the utmost courtesy and urbanity of manner towards every member of the senate, can never be forgotten by those who attended the sessions of that branch of the legislature from 1839 to 1842.

Since his retirement from public life, Governor Bradish has resided, in the winter, in New York, and in the summer, in Westchester.—*Albany Express*.

JAMES SMITH LIBBY.

IS grand-parents, paternal and maternal, served their country during the war of the revolution, and were distinguished for their worth and patriotism. At the close of the struggle, they resumed their original occupation as farmers, and remained in its successful prosecution till they were called to another, and a better world.

Jacob Libby, the father of the subject of our notice, was born in the state of Maine, but at an early age he removed to Strafford county, New Hampshire, which was then a complete wilderness. To his industry and perseverance, the wilderness gave way to productive fields; and, one of the finest farms in New England remains an evidence of his success. He was widely and favorably known among his fellow citizens, and was honored with many public trusts. In his political opinions, he was a democrat, having early espoused the principles of Jefferson, and was a warm supporter of Andrew Jackson. He had ten children, six of whom are still living. Three remain around the old homestead, and three reside in the city of New York.

James S. Libby is the fourth son. He was born in the town of Tuftonborough, county of Stratford, and state of New Hampshire, on the 2d day of November, 1805. The first fifteen years of his life were spent at home. His education was limited, he having only enjoyed the advantages of a few months schooling in the year. He inherited a robust constitution, habits of industry and prudence; and, at the age of fifteen, commenced an apprenticeship as a hatter,

Before arriving at the age of twenty-one, he purchased his time of his employer, from the earnings

of his extra hours. In the twentieth year of his age, he entered the employ of Colonel Benjamin Edmunds, of Plymouth, New Hampshire, a gentleman of the highest standing and respect. In the following year he was married to Miss Lydia Edmunds, sister to the above named gentleman. In 1830, he commenced business at Sandwich, New Hampshire, in company with the Honorable Daniel Hoit, a gentleman who has been ever remembered with the greatest regard.

Subsequently, he removed to Shipton, Lower Canada, where he prosecuted his usual business with much success. Those traits of character which have ever attracted to him hosts of friends, secured to him the respect and good will of his fellow citizens. He was offered the clerkship of the commissioners' court, and other public offices of emolument and honor.

In 1835, he left Canada with his family and effects, with the intention of locating himself in the state of Illinois. On his arrival, however, in the city of New York, he concluded to remain there. He accordingly purchased a house in Barclay street, and very soon acquired the respect and confidence of a large number of citizens.

In 1845, Mr. Libby lost his amiable wife. He subsequently married Miss Moore.

Having been elected by a large majority, a member of the common council, he has, while in that body, distinguished himself by his firmness and zeal, whilst prosecuting the best interests of the city. He has had the good fortune to merit and secure a degree of popular favor that does not fall to the lot of many individuals.

Among the leading traits in the character of Mr. Libby, may be mentioned an untiring energy; indomitable perseverance; a physical force and power capable of performing great labor; great intelligence, a rapid, clear perception, which enables him

to grasp almost any subject at the instant; and a regard for integrity and truth, which no temptation could allure, and no artifice of vice betray. And, it may be added, that, throughout his whole life, neither friend nor foe has been able to say that he has not maintained his word. He is a man of active benevolence; and, although without pretension, the unfortunate have ever found in him a friend. In all the private and domestic relations of life, he is kind and affectionate; and the best commentary that has been extended to the purity of his life and action, consists in the fact, that the man does not live, who can justly say that he ever provoked his ill-will.

After many hard struggles with the obstacles that ingenuous merit is always sure to encounter, in a world like this, he is now able to enjoy the conscious assurance that he has surmounted them all, by his own individual efforts; and, although now in the meridian of life only, he is possessed of enough of the world's riches, and the good opinion of his constituents, to gratify a rational and reasonable ambition.



MILLARD FILLMORE.

IT is a remarkable fact, and one of which the country may be proud, that some of our most eminent public men have commenced their career in poverty, and have in youth supported themselves by the sweat of their brow. In no country in the world has real merit such a fair chance as in our own. Mr. Fillmore, in his early days, earned his living by *carding wool*, and *little* dreamed, perhaps, that he would one day be vice-president of the United States.

Millard Fillmore is a native of the state of New York. He was born in Cayuga county, at Summer Hill, on the 7th day of January, 1800. His father, Nathaniel Fillmore, was born in Burlington, Vermont, in 1771; he immigrated in early life to the western part of New York, then a wilderness, and in 1819, purchased a farm in Erie county, which he still cultivates. The educational advantages enjoyed by young Fillmore were very slender; the Bible and such books as were used in the very common schools then existing, were the limits of his literary pursuits until the age of fifteen, when he was apprenticed to the wool-carding business in Livingston county. He was afterward placed with a person in the same business in the town where his father resided, and passed four years at the trade, devouring, in the meanwhile, the contents of a small village library. At the age of nineteen, fortune threw in his way a benevolent man, who had the penetration to discover the youth's good parts, and the kindness to place him in a position to cultivate them. This gentleman was the later Walter Wood—a man whose name should be held in reverence by all who have known what it is to struggle with adversity and gather knowledge in the thorn-beset wayside of early poverty. Judge Wood, for this benevolent gentleman was a lawyer, possessed a good library and handsome fortune. He prevailed upon young Fillmore to quit the trade of wool-carding and to take to the study of law, that being looked upon as the only profession which can qualify a man for high station. A sad fact, but one that can not be denied. The clothier's apprentice purchased the remainder of his time, and studied law and surveying in the office of his benefactor until he was twenty-one. During this time he partly supported himself by teaching school. In 1821 he removed to Erie county, and entered a lawyer's office in Buffalo, where he pursued his legal studies and taught

a school for his support, until 1823; when he was admitted to practice in the court of common pleas. From this time his course has been onward. He first commenced practicing in his profession in the village of Aurora, in Cayuga county, but returned to Buffalo, where he still resides. In 1829 he was elected a member of the state legislature, and was reëlected the two succeeding years. It was during his membership in the state legislature that the laws for the imprisonment for debt were partially abolished; and it was in a great degree owing to the activity, eloquence and indefatigable zeal with which he advocated the removal of these villainous relics of an age of superstition and weakness, that the friends of humanity succeeded in partially wiping the foul blot from our still sufficiently barbarous code of laws. A person reared in the manner Millard Fillmore has been could have no sympathy with that which made poverty a crime.

In 1832, Mr. Fillmore was elected to congress, and in 1839, when he distinguished himself by his report on the New Jersey election case. He was reëlected to the next congress by a largely increased majority, and was placed at the head of the committee of ways and means, in which post he gained great distinction by his energy, aptness and industry. At the close of this congress he declined a reëlection, and resumed the practice of his profession at the bar of his native state. In the year 1844 he was nominated by the whigs for governor of the state in opposition to Silas Wright, but was unsuccessful. In 1847, he was elected comptroller of the state of New York, and has filled the office with honor to himself and profit to the people. He resigned the office of comptroller on the 20th of February, 1849, preparatory to assuming the duties of vice-president of the United States, to which high station he had been elected on the November previous.

WOOSTER BEACH.

ALTHOUGH the means of his parents were limited, they managed to give him a good and liberal education. He was born in Trumbull, Fairfield county, Connecticut. At twelve years of age he became in a very unexpected and remarkable manner, convinced that the human family were suffering under the most serious abuses and injuries inflicted by the popular practice of medicine in its various branches. These sentiments, which seemed to rise spontaneously in his mind, made the most serious and lasting impressions, which have ever since influenced his line of conduct, and in consequence of which he was led to adopt the advice of the poet:

Search well thy genius, every bent survey,
And where she prompts, be ready to obey.

He therefore chose the medical profession, in preference to any other employment. He could, however, by no means follow the beaten track in medical science, but resolved to strike out a new path, and thus labor to bring about a reformation, and if possible, to rescue his fellow men from the great abuses and evils, which in all directions, appeared to him to be so conspicuous and self-evident. The greatest satisfaction which he experienced, was the prospect of ameliorating the sufferings of mankind; but how to accomplish that object he could not perceive. He expected to make great sacrifices, receive much reproach, opposition and persecution, from the selfish and the bigoted. The question was not what is popular, or what profession will bring the most money; but what is right, and most conducive to the benefit of others? He felt it thus a duty, to make every possible effort to accomplish his object. He saw the deplorable condition of the

healing art, but could not see what course he could pursue to remedy it. The very thought of studying in the old orthodox school of medicine was revolting. On one occasion, at a very early age, his views were corroborated by a case which occurred near his father's residence. A person had been laboring under some chronic disease, for which the physician had administered large quantities of mercury, which had ruined the man's health, and affected one of the joints of the lower extremities. For this an amputation was performed, and proved fatal. Although a lad, Wooster walked the distance of three miles to suggest a different treatment, but his efforts were of no avail. Another of his neighbors took large quantities of mercury, which so thoroughly filled the system that he was rendered a cripple and walked on crutches with difficulty. A knowledge of these facts, served to confirm the sentiments he had so early imbibed, and urged him on in the course he had premeditated.

It was at this period, when he was anxiously desirous of acquiring new truths and new principles in medicine, which should subvert the popular practice, and thus bring about a reformation, that he heard through a relative who had derived great benefit from his practice, of a celebrated physician in the state of New Jersey, by the name of Tidd, and who pursued an improved method of treating many diseases. But the father of young Beach having a large family, he found it necessary to engage in some employment to gain a livelihood. He accordingly commenced teaching a school, about twenty miles from the residence of Dr. Tidd, from whence soon after, he paid him a visit. He found that the doctor had practiced nearly half a century, and was known extensively, and had treated, successfully, some of the most difficult diseases, generally abandoned as incurable by the medical profession. His treatment, however, was confined to

a few surgical diseases, such as fistula, cancer, white swelling, scrofula, ulcers, &c., in which he entirely excelled all other surgeons. Wooster, therefore, became extremely anxious to obtain a knowledge of his practice, believing that it would at least lay the foundation of a reformation, and applied to him, wishing to be received as a student. But objections were urged. However, after the absence of a number of years, during which time his mind was altogether absorbed with the subject, he again applied to Tidd, and circumstances were then such that he consented to receive the applicant as a student. He thus commenced the study of the healing art, not by books, lectures, recitations or dissections, but by clinical practice in the great book of nature. They visited patients together, and he thus learned their symptoms and mode of treatment. Dr. Tidd was a man of no education, but of great natural talents, and his knowledge was obtained at the bed side of the sick. The information that Wooster acquired from him, although limited, laid the foundation for his future success in practice. Sometime afterwards, Dr. Tidd died, aged seventy-five. After having succeeded him in practice for a short period, Dr. Beach removed to the city of New York, where the prospect for practice was encouraging, and the facilities for carrying out medical reform very great. On his arrival in the city, he commenced attending lectures in the Barclay street medical college, under Drs. Post, Hosack, McNevin, Francis; Dr. Bavid being then president of the college. During the time he was attending lectures, he was also engaged in practice, which furnished him with means to defray his expenses. His practice increased and was successful. And now having become acquainted with the common system of medicine, and obtained a legal diploma to practice, he found it had a tendency to remove prejudice from the minds of the people, and inspire confi-

dence. Just in proportion to his success, however, was the opposition of some physicians excited against him, and he had to encounter great persecution from the selfish and illiberal portion of the faculty. But the merit and importance of the practice, soon became extensively known and appreciated, in consequence of the numerous cures daily wrought. From his extensive practice he had an excellent opportunity of testing his own principles and demonstrating their superiority over the old system. His own mind was fully convinced of its superiority over the mineral and depletive system. He therefore reflected very deeply on the best means of promulgating it, and concluded to make a bold movement for this purpose. He now published a work called the *Medical Reformer*, with a view to enlighten the public, and subsequently the *Medical Almanac*. He also commenced a weekly periodical which had a very extensive circulation, in which his object was to expose and correct various abuses in morals, religion and medicine. He gave many strictures on long standing abuses on religious and medical subjects, which were well received and applauded by the more liberal part of the community. Such was the consciousness of Dr. Beach of the utility and importance of the cause, that nothing moved or discouraged him. Perseverance was his motto. At this period of his career, he deemed it advisable to establish an infirmary, where the public, and especially the poor, would have an opportunity of receiving the benefit of advice and medicine. He therefore built a house for that purpose, and opened it for the reception of patients, where he attended over two thousand cases the first year, of different diseases; thus affording a still greater opportunity of acquiring experience. Next, in order still farther to extend the knowledge of these improvements and discoveries, he erected a much larger building for a medical school, which

was called the New York medical academy. Circulars were published throughout the Union, announcing the institution, its principles, &c., and inviting students to attend it; also offering to teach such as were indigent, at a nominal price. He lectured himself and took a general superintendence of the school, employing two or three other physicians to assist him. Many resorted to this school for instruction from all parts, most of whom were unable to pay for their instruction. Students were taught by lectures, examinations and clinical practice. They also had an opportunity of visiting patients at their residences, and at the infirmary; and in fact, it is claimed, acquired more knowledge of the healing art in a few months than is usually gained in years, by the old method of teaching. Some old school physicians, as well as students, came many hundred miles to attend the lectures; and notwithstanding the great difficulty of establishing an opposition school, the seeds of medical reform were sown there, which subsequently spread in many sections of the country, and not only furnished many well educated physicians, but led to the establishment of other schools, of a similar character. During the continuance of the school, Dr. Beach established a daily paper, called the Evening Journal, the first small daily paper published in the city of New York. In this he still continued to disseminate his reformed principles, which with other advantages, seemed to silence the opposition.

At this time, the trustees of a chartered institution at Worthington, in Ohio, sent a letter requesting the reformed college to establish a branch of their school in that town, situated near Columbus, the capital of the state. Dr. Beach therefore made a contract with Drs. Morrow, of Kentucky, Steele, of Pennsylvania, and Jones, of Maine, to go there and organize the school, which they did. They were to conduct it in the same manner, as the parent in-

stitution, but subsequently they concluded to issue their own diplomas, and conduct it independently, which led to great difficulties. Yet the school at Worthington furnished many well educated physicians, who have been located in different parts of the country, and follow the same practice, and wherever they went, they were well received by the community, giving great satisfaction to their patients. Dr. Beach and his associates subsequently encountered unexpected and extraordinary difficulties in conducting their school. Trouble of a personal character, arising from persecution and dishonesty of men in whom he trusted, caused Dr. Beach poignant sufferings; and while he was by every movement trying to benefit others, he was made a victim to the most base and iniquitous conduct of those who were professedly friendly. During his labors in New York, the cholera commenced in the city, in 1832, when he was appointed by the common council to attend the sick in a certain part of the city. The influence of the infectious air resulting from it, operating on a constitution enfeebled by excessive labor, prostrated both his mental and physical organization, and he underwent long protracted exercises and distress, in mind, body and estate, from which the system never has, and probably never will, fully recover. He provided for all the students, who were boarded and lodged in the building erected for the school; lectured daily to the students, gave advice and medicine at the infirmary, superintended the pharmaceutical preparations; attended the out-door patients by day and by night; furnished matter for a weekly and daily paper; answered numerous letters, and a portion of the time prepared materials for his medical work, thus performing the labor of five or six men. Therefore, from these combined causes, much to the triumph of his enemies, he was obliged to abandon the school. When the building was unjustly wrested

from him he involuntarily predicted to the agent that some curse would fall upon that house, which in a short time came to pass. One night the doctor heard the cry of fire; an impression came to his mind that it was that building, and that it was not insured. He rose from his bed, visited the spot, and found the large and beautiful edifice in flames. The next day he saw the agent, who said that as soon as he heard of it, the prediction came to his mind. The doctor then asked him if it was insured; with some hesitation he replied, "No." From the history of the whole, it would appear to be a righteous judgment; and this opinion the doctor subsequently communicated to the owner, which caused in him great emotion. In this state of things the prospects of the school had all fallen. Such was the embarrassed state of his affairs that he was obliged to remove with his family into the country. Under these circumstances he commenced preparing materials for a new work, called the American Practice in three volumes, giving the principles and improvements of the system. Here, again, he had to encounter extraordinary difficulties in completing it. He found it necessary to make the work much larger than he had contemplated; the printer agreed to give him a credit which subsequently he could not, or would not do; and after publishing one volume, he retained the sheets. Again, an action in law was commenced against the doctor, and he became so much embarrassed that he was obliged to suspend the publication of the work. At this time a firm, to whom the circumstances were communicated, advanced money, and thus enabled him to complete it and cancel all the debts. The work being very voluminous, had a slow sale. About this time a learned and distinguished physician became a great advocate for it; forwarded copies to the different potentates of Europe, who had it examined and reviewed by their physician s

and sent letters of recommendation back, and as visible testimonials of the value they attached to it, also sent splendid gold medals, from the kings of France, Wurtemburgh, England, Saxony, Prussia, Tuscany, Russia, &c. With these medals were sent diplomas from the most distinguished medical and scientific societies. Subsequently a wealthy gentleman by the name of Turpin, a great friend to the cause of medical reform, left a legacy of five hundred dollars. It was of great service at this particular juncture, thus affording an interesting contrast to the sordid and selfish conduct of others. When the second edition of this work was nearly exhausted, Dr. Beach published an abridgment of the American Practice, called the Family Physician, which has been circulated very extensively, having passed through fifteen editions. The object of this has been to disseminate correct views in the practice of medicine, among the people at large, as well as students and practitioners in general.

In consequence of indiscretion on the part of the professor in the school at Worthington, Ohio, relative to dissection, it became necessary to remove the institution to Cincinnati. A small school was opened there, consisting of only four or five students, in an obscure place, named by the opposition "a hay loft." It gradually increased until the number became respectable. Dr. T. V. Morrow, who was most indefatigable and persevering in promoting the cause, was the principal person in the establishment of it. But the same difficulties existed here to prevent its prosperity, as did in New York, particularly as related to a charter. A petition was therefore forwarded to the legislature desiring them to grant a charter for a reformed school of medicine. Col. Kilbourne, a distinguished and talented gentleman, who had seen much of the beneficial effects of the reformed practice, while trustee in the Worthington school, volunteered his services to attend

the whole session of the legislature and use his influence in obtaining a charter. The petition was laid before the assembly, and the whole matter referred to a committee, before whom the history and importance of the new practice were laid. The committee made a favorable report, and the question of granting a charter was discussed. The bill passed almost unanimously. The charter was therefore granted, which unlike all others, is perpetual and permanent.

From this epoch the school received a new impetus, and has increased with a rapidity hitherto unknown in any school in America, the number of students having doubled every year since the charter was obtained. The subject of this sketch was appointed professor of clinical practice, and has hitherto delivered lectures in the institution, except the last year, being absent on a visit to Europe. A commodious building has been erected for the college, which is now endowed with seven professors, giving advantages for medical instruction, not surpassed by any other institution in America. For the benefit of this school and others, he has since published a treatise on midwifery, one on physiology and a botanical dictionary, as text books. Realizing the importance of still further informing the public mind on the subject of medical reform, he imported from Paris, several anatomical models of the human system, and delivered popular lectures in different sections of the country, in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Pittsburgh and Cincinnati. He has employed some persons to assist him in practice, who at first held out great inducements and fair promises, but he soon found that all their professions were selfish and deceitful, which entailed additional embarrassment and suffering.

Believing that a dissemination of correct physiological knowledge was necessary among the people, he commenced the establishment of an anatomical

museum, where the public might learn the mechanism of their own forms, and the laws which govern them. To this end he employed an artist to execute models in wax, and imported a vast number from Europe, all of which constituted one of the finest museums of the kind in the country. Another object which he had in view was to prevent the revolting practice of dissections, which not only endangers the life of the student but causes great mental anguish in the minds of friends.


His large work in three volumes being now out of print, and there becoming a demand for the same, Dr. Beach concluded to revise it and obtain all the improvements and new remedies available. Supposing he might gain much useful information abroad for this purpose, in May, 1848, he visited London, where, after remaining a few weeks, visiting the different medical institutions, he went to Rotterdam, in Holland; from thence up the Rhine to Dusseldorf, from thence to Hanover, Brunswick, Leipsic and Berlin; from thence to Breslaw and Graffenburgh, in Silecia, to the celebrated water-cure establishment of Preissnitz, from thence to Vienna. Here he remained for some time, and visited about twelve medical, scientific and humane institutions.

He now took passage up the Danube to Lentz; from thence through Bavaria to Munich, to Stuttgart, &c., passing, down the Rhine to Colonge, to Brussels in Belgium, from thence to Paris, in all passing through ten or twelve different kingdoms, and traveling about three thousand miles, in every place visiting the public institutions, and gathering materials for his newly revised work. He spent about three months in Paris, and has now returned to London, prosecuting his labors and making every research and investigation possible, in the hospitals, anatomical museums, dispensaries, medical libraries, and exchanging ideas with medical men of

different classes, to obtain every information possible for the work. Finding in London greater facilities and the best artists, in the work he employed about six of them to engrave his medical plants and pathological drawings.

Since the subject of medical reformation was first agitated, a mighty revolution has taken place in the science of medicine, effected by the combined efforts of the members of the reformed school, and such has been its influence upon the minds of the profession at large, both in Europe and America; that the sanguinary practice of blood-letting, as well as the injurious use of metallic agents, has been much less resorted to in the treatment of disease. This affords ample reward for all the toil, and sacrifices in promoting it. The cause was feeble in its birth, but stronger and bolder in its progress, till now, under the blessing of Divine Providence, the Author of all good, it bids fair, like a mighty river, to bear down all opposition and become established on a lofty eminence.

RICHARD WINSLOW.

OOD men are remembered when the memory of the wicked is no more. The following sketch of this excellent man, is taken from a sermon on the occasion of his death by the Reverend S. W. Fisher:

“Richard Winslow was born near Saybrook, Connecticut, on the 24th of July, 1771. His father, Job Winslow, was born at Plymouth, Massachusetts, the residence of his ancestors for several generations. *He was a lineal descendant of Edward

* The subject of this notice was the sixth in descent from Edward Winslow.

Winslow, one of the original pilgrim band, brought by the May Flower to Plymouth Rock, and subsequently the second governor of Plymouth colony. Thus our brother enjoyed a relationship to those noble men, who at the cost of sacrifices, to us almost inconceivable, laid the deep and broad foundations of our national existence and grandeur. I do not state this fact as a matter of idle boasting, but as another illustration of the faithfulness of God in remembering the children's children of those who loved him, and suffered much in his cause. This is one among many instances in which you can trace down from generation to generation, a bright succession of pious decendants from the illustrious stock of the Puritans. It is this inheritance of spiritual benedictions, that more than all things else constitutes a pious ancestry a glory and a praise. Their prayers abide, operative and effectual, long after the paternal lips that uttered them are sealed in death. And when eternity has received them, the memory of their instructions and their example remains a track of light, a pillar of fire to illuminate, and guide and attract heavenward the feet of their, it may be for a time, erring children. This it is which makes our ancestry a crown of glory.

Mr. Winslow, animated by the same spirit of enterprise, so characteristic of the sons of New England—a spirit which has been of incalculable advantage to the entire Union, in spreading everywhere the leaven of puritanism—early left his father's roof to push his fortunes in this region. He first settled in Troy, then a thriving village; but after the lapse of some seven years, he removed to Albany in the year 1800. Here, with the exception of short intervals, he has resided ever since. His life has been one of great activity. Endowed with an impulsive and vigorous mind, fond of enterprise, with a muscular frame and a good share of health, he loved to be ever actively and efficiently

at work. This trait in his character revealed itself strikingly during the last few months of his life, impelling him, in spite of the progress of an enfeebling disease, to take his accustomed exercise, as if he was still in vigorous health. Much of his life was spent upon the water. For twenty years he commanded a packet vessel on the Hudson, in the days when that mode of transportation sustained the same relation to the traveling public, now maintained by our magnificent steamers. During the last war with England he was attached to the army of the north as commissary. He subsequently engaged in mercantile pursuits, in which he continued until within the last few years, when he retired from active life.

A reverse in business first led him to serious reflection on the vanity of this world, and the necessity of obtaining a title to an inheritance that would never fade away. He became a renewed man, and in the year 1818 united with the Second Presbyterian church of Albany, then under the care of the Reverend John Chester. In 1829 he formed one of the band who originated the Fourth Presbyterian church.* In March 1st, 1837, he was elected a ruling elder, and continued with exemplary fidelity devoted to the duties of this office until his death. He lived to see his six sons well settled in life, and his only daughter reach maturity. He died on the 9th day of January, 1847, at half-past three in the afternoon, of a disease with which he had been occasionally troubled for more than forty years. At his death, therefore, he was one of the oldest inhabitants of Albany, and one of the oldest packet masters—a class of men now nearly extinct, but who before the era of steam navigation were prominent and influential in our municipal affairs. He, with one exception, was the oldest member of the session. He has gone from us, a father and an elder, to that

* Formed February 2d, 1829.

world where age renews its youth and a perennial vigor precludes disease and forbids the approach of death."

His respected widow still survives, and is a resident of Albany.

WORDEN PAYNE,



N excellent man, after an honored and useful life, died at his residence in Hounsfield, Jefferson county, New York, March 3d, 1849, in the 55th year of his age.

During his eventful career, the deceased took a prominent part in public affairs. He was one of the early settlers and pioneers in what is known as the Black river country, having removed there in 1803 from the state of Massachusetts. By dint of perseverance, industry and honest dealing he became well off as to this world's goods, and made use of the means which Providence had thus placed in his power, in a manner which will long be remembered by the recipients of his bounty. He was emphatically the poor man's friend, casting his bread upon the waters with a liberal hand, and ere this, we have every reason to hope, "it has been returned unto him seven fold." Pending the war of 1812, Mr. Payne volunteered to raise a company of infantry, and meeting with success, he was unanimously selected as the captain. His company was immediately enrolled in the regiment commanded by General Jacob Brown, and was efficiently and bravely engaged in the battle of Sackett's harbor. Mr. Payne has always enjoyed the esteem and confidence of his neighbors, and has been repeatedly elected to various town

and county offices, the duties of which he fulfilled with promptness and energy. He died after a lingering illness, which he bore with Christian patience and fortitude, and although his spirit has departed to "that bourne from whence no traveler returns," yet the memory of his good deeds will live in the minds of men for years after the grass shall have waved over his last resting place. His children and his children's children may, indeed, look back with an honest pride to their ancestor, who was, emphatically, a man without reproach.

George R. Payne of Albany is a brother of the deceased.

R. B. DUNN.

LET not the day of small things be despised. This sentence contains wisdom and philosophy, as well as scripture. It is very easy and natural to sneer at small beginnings and humble means, but it is not always wise to do so. It is better to commence on an humble scale, and come out in good style at last, than to suffer a severe collapse after an extensive and ridiculous flourish. Some men will do better with a capital of sixpence, than they would if half the fortune of Astor had been given them to commence with. We have heard it told of a man worth his millions, that he commenced by selling fruit at a street stall. We have seen boys at school roll a handful of snow upon the ground, till by accumulated matter, it became so bulky that a dozen could scarcely move it. Sands make the mountains, moments make the year, drops make the ocean; and so, little endeavors, earnestly, unceasingly, and honestly put forth, make the great men in the world's history.

It is related of Chantrey, the celebrated sculptor, that, when a boy, he was observed by a gentleman in the neighborhood of Sheffield very attentively engaged in cutting a stick with a penknife. He asked the lad what he was doing; when, with great courtesy, he replied, "I am cutting old Fox's head." Fox was the schoolmaster of the village. On this the gentleman asked to see what he had done, and pronouncing it to be an excellent likeness, gave the youth a six-pence. And this may be reckoned the first money Chantrey ever received for the production of his art.

This anecdote is but one of a thousand that might be cited of as many different men who from very limited and small beginnings rise to stations and influence; and shows the importance of not despising the day of small things, in any condition or circumstance of life. All nature, in fact, is full of instructive lessons on this point, which it would be well for us more thoroughly to study and appreciate.

Perhaps a more striking illustration of the above remark can not be found than in the enterprising individual whose name is at the head of this sketch.

North Wayne, in the State of Maine, three years ago, was unknown in gazetteers or by map-makers. Mr. R. B. Dunn arrived there with small means, great enterprise and perseverance. He measured the fall of the idle river for water-power. He found sufficient for a large business of any nature. He commenced a small establishment to manufacture scythes and axes. He succeeded well, and now there are three immense factories there, two of them each one hundred feet long. He makes twelve thousand dozen of scythes annually, and uses up four hundred and fifty thousand pounds of iron, seventy-five thousand pounds of steel, twelve thousand tons of coal, twelve thousand bushels of char-

coal, and one hundred tons of grindstones, and employs two hundred and fifty persons about the establishments. Next year, he calculates to make seventeen thousand dozen of scythes. This place is sixteen miles from the nearest steam boat navigation on the Kenebec. All his materials are brought from England, Pennsylvania and Nova Scotia, except charcoal, and his market extends to the remotest bounds of the West.

JOHN ALBRIGHT.

MARCH 2, 1845, at East Homer, New York, John Albright, a revolutionary patriot, breathed his last. At an early age he engaged in the service of his country during her revolutionary struggle; was twice taken prisoner, once by the British at Fort Montgomery and exchanged at New York, and immediately returned to the army, and then fell into the hands of the Indians at Fort Stanwix, and was then prisoner eighteen months in Canada. In his captivity and service he paid almost every thing but life for American liberty. Forty-eight years ago he settled on the land he drew for his services in that town, where he has filled up his measure with credit to himself and usefulness to others. He embraced the Christian religion soon after his settlement in Homer, and liberally contributed to its interests through life, and in his death his numerous offspring do not sorrow as those without hope. He maintained an unbending attachment to civil and religious liberty to the last. He was most emphatically the poor man's friend, as many have most sensibly felt. His death is widely lamented, for a man of more humble character seldom lived.

LYDIA GUSTIN.

CONNECTICUT is the native state of this lady. She was born at Lyme on the 25th of June, 1746. Her maiden name was Mack. In her twenty-third year she married John Gustin, who died about thirty years ago.

Mrs. Gustin was always a hard worker, and during her hundredth year she knit twenty-four pair of stockings. She was the mother of five children, all of whom attained maturity. The second child died a few years since, aged seventy-three. The younger, a son with whom she lived, is sixty-five, and the eldest child, now living, is eighty-three. All her children were at home the day she was an hundred years old. She remembered the old French war, and distinctly recollected a circumstance at school when she was but three years old. She has left several descendants of the fifth generation. One of the sisters lived to the age of seventy-seven. Mrs. Gustin died at Marlow, New Hampshire, on the 20th of July, 1847, aged one hundred and one years and twenty-five days.



GILBERT RAY,

KNOWN as a patriot of the revolution, and one of the last survivors of that heroic band, who, in the hour of our country's darkness and danger, periled life and limb for the cause of American freedom, was born in Wrentham, Massachusetts.

For upwards of twenty years, Deacon Ray resided in Tinmouth, Vermont, and thence removed to

North Russell, twenty-two years ago. For nearly fifty years he was a member of the Presbyterian church, and a deacon in the same nearly forty, and from the time of his conversion to his death he was a strict observer of the ordinances of the Christian faith, and a devoted friend of missions, sabbath schools and other religious and benevolent objects. He lived to receive from his country a pecuniary reward for his revolutionary toils, and, at last, full of confidence and hope in the Saviour's promises, sunk peacefully into the arms of death.

He died March 17th, 1849, at North Russell, New York, in the eighty-fifth year of his age, leaving an aged widow, with whom he had lived sixty-three years, and reared a family of eleven children. His descendants number upwards of one hundred.



G. Pratt



A BRIEF CHRONOLOGY
OF THE
LIFE OF HON. ZADOCK PRATT, A. M.

1790, Oct. 30. Born at Stephentown, Rensselaer county, New York, and in his early days worked with his father at tanning, at Middleburgh, Schoharie county, N. Y.

1799. Was at the funeral of Gen. Washington.

1802. Removed to Windham, now Lexington, Greene county, N. Y.

1810. Apprenticed to Luther Hays, a saddler, in Durham.

1811. Worked at his trade a year as a journeyman saddler, at \$10 a month.

1812. Commenced business on his own account in Lexington, as a saddler, working from fourteen to sixteen hours a day. Here he commenced keeping an inventory, which he ever practiced afterwards during life, making over \$500 the first year, and never less a single year afterwards.

1814. Adds merchandizing to his saddling, and, by diligence and the strictest economy, is successful.

1814. Went as a soldier for the defence of New York city, then menaced by the fleets of the enemy ; while there, he resists the corruption of the commissary, and forces him to do justice to the soldiers.

1815. Sells out his stock in trade, and is fortunate in escaping loss from the commercial revulsion which followed the peace ; forms a partnership with his two brothers in tanning.

1818, Oct. 18. Is married to Miss Beda Dickerman, of Hampden, Conn., who died 19th April, 1819.

1818, Dec. Makes a voyage by sea to Charleston, S. C. ; sea-sick going, and sea-sick coming ; learnt enough of sea-faring life.

1821, April 21. Unanimously chosen captain in the fifth regiment of New York State Artillery, and uniforms the company at his own expense.

1821. In the winter of this year makes an excursion to Canada, with leather, for the purchase of furs, during which he encamps in the woods upon the snow. Returning, is taken by a landlord at Albany to be a wanderer, not entitled to hospitality, on account of his worn and soiled garments, but who, on finding him possessed of a heavy bag of dollars, suddenly becomes the pink of politeness to our traveller.

1822, July 12. Is unanimously elected Colonel of the 116th regiment of infantry of the State of New York.

1823. Is married to his second wife, Miss Esther Dickerman, sister to his first wife ; she died 22d April, 1826.

1824. Is appointed Justice of the Peace for the county of Greene.

1824, Oct. 6. Received a vote of thanks from the Presbytery at Lexington, for a donation of \$100 in aid of the missionary cause.

1825. Built his great tannery in the woods of Windham, where has since grown up under his auspices the flourishing village of Prattsville, now numbering 2000 inhabitants, as industrious, prosperous and happy as any in the State—having now three churches, to the expense of each he contributed one-third, and one-half to the Academy.

1825. Escorts Gen. Lafayette into Catskill.

1826, Sept. 4. Resigns his commission as Colonel of Militia to the Governor of the State.

1827, Oct. 12. Is married to his third wife, Miss Abigail P. Watson, daughter of Wheeler Watson, Esq., of Rensselaer. She died Feb. 5, 1834.

1827. Is elected Supervisor of the town of Windham.

1825—1835. This was the busy scene of life—from 35 to 45 years of age—during which he accumulated a large portion of his wealth.

1832. The town of Windham divided, and the westerly portion called Prattsville, after the name of the founder.

1835, March 16. Married his fourth wife, Miss Mary E. Watson, sister of his third consort.

1835. Receives the thanks of the Delaware Circuit for the donation of a lot of ground for the use of the Elder of that Circuit.

1836, March. Builds a bridge over Schoharie kill, 130 feet long, the snow three feet deep in the woods, in eleven days, without the use of ardent spirits.

1836, Nov. Is elected a Representative in Congress from

the Eighth Congressional District of New York. At the same election was chosen one of the Electors of President and Vice President from New York, and gave his vote for Van Buren and Johnson.

1837, Sept. 4. Takes his seat in Congress at the extra session, called by Mr. Van Buren.

1837, Sept. 4. Is appointed one of the standing committee on the militia.

1837, Oct. Receives the silver medal of the New York Institute, being the first ever granted to a tanner, for the best specimen of hemlock-tanned sole leather.

1837, Dec. 11. Is appointed one of the standing committee on public buildings and grounds.

1838, March 11. Moved a resolution in favor of the reduction of postage, thus originating a great and favorite measure, which he rejoiced to see accomplished, and which has proved of such vast benefit to the whole United States.

1838, March 12. Presented the resolution of the State of New York, and submitted a resolution providing for procuring foreign seeds and plants, to be distributed gratuitously to the farmers of the United States, through the medium of the Patent Office, to benefit the farming interests.

1838, July 4th. Publishes an address to his constituents, partially reviewing the proceedings in Congress, and declining a re-election.

1839, Jan. 28. Moved a resolution of inquiry respecting the material of which the public buildings at Washington are constructed.

1839, Feb. 25. Presented a report on the quality of the materials used in constructing the public buildings at Washington, concluding with a resolution that the material hereafter used for that purpose, shall be of the hardest and most durable kind, either marble or granite. At the same time he submitted a plan and estimates for the new General Post-Office, and that building, the finest in Washington, has since been erected of marble, according to his plan, and is said to be the finest building in the world.

1839, March 1. Delivers a speech in the House of Representatives, on the subject of constructing a Dry Dock at Brooklyn, full of valuable statistics, on commerce, navigation, imports, exports and bullion, for ten years.

1839. Moved the bill for establishing a Branch Mint in the city of New York.

1839, July 4. Delivers an oration at Prattsville.

1839, Sept. Was elected a member of the American Institute.

1839, Oct. 25. Offers five thousand dollars to endow an Academy in Prattsville, on condition that the like sum be raised by any Christian denomination.

1842, Nov. Is chosen a Representative in Congress from the Eleventh Congressional District of New York.

1842, Dec. 29. Delivers an address before the Mechanics' Society at Catskill, of which he was a member.

1843. Establishes a Bank at Prattsville, with \$100,000 capital, wholly secured by 6 and 7 per cent. stocks of the United States and State of New York—its bills kept at par in the city of New York.

1844, Jan. 3. Offers resolution providing for uniform annual returns of banks, suitable forms to be furnished by the Secretary of the Treasury, in order that a more perfect system might be adopted for the benefit of the community. He offered a similar resolution 11th Jan., 1839.

1844, Jan. 8. Moved an amendment to the resolution in favor of the remission of the fine upon Gen. Jackson, to place on record the fact, that fifteen out of seventeen millions of the inhabitants of the United States had so instructed their delegations in Congress.

1844, Jan. 12. Gives notice of offering a bill for establishing a Branch Mint at New York; same day, gave notice for bill amending naturalization laws, which were afterwards presented.

1844, Jan. 17. Presented the resolutions of the Legislature of the State of New York to remit the fine of Gen. Jackson.

1844, Jan. 29. Moved the appointment of a select committee to inquire into the expediency of establishing a Bureau of Statistics and Commerce, in connection with the Secretary of the Treasury. Is appointed chairman of said committee.

1844, Jan. Elected President of the Greene County Agricultural Society.

1844, Feb. Was on board the Princeton at the time of the explosion of its great gun, when Messrs. Upshur, Gilmer, and others were killed—and was the first man who had nerve, and was collected enough to attend at once to the care of the unfortunate killed and wounded.

1844, March 7. Makes a report on the application of the citizens of Washington to have a clock furnished at the public expense.

1844, March 7. Makes a report on the situation, cost, &c., of the public buildings and grounds, and expenditures of the Presidential Mansion.

1844, March 8. Submits a report as chairman of the select committee on the Bureau of Statistics and Commerce, with valuable tables, showing the loans and discounts of the banks, imports and exports, and balance of trade, for a series of years, of our government with other nations, illustrating the importance of the proposed measure, and concluding with a bill to provide for the collection of national statistics.

1844, March 18. Moved resolution respecting care and management of the furnaces used to heat the halls and rooms of the Capitol.

1844, April 12. Offers a joint resolution for the appropriation of the public ground for a National Monument.

1844, April 12. Reported bill for an addition of a wing to the Patent Office.

1844, April 12. Makes additional report on the plan submitted by him for fire-proof buildings for the War and Navy Departments.

1844, May 15. Moved joint resolution authorizing the transfer of certain clerks in the treasury department to perform the duties of the bureau of statistics, agreeably to the report of the select committee on that subject, which resolution was adopted.

1844, May 24. Makes report, with plan and estimates, on the proposed change of the Hall and Library of the House of Representatives.

1844, May 25. Makes report on the expenditures in the District of Columbia, from the foundation of the government, showing an expenditure exceeding ten millions of dollars.

1844, May 25. Makes report on the Monument Square, submitting a plan, diagram, and drawing for a National Monument to Washington.

1844, May 25. Moved joint resolution requiring an inventory once in two years, of all public property to be returned from all persons having any in charge, in order that public officers and legislators might have a more perfect knowledge of the property in charge of the government.

1844, May 25. Made report, accompanied with a joint resolution providing for the laying out and fencing the Monument Square.

1844, June 5. Offers joint resolution providing for the mode

of making returns of public property in possession of officers of the government.

1844, June 7. Moved a joint resolution for the preparing and distribution of the national medals to the state libraries, colleges and academies.

1844, June 7. Moved resolution providing that monuments hereafter erected to deceased members of Congress, should be constructed of marble instead of sandstone, heretofore used.

1844, June 7. Moved a resolution directing topographical bureau to cause a plan of the city of Washington, and views of the capitol and public buildings to be engraved, and copies to be sent as presents by ministers and consuls, to foreign courts, translated into their languages.

1844, June 15. Resolution adopted on his motion, providing for the collection of statistics, on the plan of the bureau submitted in his report of the 8th of March.

1844, June 17. Makes report on the errors in the sixth census.

1844, August 29. The democratic convention in Greene county passed a vote of thanks to Col. Pratt for his eminent public services, and untiring devotion to the business of the present session of Congress, and especially in placing on record the fact that more than 14,000,000 of American freemen had instructed their representatives to vote for refunding to Gen. Jackson the fine imposed upon him while fighting for his country at New Orleans. In establishing a Bureau of Statistics, which is of incalculable benefit to Legislation—to government in all its departments, and to the business men of the country. In causing a resolution to be passed, by which the inventions of our mechanics which are patented are to be lithographed and furnished to each town free of expense. For his admirable taste in the construction of public buildings, in the laying out and disposition of the public grounds, and in the surpassingly beautiful monument to the memory of Washington. In the various and able reports from time to time submitted by him to that body, and finally in causing government like individuals to take and keep an inventory of the property of the nation.

1844, December 4. Moved a resolution authorizing the secretary of war to loan marquees and tents to state agricultural societies for their fairs.

1844, December 26. Introduced joint resolution providing for periodical renewals and greater security of bonds of public officers.

1844, December 31. Moved joint resolution providing for the selection of a site for the National Washington Monument.

1844, Dec. 31. Makes report on the necessity of providing additional buildings for the accommodation of the War and Navy Departments.

1845, January 10. Reports bill providing for the painting, repairing, &c., of the Presidential Mansion, and other public buildings.

1845, Jan. 11. Received vote of thanks from the Washington Monument Society, for his untiring exertions in their behalf, and for the plan and map by him submitted.

1845, January 28. Offers joint resolution for the preservation of flags, and other trophies taken in battle.

1845, January 28. Makes report on national trophies, accompanied with the above resolution.

1845, January 28. Makes report with plans and drawings, and estimates for the War and Navy Department, accompanied with bill.

1845, January 28. With introductory remarks, presents the memorial of Asa Whitney, on the importance of a National Railroad to the Pacific.

1845, January 28. Submits reports on the ventilation of the Representatives' Hall, and to prevent the echo so much complained of by speakers.

1845, February 7. Submits additional report on the importance of a statistical bureau, accompanied with a joint resolution for the establishment of the same.

1845, February 15. Submits proposition for the extension of American commerce, and proposing a mission to Corea and Japan, a people of over seventy millions, with whom we have no communication, and whose ports our ships are not allowed to enter.

1845, February 19. Presents a memorial from forty-seven editors and authors in favor of placing magazines and periodicals on the same footing with newspapers as respects mail privileges, in furtherance of his plan of providing for a cheap and uniform postage.

1845, February 21. Moved resolution for the appointment of three commissioners to investigate the public departments and bureaux at Washington, with a view to a better organization, and an equalization of duties and salaries of public officers.

1845. Moved estimates and plan for erecting dwellings for the five heads of departments, opposite the Presidential Mansion.

1845, February 25. Makes report on the statistics of the United States, the population, revenue, production, and showing the relative condition of the northern and southern states.

1845, February 25. Makes a report on the national edifices at Washington.

1845, February. That three Commissioners be appointed whose duty it shall be, during the recess of Congress, to examine into all the departments in the various offices of government, with the view of remodelling said departments, for the purpose of equalizing salaries and duties.

1845, February 26. Reports a bill for amendment of the naturalization laws.

1845, February 27. Moved an amendment to the general appropriation bill, providing for the survey, under direction of the Secretary of War, of a rail road route from Lake Michigan to the South Pass of the Rocky Mountains, to Oregon.

1845, February 28. Moved a bill respecting the Smithsonian Institute, the substance of which has since become a law, providing that a portion of the income of the Smithsonian fund should be appropriated for the improvement of agriculture and the mechanic arts.

1845, March 3. Makes report on the salaries of all the officers employed at Washington, showing the amount received by each, and the states from which they were appointed.

1845, March 3. Makes report on the duties upon imports and tonnage and revenue, by states, showing the amount collected each year, from the foundation of the government.

1845, March 3. Makes report on a proposed new mode of taking the yeas and nays in the House, by machinery connected with the Speaker's table.

1845, March 5. In an address to his constituents, reviewing his acts while in Congress, and giving an account of his stewardship, he declines a re-election to Congress.

1845, June. Receives thanks of the Greene County Agricultural Society for a donation of \$250, for the promotion of agriculture and the mechanic arts.

1845, July 1. Is elected an honorary member of the Franklin Institute of the State of Pennsylvania, (in the city of Philadelphia,) for the promotion of the mechanic arts.

1845, September 25. Delivers an address before the Greene County Agricultural Society, of which he was President.

1845. Offers resolution providing for the engraving of

patents, and their distribution to every town and county and public library in the United States, for the benefit of mechanics, to whom those inestimable plans are now like a sealed book.

1845. Offers a resolution providing for the execution of busts, by native artists, of all the Presidents, to be placed in the Capitol.

1845. Moves a bill providing for the establishment of the free banking system in the District of Columbia, similar to the free banking law of New York.

1845. Offers a resolution calling on the secretary of state to furnish the statistics of Texas, pending her admission into the Union.

1845. Is elected an honorary member of the Peithessophian Society of Rutgers College, New Jersey.

1846. Received a similar honor from Middletown College, Connecticut.

1846. Closed the concerns of his tannery at Prattsville, after tanning over a million sides of sole leather, using one hundred and fifty thousand cords of bark, from ten square miles of bark land, and clearing over five thousand acres, one thousand years of labor, and some \$6,000,000 of money, without a litigated law-suit, or having a single side stolen.

1846. Elected honorary member of the Louisiana State Agricultural and Mechanics' Association.

1846. Is elected a corresponding member of the American Agricultural Association.

1847, March. With a view of acquiring, from personal observation, a practical knowledge of the peculiar institutions of the south, as compared with those of the north, makes a tour with his son, then a lad of eighteen, through the whole of the southern and south-western states.

1847, August 28. Addresses a letter to the people of the United States, on the importance of a railroad across the continent to the Pacific ocean.

1847, September 23. Delivers an address at the dedication of the Spencertown Academy.

1847, November 22. Receives thanks from Spencertown Academy, for a liberal donation.

1847, November 27. Communication in answer to an inquiry of the American Institute, explaining the system of the Pratts-

ville tannery, of its management, and the extent of its operations.

1848, January 4. Delivers a lecture before the Mercantile Library Association of the city of Hudson. *Subject* : Mind your business.

1848, January 4. At the annual meeting of the Greene County Agricultural Society, held at Cairo, it was—*Resolved*, That the thanks of the Greene Co. Agricultural Society be tendered to the Hon. Zadock Pratt, late President, for his valuable services and able superintendence of the affairs of the said society ; and also—*Resolved*, That the thanks of the said society be presented to Hon. Zadock Pratt for his liberal donations in sustaining and carrying out the measures and objects of said society.

1848, January 14. Received the thanks of the Greene Co. Baptist Missionary Society, for donation.

1848. The American Biographical Sketch Book, containing the lives of 130 eminent citizens, with portraits, was dedicated by the Editor, Wm. Hunt, Esq., "To Zadock Pratt, the Friend of the Mechanic, and the Patron of all that is useful." This same year, "Scientific Agriculture, or the Elements of Chemistry, Botany, and Meteorology, applied to Practical Agriculture, by M. M. Rodgers, M. D.," was dedicated to Hon. Zadock Pratt.

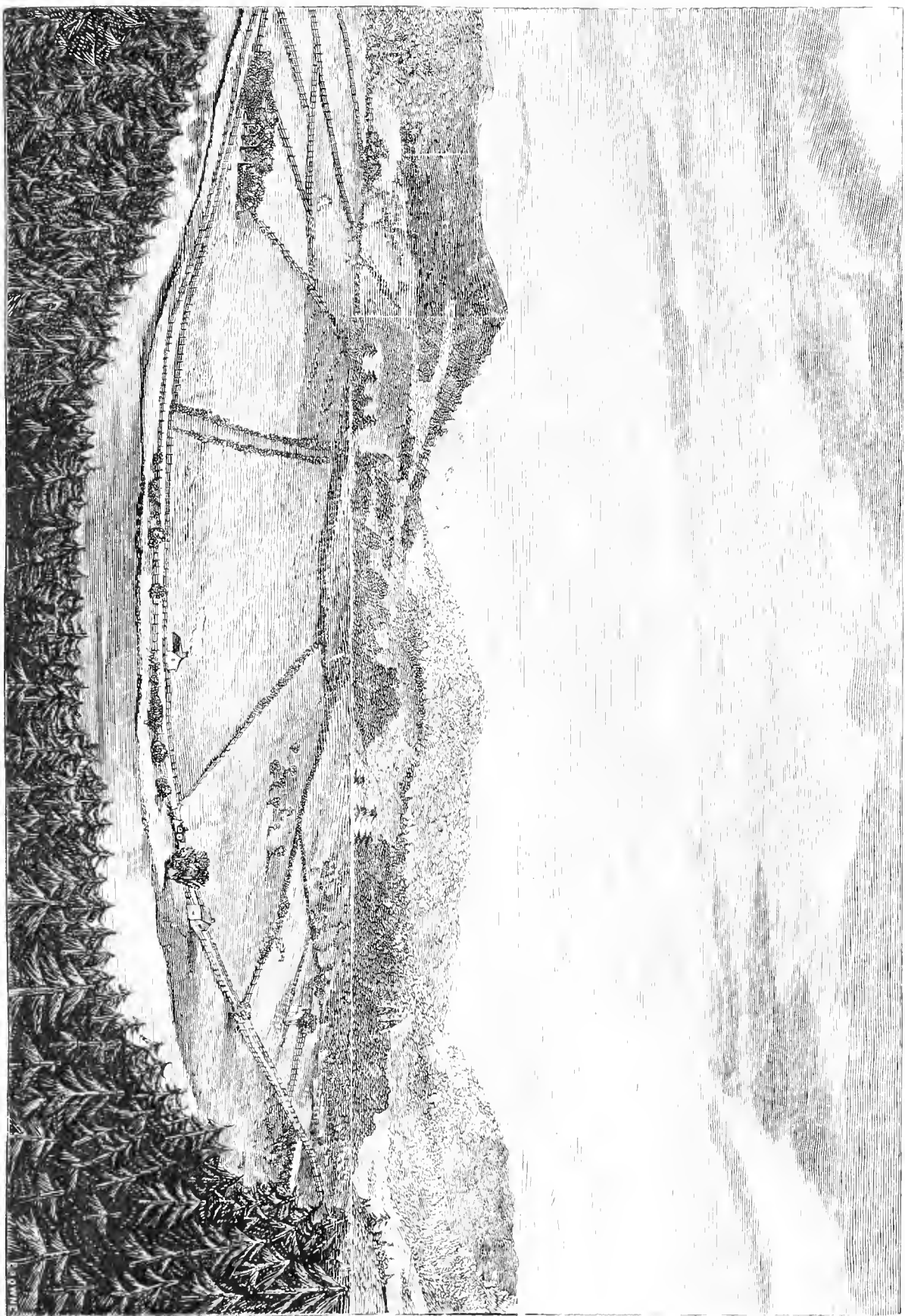
1848. Makes the third annual report to the N. Y. State Agricultural society, as president of the Greene County Agricultural Society, giving the geological, agricultural and commercial statistics of the county of Greene.

1848, March 7. Is elected a corresponding member of the New York Historical Society.

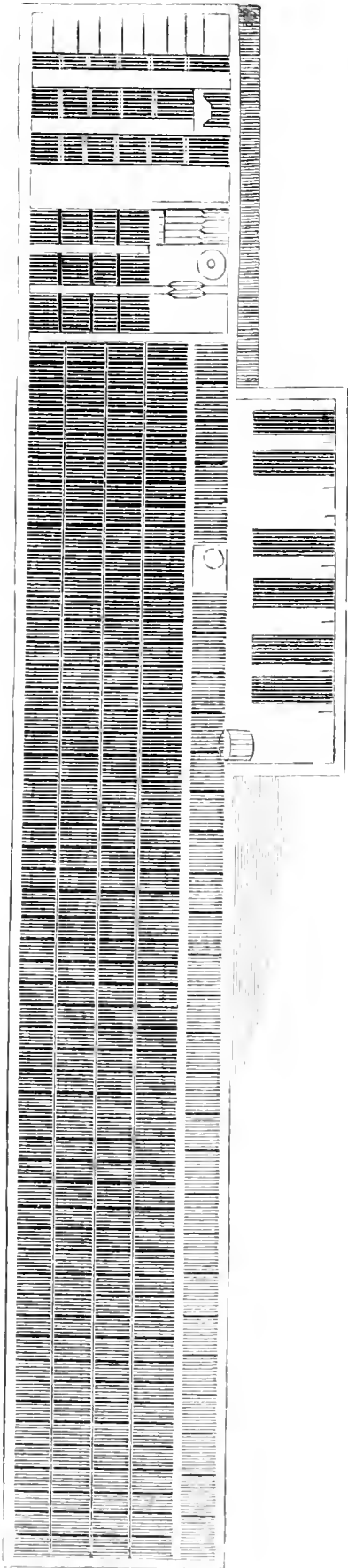
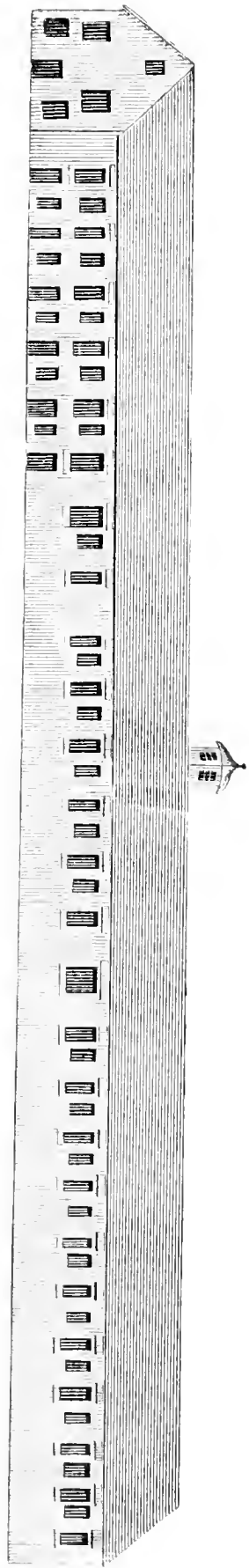
1848, July 23. Received the honorary degree of Master of Arts from Union College ; the first instance in this state of a similar honor conferred upon a self-taught mechanic.

1849, January 2. Elected President of the Mechanics Institute of the city of New York.

1849, January 16. Delivers an address on his inauguration as President of the Mechanics Institute, City Hall, N. York.



VIEW OF PRATTVILLE, AS IT WAS.



THE CELEBRATED MAMMOTH TANNERY AT PRATTSVILLE.

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